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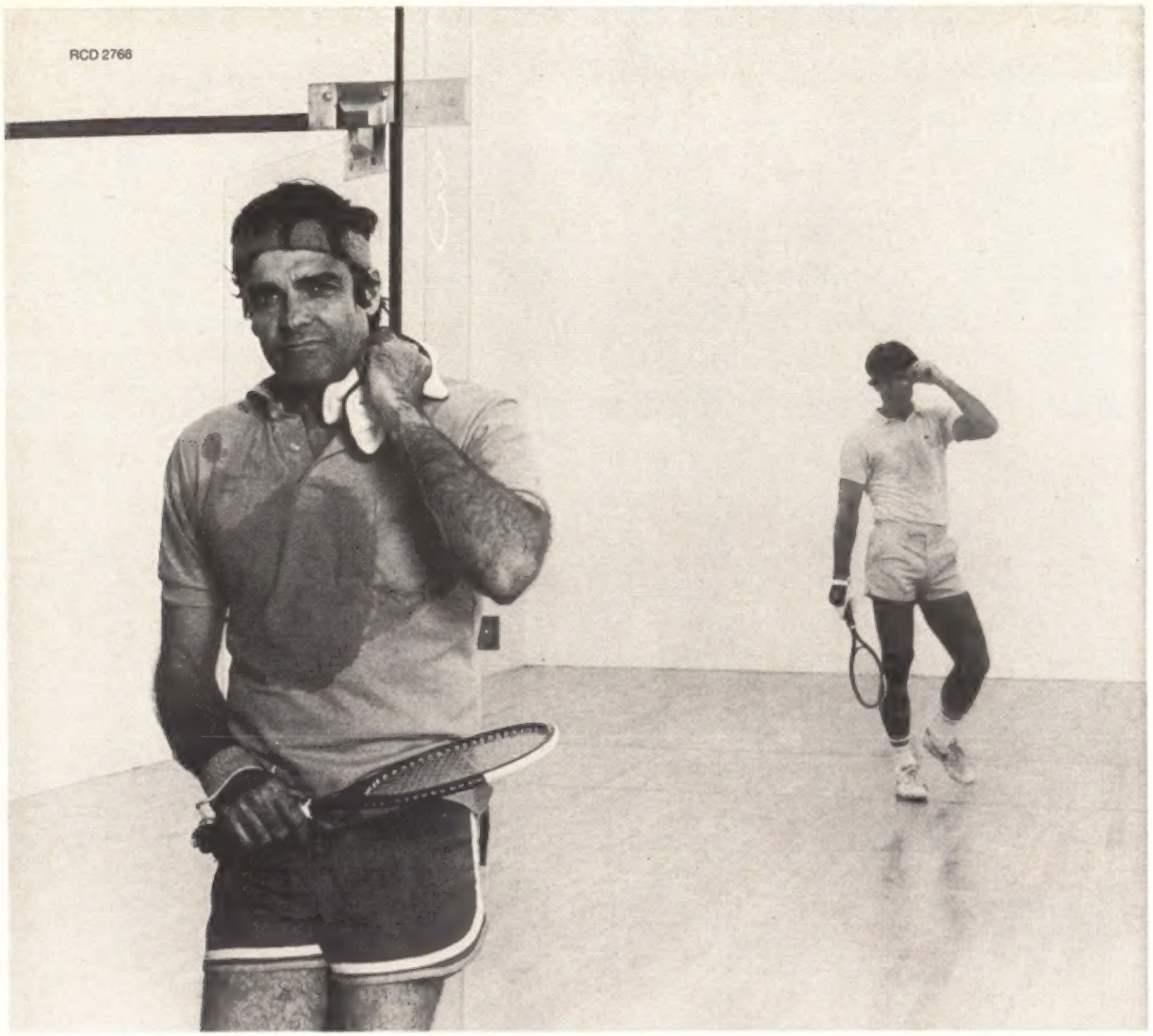

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DECEMBER 1, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 22

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

CBS's Charles Kuralt with Elaine Dutka

NBC's Tom Brokaw and Mary Cronin

ABC's David Hartman talks to Janice Simpson

A Letter from the Publisher

One would have had to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of the TIME staff members who worked on this week's cover story about the three network morning shows. Reporter-Researcher Elaine Dutka, for instance, rose in inky blackness to interview CBS' Charles Kuralt on the set of his program *Sunday Morning*, and again after he had become the daily host of *Morning* a few weeks later. Says Dutka: "Those hours were pretty disorienting. I'd be finished with my reporting at 9 a.m., when much of the rest of the world was just beginning its day."

Over at ABC, the day was equally nascent when Correspondent Janice Simpson interviewed *Good Morning America's* David Hartman. For a box that accompanies the story, Correspondent Mary Cronin tracked Hartman through a day in the life of a morning-show host, an ordeal that begins at 3:45 a.m. Cronin also interviewed Host Tom Brokaw and the rest of the dawn patrol at NBC's *Today* show. One frustrating morning she awoke especially early to catch a ride into the studio in Jane Pauley's limousine. It was sent to the wrong address. Pauley got to work on time that day, but Cronin was forced to hail a cab. Says she: "Getting up at that hour must be very difficult to get used to. I kept waking up all night worrying what time it was."

Associate Editor Gerald Clarke, who suggested and wrote the story, claims it takes him "about three hours and a quart of coffee" to become fully functional in the morning. So to prepare for his story he used the new video-recorder technology to catch all three morning programs, and all 40 winks. Says Clarke: "I've been blinking through the shows for years, but this time I set the timer on my video recorder and watched them later."

John a. Meyer

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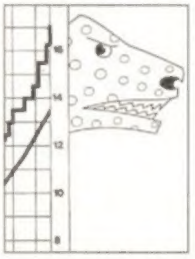
Cover: By the dawn's early light, a fierce battle is raging over the airwaves. NBC's *Today* and ABC's *Good Morning America* jockey for first, while CBS's *Morning with Charles Kuralt* rapidly gains ground. *See* TELEVISION.



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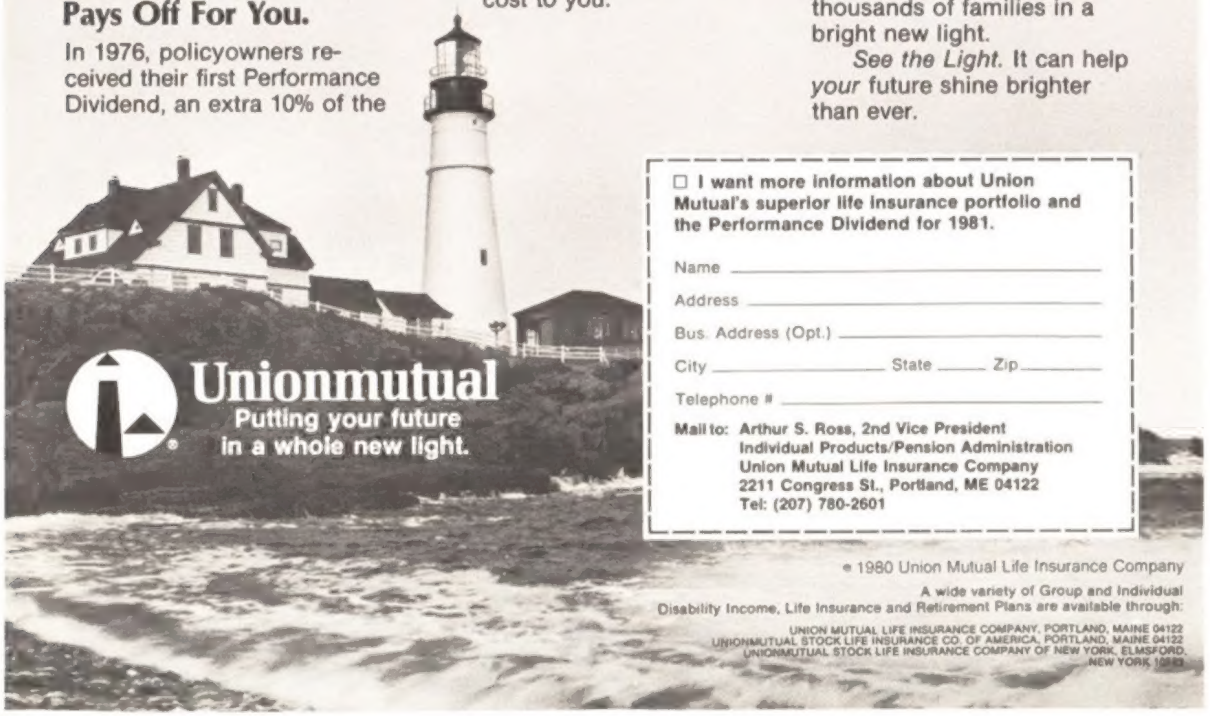

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Letters

Tough Town

To the Editors:

You write about Washington [Nov. 10] as others do, but no one does anything about it. Let's see what the man from California will do about it. I suspect that he will soon have far more sympathy for Jimmy Carter than he has ever thought possible.

Albert R. Phillips
Ocean Park, Me.

Roger Rosenblatt complains that, in comparison with Boston, professors do not count in Washington. I haven't suffered from a lack of parties to attend. What I do miss in the capital, like Mr. Rosenblatt, are ideas. The bureaucrats, businessmen, journalists, lawyers, lobbyists, politicians and sycophants who constitute our capital's elite are exactly like their fellow citizens elsewhere. They ask not to be disturbed by thought, especially new thought.

The country's professors, though, cannot claim total exemption from blame. Too many of us are compulsively eager to serve power.

Norman Birnbaum, Visiting Professor
Georgetown University Law Center
Washington, D.C.

PAUL HOGARTH

The Oval Office of the White House

Our capital is truly a beautiful and interesting city, for a visitor. But as I admire the architecture of the Government buildings, I think about what is going on inside those buildings.

Kathleen A. Pedone
Baltimore

Although I agree that the federal civil servant should not be "cast in bronze," he should be recognized for his professionalism, dedication and loyalty. He pays more for his health, life insurance and pension plans, and generally works for less than his counterpart in private industry. Also, it is he, the civil servant, who must keep the wheels of Government in

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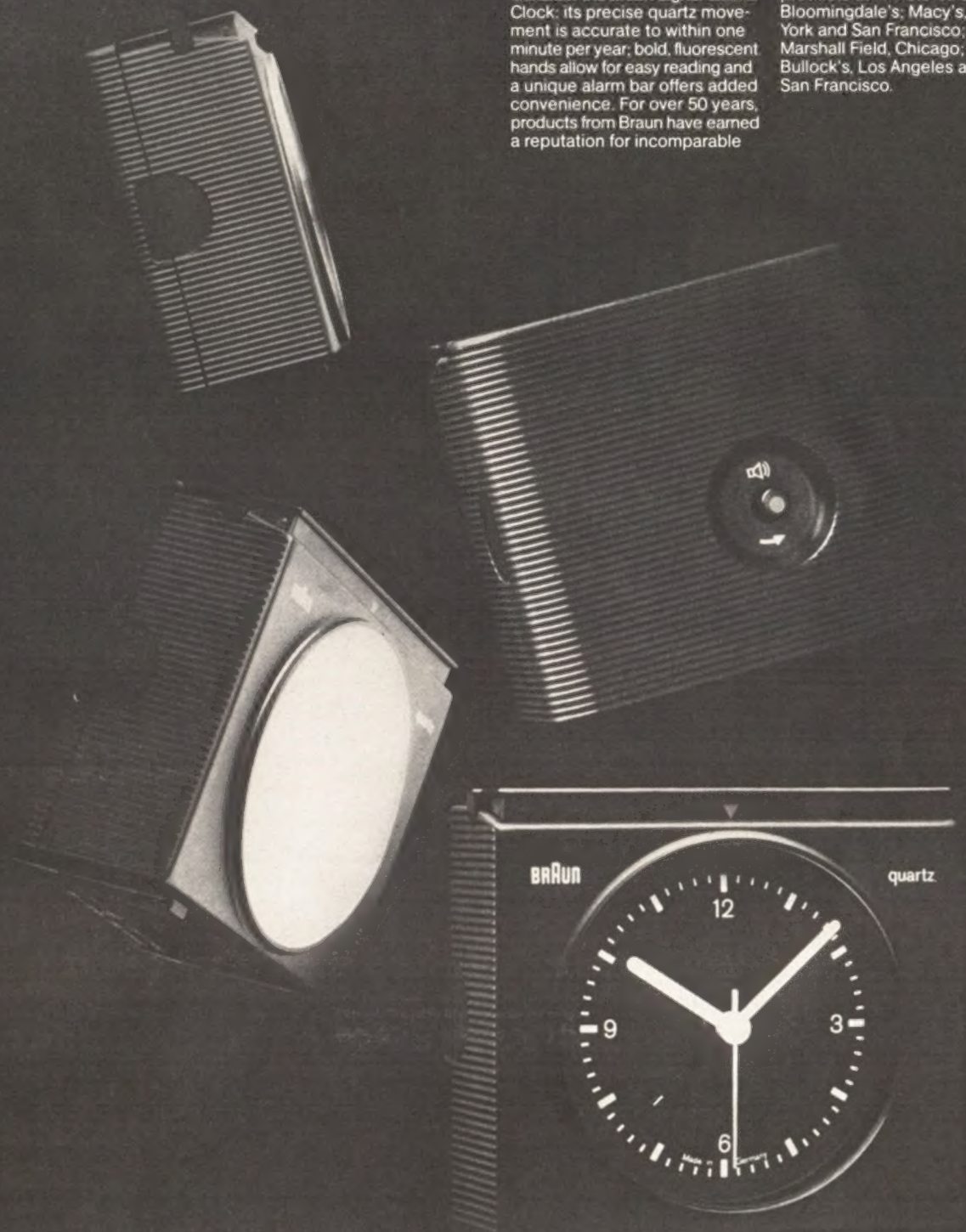

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You can help, too. By insulating your home and replacing your old appliances with the new energy-efficient gas models. Together we'll keep your bills at a minimum and gas energy around for generations to come.

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Babies, Strikes and Compulsory Unionism Don't Mix.

Marlene Swanson, R.N., is a dedicated nurse who takes care of newborn babies, many of them premature, most of them black and Hispanic, and all of them in need, at a community hospital outside Providence, Rhode Island.

When an illegal strike was called, Marlene refused to join it. She crossed the picket line and reported to work because, as she says, "Nurses take the Hippocratic oath too, like doctors. I felt a moral responsibility to those infants."

Angry union officials immediately retaliated. Marlene, along with the other nurses at the hospital, had been forced to join the union to keep her job. This compulsory union membership, union officials claimed, made all nurses subject to fines for any disobedience of their decisions.

They charged Marlene Swanson with violating union by-laws, held a sham "trial," and fined her $250 for taking care of her infant patients during the strike. When Marlene appealed the fine to the union membership, they increased it to $300!

An undaunted Marlene refused to pay the fine, and the union took her to court. At first, she didn't know where to turn for the legal help she urgently needed. After all, she was just one member against the entire Rhode Island State Nurses Association.

Then she remembered reading about William F. Buckley, Jr.'s legal battle against a union, and called his office. She was referred to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which agreed to provide counsel.

A defense was prepared and presented so effectively that the union suggested the case could be settled out of court if Marlene would give the fine to charity. She flatly refused "because a lot of other nurses were watching to see what happened to me. I could not admit I was guilty of anything."

A judge of the Rhode Island Superior Court emphatically agreed, handing down a directed verdict against the union and for Marlene Swanson. Judge Clifford J. Cawley ruled that state public policy was quite clear that strikes by nurses were illegal, and that it is the "zenith of asininity" to fine anyone for failure to take part in an illegal strike.

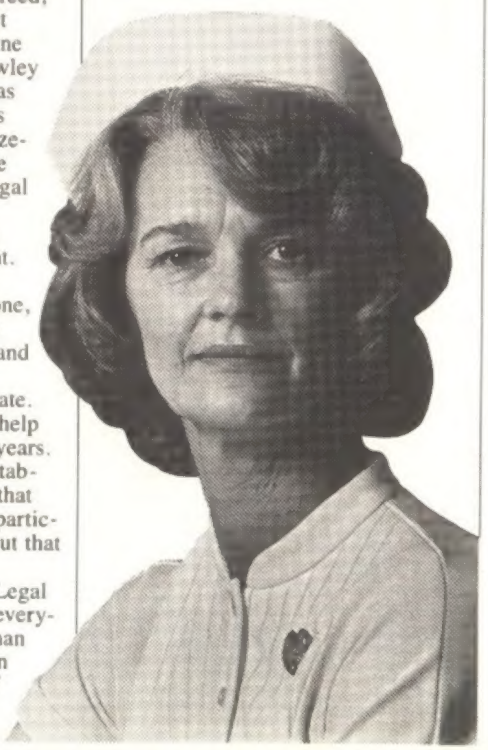
The importance of Marlene's victory became quickly apparent. When another illegal strike occurred at the hospital, not just one, but 18 nurses crossed the picket line, putting their patients first and their union second.

Marlene Swanson was fortunate. She received experienced legal help in a case that lasted nearly two years. She would not have won and established an important principle—that nurses cannot be compelled to participate in an illegal strike—without that expert legal assistance.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 100 cases involving illegal union political spending, violations of academic and political freedom, union violence, and other abuses of basic employee rights.

If you'd like to help people like Marlene Swanson, we'd like to hear from you.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, Virginia 22160



Letters

motion notwithstanding incompatible laws, changes in Administration and the myriad lobbyists who hover over the nation's capital.

Richard V. Filaski
Bethpage, N.Y.

Funny Fears

Your Essay on "The Scariest Time of the Year" [Nov. 3] was funny, except for the stab at the Who. I even thought of my own personal voice of terror: "Ladies and gentlemen: the Moral Majority!"

Karen Gale Cooper
Albuquerque

Although I have been out of school for some years now, these frightening memories linger on:

"We'll all sit here until the one responsible steps forward."

"The final exam will cover all the material from the beginning of the course."

"I think the dean would be interested in knowing what you've been up to."

My son adds this: "O.K., take out a sheet of paper; we'll see who read the assignment last night."

Lila Anastas
San Diego

How about this one? "We are examining your federal income tax return for the above years and find we need additional information."

Carl L. Peterson
Exeter, N.H.

Message for Falwell

Someone ought to inform the Rev. Jerry Falwell [Nov. 17] that if Jesus had wanted his followers to support Republicans, he would have ridden into Jerusalem on an elephant.

Marc R. Stanley
Austin

In defense of Moral Majority and friends, I perceive that these church-based groups are unique in that they are primarily interested in what is good for this country—a noble cause—whereas most other special-interest groups seem primarily interested in extremely selfish causes, often at the expense of the overall good of the country.

Brian B. Tousley
Monterey, Calif.

The Bard and Bartlett

The article by Otto Friedrich on John Bartlett and the 15th edition of *Familiar Quotations* [Nov. 3] is delightful and informative, but it is in error regarding the "shrinking" of Shakespeare. In fact, a few quotes have been added to the selection. The larger format and more economical type face of the latest *Bartlett's* have saved much space, thus accounting for the discrepancy in pages between the editions.

Championship Backgammon in Chicago hosted by Black & White Scotch.

1. Jan Rudas shares her strategy and discusses the fine points of a back game with Tony Fernandez. **2.** Artist Onnik Hovanesian takes a break from the boards and enjoys a Black & White on the rocks. Onnik meets each of his opponents with a definite game plan, but championship backgammon demands flexibility and the ability to change tactics rapidly **3.** Lord Rennell of Rodd, a leading backgammon player of Great Britain, maintains his initiative and moves confidently toward a win **4.** Laurie Arnold makes the most of her 5-minute break watching others play and sipping Black & White. Her last opponent required a slightly longer break to recover from being gammoned. **5.** Renowned world event winner Joe Dwek of London always plays a fierce game that attracts an audience. Joe favors complicated positional situations. Complete concentration is all important. **6.** Robot "Scottie" is programmed to play (and win at) backgammon. His pranks were the talk of the tournament

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Letters

No Shakespeare was sacrificed for newcomers like La Guardia's "When I make a mistake it's a beaut!"

Emily Morison Beck, Editor
Bartlett's Familiar Quotations
Boston

An Idea in Asheville

I read with surprise in the article on shopping centers [Oct. 20] that "In Asheville, N.C., 100 old buildings in the downtown area will be demolished to make room for a new enclosed shopping mall." To my knowledge, this is only an idea that has been proposed and is not at this time a fact. We have had calls from the news media inquiring why the city government has been keeping this a secret. To my knowledge, the city government is not keeping secrets from anyone.

Kenneth M. Michalove
City Manager
Asheville, N.C.

The Fact of Evolution

Reader David Shults' criticism of Carl Sagan [Nov. 10] for referring to evolution as a fact is right in one sense. One cannot assume facts merely because they have been observed—not, at any rate, if the word fact is to mean unassailable truth. Real scientists are quite aware that a new observation or body of reasoning may at any time force the revision of large parts of what had hitherto been regarded as well-established knowledge.

The concept of organic evolution is, up to this point, the only idea that offers a rational basis for predicting the appearance of new varieties of life, such as DDT-proof mosquitoes and penicillin-resistant microorganisms.

Hal Clement
Milton, Mass.

In the ongoing debate between evolutionists and creationists, I don't see one side correct and the other wrong. As a scientist, I cannot deny the convincing evidence that life evolved on this planet from the simple to the complex. As a philosopher, I cannot imagine that all this took place without some divine cause.

Steven A. Brown
Marcella, N.J.

Between extremist evolutionists, with their insistence on a materialistic blind-chance explanation, and extreme fundamentalist creationists, with their insistence on a first-chapter-of-*Genesis* explanation, there is not much room left for us Christians who years ago acknowledged the truth of evolution.

Lawrence D. Clark Sr.
Medfield, Mass.

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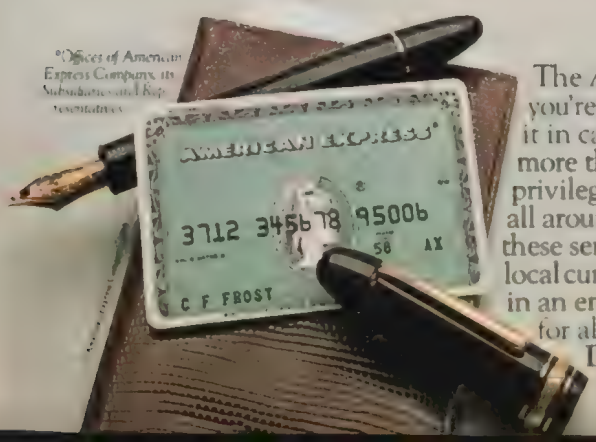

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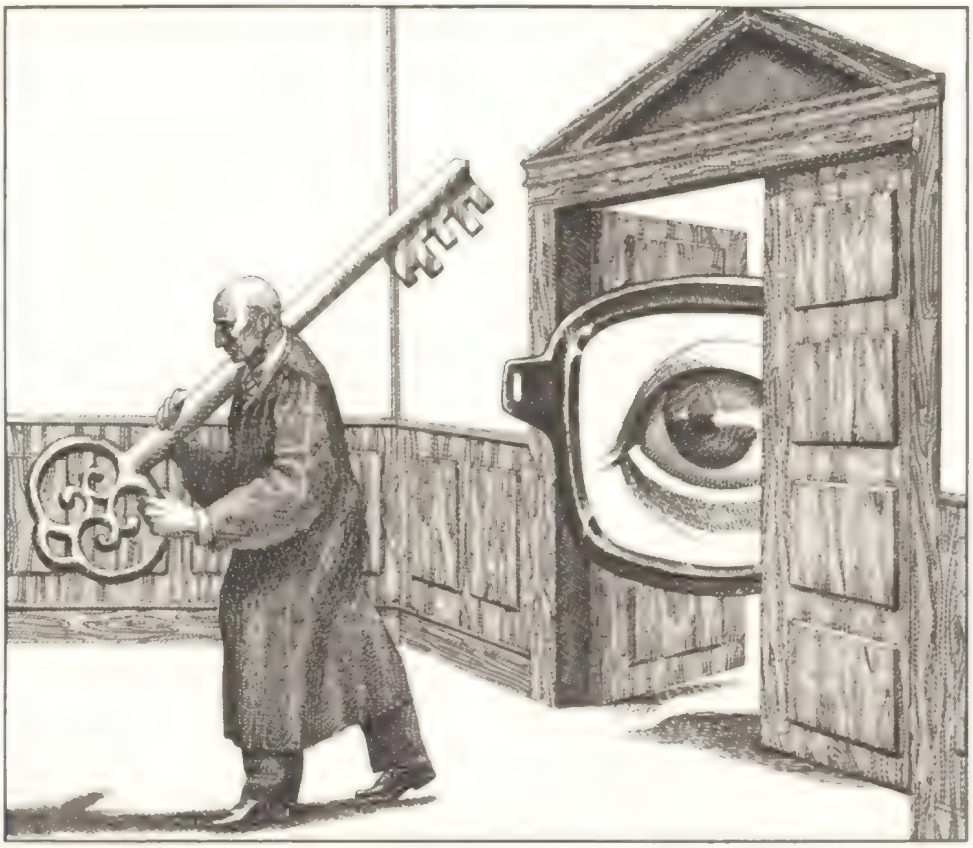

OPENING THE CLOSED DOORS OF JUSTICE

The Supreme Court of the United States, in a 7-to-1 landmark decision, has reaffirmed the constitutional guarantee of open criminal trials.

Chief Justice Warren Burger wrote for the majority:

"Absent an overriding interest... the trial of a criminal case must be open to the public. We hold that the right to attend criminal trials is implicit in the guarantees of the First Amendment; without the freedom to attend such trials, which people have exercised for centuries, important aspects of freedom of speech and the press could be eviscerated."

The Chief Justice furthermore specified the role and responsibility of the news media to attend and report on trials as representatives of the public:

"Instead of acquiring information about trials by firsthand observation or by the word of mouth from those who attended, people now acquire it chiefly through the print and electronic media. In a sense, this validates the media claim of functioning as surrogates for the public."

Justice John Paul Stevens defined the First Amendment protection of the people's right to important information:

"Until today the court has accorded virtually absolute protection to the dissemination of ideas, but never before has it squarely held that the acquisition of newsworthy matter is entitled to any constitutional protection whatsoever...

"Today, for the first time, the court unequivocally holds that an arbitrary interference with access to important information is an abridgement of the freedoms of speech and of the press protected by the First Amendment."

Justice Harry A. Blackmun hailed the "return to history" in the Court's ruling that a Hanover County, Va., murder trial was wrongly closed to the press and the public and wrote: "It is gratifying... to see the court wash away at least some of the graffiti that marred the prevailing opinions in Gannett." Just one year earlier, in Gannett v. DePasquale, the U. S. Supreme Court held that pretrial hearings can be closed, and by inference many criminal trials were closed.

Gannett also hails this decision in restoring the First Amendment right of the public and its press to attend criminal trials and hopes that the remaining obstructions to the public's right to know what happens in pretrial hearings also will soon be washed away.

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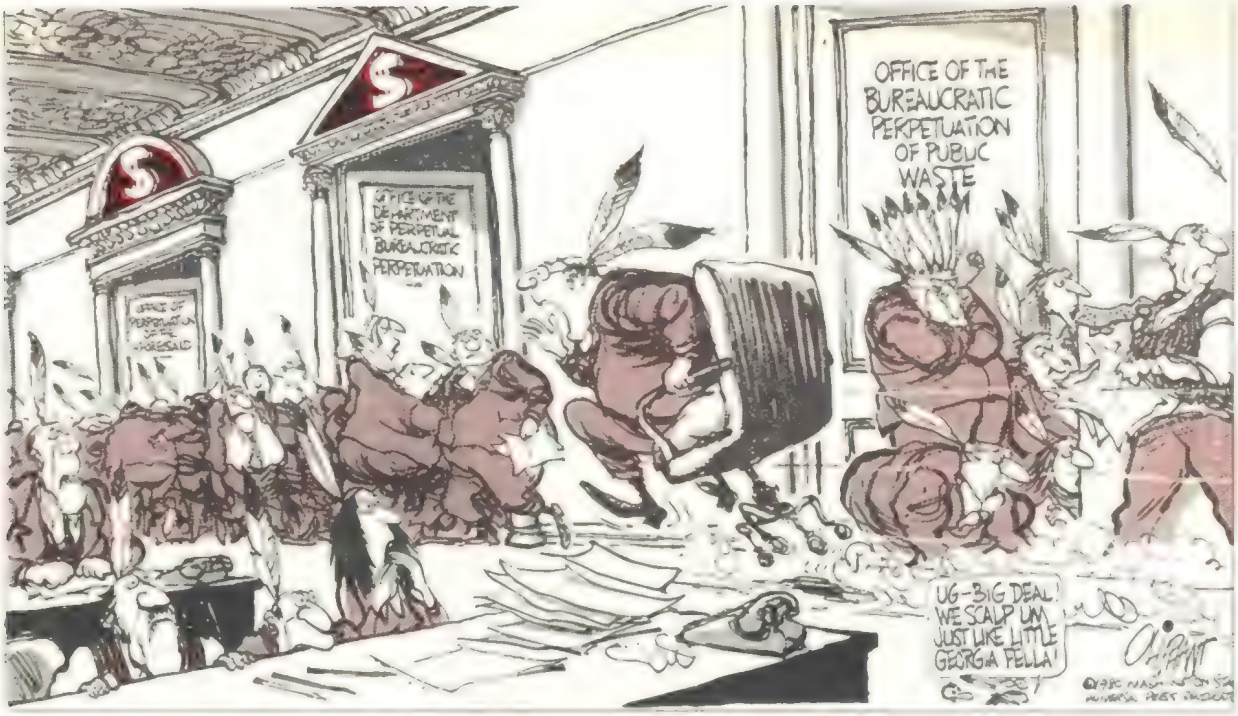


"The cowboy is coming! The cowboy is coming!"

Nation

TIME DECEMBER 1, 1980

How to Charm a City

Reagan gives a boffo performance in his first appearance in the capital

"I was kind of surprised to find out how many things I had done that were considered unusual. I would have thought they were a natural thing to do."

As he mused about his remarkable week, Ronald Reagan was riding in an Air Force DC-9 on his way back to California. Quite clearly, he was honestly surprised by the welcome he had received in the city that, in effect, he had campaigned against, decrying the nation's capital as the symbol of the Big Government dragon that he was so determined to slay. But when the President-elect flew in last week, Washington warmed to him as though he were a native son, mainly because he came not as a conquering hero but as a man with natural poise and an instinct for the gracious touch that seemed to dazzle almost everyone he met. The fact that Reagan did things so matter-of-factly simply added to his appeal. Not in all his years as an actor had Reagan so wowed a tough audience that was waiting to be shown.

Reagan had his role rehearsed to perfection: a serious President-elect determined to get his Administration off to a fast start, yet relaxed and good humored with everyone. Worries about inflation, unemployment, the Persian Gulf war, the Soviets: all the nation's manifold and intractable problems seemed to be pushed aside. They will surely arise to haunt Reagan later, but the week was devoted to symbolic ritual—briefings by the CIA, a courtesy call on the Justices of the Supreme Court, a visit with Jimmy Carter at the White House—rather than substantive policymaking. The ceremony had a serious purpose: Reagan was out to establish an image of his Administration as one that, for all its insistence on changing the nation's political direction, will consult civilly with both allies and adversaries.

Characteristically, he played all the notes of that theme at a lunch with Republican Senators and Congressmen. The President-elect spoke of the desire of voters for "an America that serves them and doesn't interfere with every facet of their lives," then added with a grin, "If I keep on with this I'll be making a campaign speech, and I don't want to do that!" He pledged that "you won't have to always wait to come to the White House because there will be a number of occasions when I'll want to come over here." The prediction drew long cheers, whistles and applause.

It was like that all week, and Reagan's bravura performance won rave notices not only from friends but from once and, no doubt, future foes. One event that symbolized the earnest good fellowship of the Reagan mission to Washington occurred on Wednesday afternoon, when a beat-up Pontiac brought Senator Ted Kennedy to call on the out-of-towner. For 30 minutes, Kennedy and Reagan talked about issues that the Senator felt important, such as arms limitation and getting people back to work. Reagan was attentive but noncommittal. Then Kennedy emerged to explain his visit to reporters: "I believe the American people now want cooperation. In that spirit I came here to indicate mine." Someone recalled that Kennedy had once referred to Jimmy Carter as being a clone of Reagan. Did he still believe that? Kennedy laughed and hemmed and hawed and said, "Those days are in the past and I'm looking forward to the future."

Everybody seemed to be, from the moment the week began. A group of fans turned out in bright Los Angeles sunshine Monday morning to watch the Reagans

Photographs for TIME by Michael Evans—Sygma

Totally at ease, exuding confidence, the President-elect gives the victory clasp to admirers outside his Jackson Place town house

depart. "I'm ecstatic!" called one woman. "I'm scared!" Reagan cried back, laughing. Nancy got so absorbed in shaking hands that her husband had to shout to her, "Well, do you want to go to Washington?" And off they went.

By the time the plane landed at Andrews Air Force Base that evening, a cold Washington rain was turning to sleet. The Reagans swept into town in a 16-car motorcade. They did not stay at the posh Blair House; that had been booked long before the election for a visit by West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Instead they were billeted in a four-story beige brick, mansard-roofed town house at 716 Jackson Place, across Lafayette Park from the White House. One of a row of town houses owned by the Government, the dwelling is used as a residence for distinguished guests.

Tuesday morning Reagan set out to capture Capitol Hill and took the place by charm. A nest of ego and pride, Congress is like a haughty cat that cannot resist being stroked and fawned over, and it was purring as Reagan went to work on Democrats and Republicans alike.

All the talk was of working together. To reporters, Reagan asserted, "We're not going to accomplish anything without the cooperation of the House and Senate." To Democratic Senators gathered in the office of Majority Leader Robert Byrd, he promised, "There will be no surprises. We'll not send stuff up here without telling you in advance." He did not need to stress the contrast to Carter, who often sprang surprises on even his own party's leaders in Congress. Said Byrd: "You were gracious to come by. We'll support you when we can and be constructive when we disagree."

Tennessee's Howard Baker, who will take over from Byrd as majority leader in the new Senate, told the Republican Senators assembled in his office, "I don't remember when any incoming President has met so quickly with members of Congress." Later in the week Baker, who accompanied Reagan on several of his rounds, wryly observed, "I've been smiling so much my jowls hurt."

The most boisterous meeting turned out, somewhat surprisingly, to be the one in the chambers of House Speaker Tip O'Neill, a bluff Democratic partisan who had never met Reagan. O'Neill clapped Reagan on the shoulders and boomed out introductions to Democratic Congressmen so loudly that they could be heard through closed doors. Then O'Neill took Reagan aside for 15 minutes of advice. Reported Tip: "I said to him, 'You were Governor of a state, but a Governor plays in the minor leagues. Now you're in the big leagues. Things might not move as quickly as you like.' He seemed a little surprised when I said that." Reported Majority Whip John Brademas: "Tip was kind of counseling him like father to son."

O'Neill later pronounced Reagan to be "a very personable fellow" and acknowledged that "we got along better with the Reagan people than with the Carter staff at their first meeting." O'Neill then delivered a handsome pledge: "We'll hold any criticism for six months. I'm going to give him a long rope and see if he can herd the problems in."

Leaving the Capitol, Reagan posed on the Northeast Steps with the 1981 March of Dimes poster child, Missy Jablonski of St. Louis, sweeping the six-year-old up into his arms to the delight of a mob of professional and amateur photographers who filled the stairwell. Then he rode to the nearby glass-and-concrete headquarters of the Teamsters Union, the nation's largest and one of the rare labor organizations to back his candidacy. At a closed meeting, he exchanged platitudes with Teamsters President Frank Fitzsim-

Lunching triumphantly with Republican congressional leaders on the Hill

Chief Justice Burger greets the winners

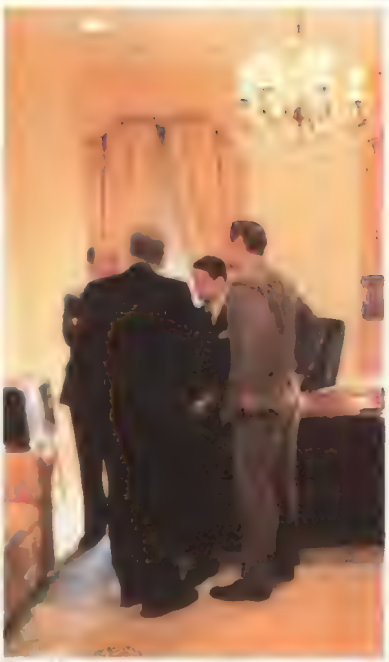
mons, who beamed, "As far as I am aware, this is the first time a President or President-elect has come to call on a labor union. We think this is a significant, symbolic gesture on behalf of the working men and women of America." Fitzsimmons had reason to be pleased: the visit gave a rare bit of favorable publicity to the 2.3 million-member union, the target of almost endless accusations of corruption and misuse of pension funds

Tuesday evening, the Reagans threw a glittering dinner for their new neighbors: Washington's movers and shakers In a week of symbolism, it was one of the most important events: Reagan, who campaigned against "Washington" as the fount of most of the nation's woes, was trying to assure the city's leaders that he did not mean it personally. He was also launching a kind of pre-emptive strike against the backbiting that often goes on over the capital's dinner tables, especially against a President who seems to be an aloof outsider. Accordingly, his aides sent invitations ("When Nancy and I are in Washington next week, we hope to greet old friends and make new ones") to the people who run the city. "Are you sure this is serious?" one incredulous invitee asked in a phone call to Reagan's transition office. "I'm a lifelong Democrat."

Standing in the ornate sitting room of the F Street Club, a turn-of-the-century town house that is often the scene of chic dinner parties, the Reagans received their guests, including Mayor Marion Barry Jr., National Gallery of Art Director J. Carter Brown, Howard University President James Cheek, Department Store Magnate John Hechinger, and Mstislav Rostropovich, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington

Reagan mingled with guests in front of the drawing-room fireplace for small talk and storytelling, at which he excels; he is a walking repertory theater of show-biz anecdotes. During the evening, Vice President-elect George Bush eagerly introduced Reagan to his guests: "Now, Ron, I want you to meet some people in this community who really make it go." Later, Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, a longtime fund raiser for the Democratic Party, said of the affair, "This is something the current President never did."

Wednesday morning brought one of the more solemn transition rituals: the passing on of intelligence secrets to the



Top aides cluster around in the town house

President-elect. CIA Director Stansfield Turner arrived at the Jackson Place town house, briefed Reagan for 90 minutes, and left stonefaced and silent; he knows that he will be replaced, probably by William J. Casey, Reagan's transition chairman, who sat in on the meeting. But the ritual had one touch of humor. Hurrying to the briefing, Bush bounded up the steps of 712 Jackson Place and began shaking hands with puzzled secretaries from the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Foundation before he realized he was at the wrong building Said Bush to newsmen: "You can always tell the new kid on the block."

It was roses, roses, all the way: taking a stroll back from a genial visit with the Carters at the White House

After lunch with Republican Senators and Congressmen on Capitol Hill, Reagan revived an almost forgotten Washington tradition by proceeding to the Supreme Court's Greek temple for a "get-acquainted" visit. A social call by a President-elect on the Justices was regular procedure until the late 19th century, but the custom then fell into disuse.

Chief Justice Warren Burger received Reagan in the court's conference room; cameras were admitted to that room for the first time, to the obvious displeasure of Burger, who does not admire the press. "There sure are a lot of them," he said to Reagan, glancing at the TV crews. Burger then took the President-elect upstairs to the dark, wood-paneled second-floor dining room to meet the Associate Justices. Burger and Reagan chatted about California wines. Justice Byron White engaged the visitor in talks about Reagan's days as a radio sports announcer, which occurred before "Whizzer" White won All-American renown as a halfback at the University of Colorado in 1937. The gathering, however, was about the only one in Washington in which Reagan, 69, was one of the junior participants; five of the Justices are older.

On Thursday the Reagans called on the Carters. Meeting with his successor, the President ticked off his list of priorities, domestic and foreign, and spoke at length of Iran, the hostages and the Middle East. Carter also urged Reagan to back pending legislation that would provide a fund to clean up chemical wastes, and he hinted that Reagan was "wise" in re-evaluating his opposition to the embargo of grain sales to the Soviet Union. Declared Reagan later: "Let me sum by saying it was a rather complete briefing." Carter was pleased with the way things had gone. Said one aide: "You got two guys approaching this with a certain degree of apprehension. It went well."

Less than an hour later, Reagan met with West German Chancellor Schmidt in one of the few unscheduled events on the President-elect's calendar. Schmidt

The advice was fatherly, and a bit pointed, when Bush and Reagan met Speaker O'Neill

Inspecting the Premises

Golden autumn sunlight dappled the freshly whitened south portico of the White House, and a gardener steadily swept at the fallen leaves around the diplomatic entrance. At one minute before 2, the shrieking sirens of an official motorcade split the air, and quickly pomp and circumstance turned into slapstick comedy. The big black limousine pulled up smartly before the red-carpeted doorway. Out popped a beaming Ronald Reagan and his smiling wife.

No one was there to meet them.

Undaunted, the Reagans started to walk into the White House. But before they could disappear inside, they nearly caromed off a flustered First Couple dashing belatedly up to greet their successors. Jimmy and Rosalynn quickly shepherded the Reagans back outside as the President pointed ostentatiously at his watch and said, "I think they're a little early." "A little bit early," Reagan chimed in. Now officially met, the two couples, each with arms entwined, dutifully smiled and shook hands for the press. Then they about-faced and marched off, the women to the private quarters, the men along the Rose Garden promenade to the Oval Office.

Even before her meeting with Rosalynn, reported Washington Correspondent Johanna McGeary, Nancy showed she was learning the velvet ropes of living in the White House. Earlier in the week she had borrowed a presidential JetStar to pop up to Manhattan to shop and have her hair done at Monsieur Marc's.

With Rosalynn, she sipped tea but left the fattening pastries untouched while she plied her hostess with housekeeping questions. Rosalynn also escorted her out on the "Truman balcony" to gaze over the spacious South Lawn and led her through the public and private rooms of her new dwelling. Advised Rosalynn: "The most important thing about the White House is to enjoy it." Nancy clearly was prepared to.

Later, with Rosalynn absent—unaccountably, she had not been told about the meeting—Nancy talked to Carter in the Oval Office while her husband stood awkwardly by, his eyes wandering aimlessly about the room. Nancy conversed intently about the furniture arrangement, the slip covers, the *bibelots* scattered around, already seeming to be rearranging them in her mind. "I moved the chairs around myself to face the fire," said Carter. There was the slightest gleam of perspiration on his upper lip.

After the exchange of pleasantries, the Reagans made a triumphant exit, walking hand in hand down the driveway, surrounded by throngs of admirers. The Carters slipped quietly out the back entrance of the White House and flew off by helicopter to the comforting solitude of Camp David.

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Carter checks to see whether his visitors are "a little early"

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was in Washington as a result of a miscalculation; he had expected Carter to win the election and scheduled an early visit to patch up their strained relations. In the new circumstances, the German leader had his aides pester Reagan's advisers with requests for a meeting.

Reagan's men at first said no: the President-elect had resolved not to consult with any foreign leaders before his inauguration. But when West German Ambassador Peter Hermes phoned the Jackson Place town house Wednesday morning once again to propose a meeting, Reagan's chief foreign policy adviser, Richard Allen, concluded his boss could not refuse a call from a head of government who was staying a mere four houses away—especially since Reagan is eager to strengthen ties with the U.S.'s European allies.

So Schmidt strode over to Reagan's house at 4 p.m. Thursday and talked with the President-elect for an hour. They discussed the state of the NATO alliance, East-West relations, arms control and defense. Schmidt was obviously pleased, in glowing contrast to his usual somber mood after talking with Carter. The German leader could never conceal his impatience with what he regarded as Carter's moralistic and vacillating approach to foreign policy. Although he originally considered Reagan to be a politically inexperienced movie actor, he is swallowing his doubts and now regards Reagan as a man of decision who will conduct a strong and consistent foreign policy.

While Reagan was wooing the Washington establishment, his personal advisers met in Los Angeles to consider potential appointees to the Cabinet. Two members of the advisory team are themselves under consideration: William Simon, a former Secretary of the Treasury who is widely regarded as the leading choice to get his old job back, and Caspar Weinberger, top aide to both Reagan in Sacramento and Richard Nixon in Washington, who seems to be setting a record for the number of jobs anyone is being tipped for (Secretary of State, Treasury or Defense; Director of the Office of Management and Budget). Simon and Weinberger excused themselves and stood obediently outside the room while their qualifications were being debated. At midweek, the group sent to Reagan in Washington a list of some 70 names, a minimum of four for each of the ten Cabinet posts.

The only person in town not dying of curiosity to see the list was Reagan, who said he felt his advisers should be able to present their views to him back in California when they all sat down to address the Cabinet staffing. In the sweepstakes, George Shultz, a former Secretary of Labor and of the Treasury for Nixon and an early favorite for the State Department was believed to be fading; some Reaganites feel he is too sympathetic to the Arab cause, and he is opposed by organized labor and right-wing conservatives. Along with Weinberger, one leading candidate being mentioned for State is former NATO Commander Alexander Haig, once Nixon's Chief of Staff in the White House. The leader of the talent-seeking group, Attorney William French Smith, was also being described as a possible Attorney General.

Democratic Senator Henry Jackson, a hawk on military affairs, had been touted for the Department of Defense, but working against him is Reagan's concept of having the Defense Secretary be part of the inner group of Cabinet officers that would oversee other departments; Jackson may be too liberal on domestic matters for such a job in a Reagan Administration.

Texas Senator John Tower wants the job of Secretary of Defense and called on Reagan in Washington to press his claim. But his appointment would force the G.O.P. to play two games of musical chairs: finding a popular Republican to run for Tower's Senate post, to prevent the party from losing a seat in the upper chamber, and selecting another head of the Armed Services Committee, which Tower is slated to fill in the new Senate. At week's end Tower was expected to take his name out of consideration.

When Reagan flew back to Los Angeles Friday for meetings with his advisers on Cabinet appointments, he left a capital suffused with good feeling, however transient. By adroit use of pageantry he effectively communicated an important message: he means to begin as a consensus seeker rather than a hard-edged ideologue, a man who will try to win the cooperation of the permanent establishment rather than govern over its opposition.

If there is one disconcerting note to last week's visit, it is that the President-elect did little to discuss substantive programs, or to tell his new friends in Congress what he wanted them to do and how. The week strengthened the impression that Reagan will be what he has said he will be: a chairman-of-the-board-type President, relying heavily on the consensus of his advisers to shape the substance of his programs.

There is plenty of time, however, for substance: four years after Jan. 20. And if backslapping and dinner chitchat will not by themselves bring down the inflation rate, they can help pass legislation designed to do that. The ability to create an aura of cheerful optimism, manipulate symbols and establish smooth personal relations with allies and adversaries is a vital asset for a President. Ronald Reagan proved last week that he possesses it in abundance, and he will surely need it in the battles that lie ahead when the honeymoon is over. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Walter Isaacson/Washington*

Potomac Plums

They float like flakes of giant confetti across desks, and cascade from the shopping carts used by desperate mail clerks to handle the haul. Every day, applications flood in—an estimated 30,000 so far—for jobs with the imminent Reagan Administration. Many of the suitors are trying for one of the 2,700 jobs in the federal bureaucracy that can be filled by political appointment and that range from Secretary of State at $69,630 (although few unknowns apply) to chauffeurs at about $12,000. But a lot of the applicants are after anything that might be available, anything at all.

Although the job seekers include a variety of professionals such as real estate brokers, chefs, museum directors, ex-CIA agents, some fall back on flashy ploys to get attention. They submit their résumés in bright vinyl binders and extoll their merits for 20 pages or more. One advertising executive attached red tassels to his application; another hopeful sacrificed his autographed photo of Ronald Reagan in an attempt to impress.

Some applicants outline proposals for reforming society. In a one-page résumé, a high school student cited her grade average and a burning desire "to be a moral leader." For others, a job is a job. A husband and wife offered themselves as a team entry "in any capacity." A man wrote that he wanted to apply for the ambassadorship to Great Britain because on his two-week visit to England he "had no trouble communicating with the British." At least a dozen people have applied for jobs entertaining at the White House; most are piano players. Others want jobs looking for UFOs.

One woman billed herself as a portrait painter and foot reflexologist. She sent a loose-leaf binder filled with art samples, the marriage announcement of her son, a snapshot of a 1976 television appearance and the message: "I hope you shall remember me if you choose to have a portrait painted."

Members of Reagan's personnel staff are not even safe from the onslaught away from the office. At night Scott Faulkner finds his mailbox stuffed with résumés, and someone pressed an application into his hand while he was in line at McDonald's. "People keep coming out of the woodwork," says Ed Stuckey, another Reagan aide. "They call and say something like, 'I'm the tall one who was standing in the corner at that party you were at—can you get me a job?' I didn't realize I had so many friends."

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Previews

Cutting taxes and the budget

Long before Reagan's landslide victory, his task forces were digging into the biggest problem that would face the new President: coping with the battered economy. The various panels put together their findings and last week presented a unanimous 20-page report to Reagan for his expected approval. Among their recommendations:

▸ Sticking to the Kemp-Roth tax cut timetable, which would trim personal income levies by 10% a year for three years. While some of Reagan's more cautious advisers had earlier urged him to spread the reductions over five years, he insisted on the original proposal. But Reagan left room to change his position if the cuts fail to stimulate economic activity and turn out to be inflationary.

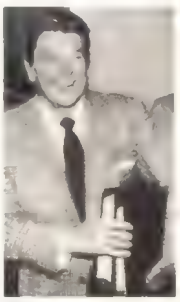
▸ Reducing from 40% to 30% the amount of income subject to the capital gains tax. Asserts a top Reagan adviser: "It'll go through Congress like owl's grease."

▸ Throttling proposals to allow business to speed up depreciation of plant and equipment. For example, instead of allowing firms to write off a new building in ten years, the plan would raise the figure to 20. Reason: the first proposal would cost too much in tax revenue.

▸ Encouraging personal saving and investment by permanently excluding from taxation the first $200 that individuals earn from interest and dividends and $400 for couples filing joint returns. Congress voted for this tax saving to start in 1981, but for two years only. Reagan's advisers want to make the exclusion permanent.

With sizable tax cuts, the new Administration will be all the more pressed to cut spending. When the outlay was estimated to be $633 billion for fiscal 1981, Reagan advisers considered cutting 2%, or about $13 billion. Now the budget is estimated to stand at $653 billion, and a 2% reduction would not be nearly enough to prevent further inflation, especially if Reagan adds to defense spending. As a start—and it would be only a modest one—his advisers want to take a substantial slice out of the $8.9 billion Government travel budget and the $10 billion food-stamp program.

Above all, Reagan hopes to convince Americans that he is going to follow a steady policy of combatting inflation, instead of the unsettling zigzags of the Carter Administration. Says Caspar Weinberger, Reagan's top budget adviser: "The first year is terribly important in setting the tone."



■ With economic plans

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Majesty in a Democracy

A jaunty F.D.R. brought hope to the nation

We are now going through an orgy of assessing Cabinet posts, White House staff positions, likely bills to be drafted, executive orders to be issued, offices to be assigned, and all the rest of the measures we apply to help size up a new Administration

The operation at this point is largely mechanical, with charts and lists and numbers and dates—the clanking and wheezing of a new Government trying to recover from the shock of winning an election and actually hauling itself into the White House on Jan. 20 with some idea of how to make the place run. (A few minutes after entering the Oval Office for the first time, John Kennedy buzzed for an aide, who pounded down the hall, burst in to see the new President behind his desk grinning. "What the hell do I do now?" asked J.F.K.)

Ronald Reagan will be able to get through his first day without losing his way. The trained White House staff that goes from Administration to Administration will have his office decorated, fresh flowers in place, his schedule typed out, phone hooked up, Air Force One ready to fly, the hot line at hand, the Marine band on alert, and the pastry chef set to spin his sugar magic.

Then will come an avalanche of budget figures, Pentagon hardware lists, legislative schedules and priorities, dates for receptions and state dinners. They are the gears and axles of Government, the machinery with which a successful President assembles policy that grows into change and ultimately makes history.

In these next few days there will be less said about some other elements of leadership that, despite their elusiveness and the inability of politicians to put them into box scores, may mean more to a President than even the number of dollars he can spend. A President must hold out hope, must exude an optimism even in impossible circumstances. History is a marvelous collection of stories about men and women who refused to accept the common verdict that certain achievements were impossible. Franklin Roosevelt offered hope more than anything else in the upheaval he brought to our system.

Dignity is another vital ingredient of presidential effectiveness. It is an innate characteristic, but it is manifested in speech, dress, manners and a hundred other things. "The function of ceremony," Henry Kissinger once said, "is to indicate that the President has been given a responsibility by the state that transcends the average citizen. Our people like it, and foreigners insist upon it."

Eloquence is another of those elusive qualities that can influence presidential achievement. It can come in all dimensions, from Harry Truman's expletives to Lyndon Johnson's appeals for civil rights that stirred the entire nation. The essence of eloquence is that behind the language lies commitment: the words count. There are 13 million small businesses in the U.S. employing half the labor force and supporting 100 million people. If Ronald Reagan's promises of relief from taxes and regulation are not sincere, no amount of fancy speechwriting will cover the failure. Dwight Eisenhower, after all, had trouble arranging his verbs and objects, but people always knew what he was saying or at least what he meant.

And then there is majesty, which is composed of pride and perfection and all of the things above and even more. It is the behavior of a President in a manner that reflects the size, wealth and meaning of the nation. Wherever John Kennedy flew in his short years in the presidency, there was a sense of excitement when he walked out of the door of Air Force One and down to the microphone on the tarmac. Those traveling with him and those who came to see and hear him were rarely disappointed. His bearing was precise, his words carefully chosen, his feeling about America palpable. He gave the office majesty. It will be Ronald Reagan's challenge to do the same.

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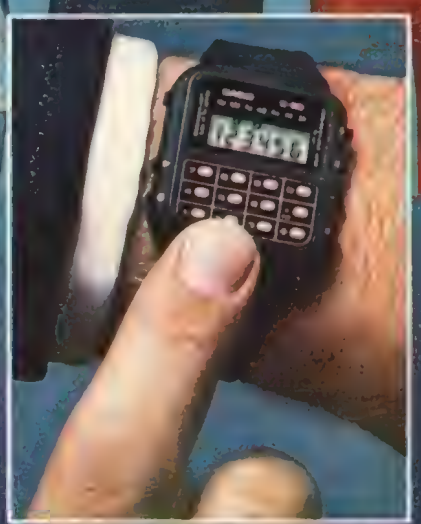

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PAPER MATE

Where the Polls Went Wrong

Reagan's landslide challenges the pulse-taker profession

For weeks before the presidential election, the gurus of public opinion polling were nearly unanimous in their findings. In survey after survey, they agreed that the coming choice between President Jimmy Carter and Challenger Ronald Reagan was "too close to call." A few points at most, they said, separated the two major contenders.

But when the votes were counted, the former California Governor had defeated Carter by a margin of 51% to 41% in the popular vote—a rout for a U.S. presidential race. In the electoral college, the Reagan victory was a 10-to-1 avalanche that left the President holding only six states and the District of Columbia.

After being so right for so long about presidential elections—the pollsters' findings had closely agreed with the voting results for most of the past 30 years—how could the surveys have been so wrong? The question is far more than technical. The spreading use of polls by the press and television has an important, if unmeasurable, effect on how voters perceive the candidates and the campaign, creating a kind of synergistic effect: the more a candidate rises in the polls, the more voters seem to take him seriously.

With such responsibilities thrust on them, the pollsters have a lot to answer for, and they know it. Their problems with the Carter-Reagan race have touched off the most skeptical examination of public opinion polling since 1948, when the surveyers made Thomas Dewey a sure winner over Harry Truman. In response, the experts have been explaining, qualifying, clarifying—and rationalizing. Simultaneously, they are privately embroiled in as much backbiting, mudslinging and mutual criticism as the tight-knit little profession has ever known. The public and private pollsters are criticizing their competition's judgment, methodology, reliability and even honesty.

At the heart of the controversy is the fact that no published survey detected the Reagan landslide before it actually happened. Three weeks before the election, for example, TIME's polling firm, Yankelovich, Skelly and White, produced a survey of 1,632 registered voters showing the race almost dead even, as did a private survey by Caddell. Two weeks later, a survey by CBS News and the New York *Times* showed about the same situation.

Some pollsters at that time, however, were getting results that showed a slight Reagan lead. ABC News–Harris surveys, for example, consistently gave Reagan a lead of a few points until the climactic last week of October.

The single exception to these general findings was the judgment drawn by the Reagan campaign's own elaborate polling operation, run by Richard Wirthlin, who claims that Reagan had a consistent five- to seven-point lead throughout the last two weeks of the campaign.

Carter's pollster, Patrick Caddell, on the other hand, still stands by his figures, which reflected a close race right up until the weekend before the election. On the Saturday before the election, four days after he had come off second best in the debate with Reagan, Carter was about even with Reagan, insists Caddell. But by Sunday night, he says, Carter's campaign had collapsed. Caddell's reason: the hostage issue was again in the news and again unsettled, thus reviving the public's frustration with Carter as a whole. Caddell's data shows Carter suddenly dropping five points behind by Sunday night, with another five-point collapse by Monday night.

The public opinion industry has christened Caddell's thesis the "big bang" theory of the campaign: 8 million voters moving to Reagan in 48 hours. To a large extent, most public opinion researchers support this theory, although many do so with major qualifications.

Says TIME's pollster Daniel Yankelovich: "There is every reason to assume that is what happened. When people are conflicted, they procrastinate. And that's what they did in this election."

Warren Mitofsky, director in charge of the polling effort run by CBS News and shared by the New York *Times*, has produced a new opinion survey that seems to substantiate the big bang theory. Reinterviewing 2,651 adults who had been questioned before the election, Mitofsky found that some 13% of the voters changed their minds in the last few days of the campaign and that Reagan got the lion's share of the switchers. Says Mitofsky: "Caddell's thesis is consistent with what CBS found."

The Harris organization, which polled throughout the weekend and on Monday, showed Reagan gaining points right up to Election Day. By Monday night, according to Harris Executive Vice President David Neft, an unpublished Harris survey had Reagan six points ahead of Carter. Others picked up the trend too, and Wirthlin showed a widening gap through the weekend until Monday night when he, like Caddell, pegged the margin at about ten points in Reagan's favor. The Gallup survey, which eleven days before the election had Carter ahead by three points, found Reagan moving from 42% to 44% to 47% in its final survey, taken on Nov. 1.

But although there is agreement on the fact that the gap widened at the end, no one except Caddell and Wirthlin came close to calling the margin. The Harris organization, which is claiming great credit for doing better than other public polls, was four points off Reagan's actual voting percentage, the largest error factor it has ever had in a presidential election. Gallup not only also missed the winner's voting percentage by four points but further erred by saying that Reagan was ahead by a margin of only three points. The margin was, says George Gallup, "a deviation greater than the average deviation of 2.3 percentage points for the 23 national elections covered by the Gallup poll."

Everyone agrees that to some extent the Reagan margin over Carter grew in the last few days before the election. But they disagree over how much, when and why. Indeed, reading from the same computer print-outs, CBS News and the New

York *Times* disagree over how much impact the hostage crisis had; CBS News says not much, while the New York *Times* analysis says it "was a major element."

Looking for explanations of what went wrong, Wirthlin believes that the other pollsters erred by estimating that there would be more Democrats in the final body of voters than there turned out to be. He also criticizes the others for asking the key presidential-choice question first instead of last, after asking about issues and impressions of the candidates. This, he insists, produced a pro-Carter bias.

Mitofsky disagrees strenuously with the criticisms. Says he: "I can't buy their approach to making estimates from data. I'm not prepared to throw out our techniques just because one poll produced a different number. In fact, if we were doing this all again, I would not change a single thing except to poll the last two days of the campaign. To believe their figures, too many other people have to be wrong."

But Neft at Harris thinks Mitofsky's post-election poll was wrong and was designed to explain away earlier numbers. Neft dismisses the notion that huge changes occurred at the last minute. Says he: "Nothing like that quantity and magnitude happened." He explains the Harris four-point discrepancy by citing unexpectedly low turnout among Democrats on Election Day, a view shared by Gallup.

Two basic conclusions jump out of the unhappy experiences of the pollsters. First, most of the private surveyors stopped work too early to pick up the last-minute switches, whether the change was enormous, as most now believe, or whether, in Wirthlin's phrase, "the mountain didn't jump—it slid a little." The reason that most private firms did not survey intensively right up until the last moment is simple: it would have cost too much. The price of interviewing a single voter and then adding the data to the calculations is about $15. A major national survey usually contacts at least 1,500 people, running up a bill of about $22,500.

As it happened, only the candidates themselves were prepared to spend that kind of money time and again. Harris, for example, spent $350,000 on presidential polling from Labor Day on, whereas Caddell ran up bills of some $2 million. Wirthlin's operation spent $1.3 million and surveyed 500 people every night of the fall campaign until the last few days, when it contacted 1,000 nightly. The findings were then calculated on a rolling, three-day average, which Wirthlin contends evened out the peaks and valleys that other pollsters perceived with their single-shot surveys. Wirthlin is frank enough to admit that he had a great advantage over the public pollsters. Says he: "Their major problem was the lack of resources and lack of continuity."

In mid-October, the discrepancies between Wirthlin's findings and those of the published surveys created a near panic in the Reagan camp. Under pressure from their colleagues, Wirthlin and his assistants spent a frantic three days reviewing their numbers and techniques. They decided they were right, but Caddell, for one, still believes that they had Reagan too far ahead too early.

The other lesson of the polling season was that the experts have by no means perfected the questions or the techniques that enable them to predict how undecided or unhappy voters will go on Election Day.

One puzzling phenomenon that the pollsters have not been able to cope with, or even explain thoroughly, is the so-called closet Reaganite. For whatever reason, people clearly voted for Reagan in this election who had said they would not.

Everett Ladd, director of the University of Connecticut's Social Science Data Center, says flatly: "I am 100% certain that there was no 'closet Reaganism' in this election." Other pollsters tend to agree. But there is some evidence that suggests otherwise. Before the election, only 7% of the blacks surveyed by New York *Times*–CBS News said they were going to vote for Reagan; Election Day exit polling showed that 14% had actually cast their ballots for the Californian. But when re-polled by New York *Times*–CBS News, only 6% of blacks admitted they had voted for Reagan.

If the pollsters are united on one point, it is that they are not solely to blame for misleading the public; the fault must be shared with the press, they say, which has never fully understood the limitations of surveying. Says Cliff Zukin, poll director of the Eagleton Institute of Politics: "We are overconsumed with predicting what will happen. Polls predicting who is going to win the election are worthless. First, they can be very inaccurate at the time of the election because they are only accurate at the time they are taken. They do not predict the future." Agrees Marquette University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist: "The media want the pollsters to be seers. We want them to do more than they can."

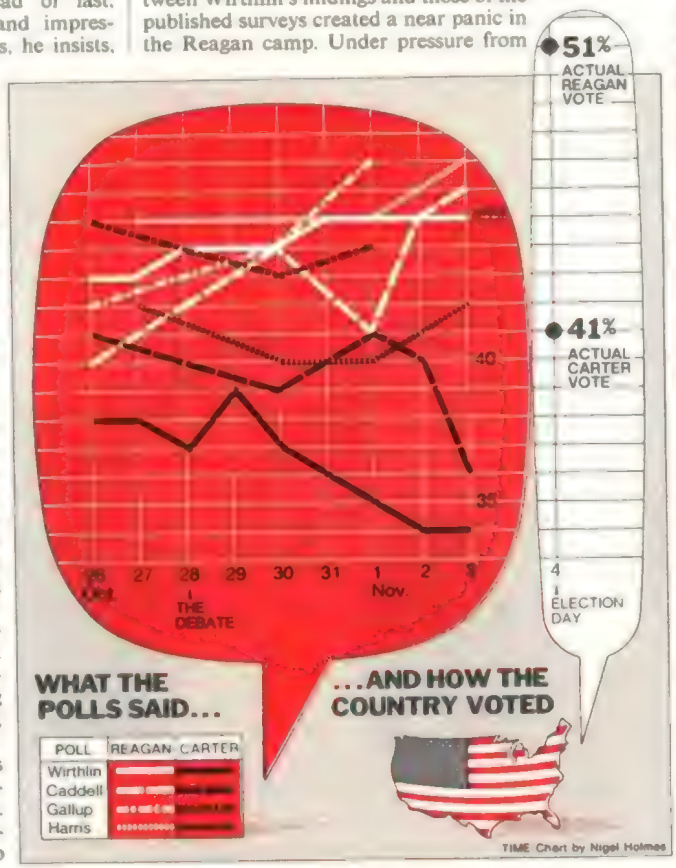
Negative voting, large numbers of undecideds, low turnout—all these factors made polling this year more difficult. Says Caddell: "This is the first election in which the voters didn't really like either candidate much."

Says Ladd: "We need a different methodology of election polling that takes into account the vastly greater flexibility that in the long-term sense characterizes the electorate. We know something breaking at the last minute—and it doesn't have to be something very big—can change results. We shouldn't pay too much attention to the earlier polls."

Yankelovich points out that polls can produce numbers reflecting very firmly held, nearly unchangeable opinions, and can at the same time record views that are "mushy." Along with TIME, he is at work on a new technique that will show which figures are "hard" and which are "soft." Admits Yankelovich: "Our greatest failure was to not point out more clearly that the implications of our data were that great movement could occur."

In the end, as Yankelovich suggests, the main fault of the pollsters in a volatile year was that they did not view their own findings with enough skepticism —and drive the point home much more forcefully.

—By John F. Stacks



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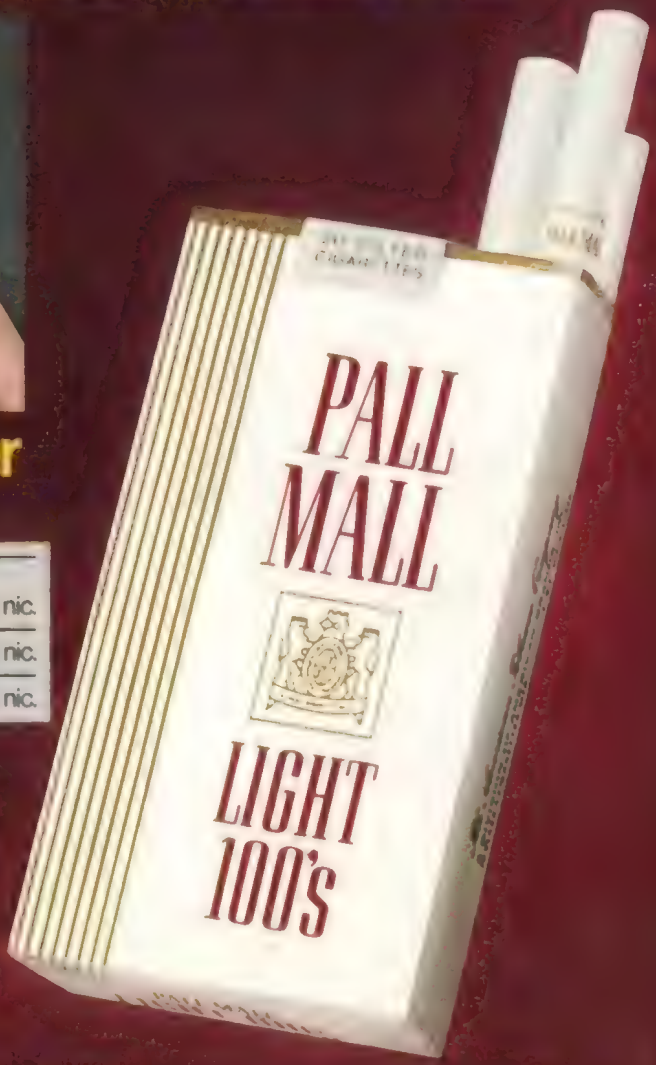

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Bus Busting

Congress backtracks

For President-elect Ronald Reagan, one of the not-so-incidental pleasures of his visit to Washington last week was the chance to applaud a legislative harbinger of his upcoming Administration. While Reagan was in town, the Senate passed a measure that would prohibit the Justice Department from seeking court-ordered busing in school desegregation cases. "I am heart and soul in favor of the things that have been done in the name of civil rights and desegregation," said Reagan. "I happen to believe, however, that busing has been a failure." The measure, proposed as a rider to an appropriations bill for the Departments of State, Justice and Commerce, was a significant action by the lameduck Congress. Supported by such conservative Republicans as South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, who will become Judiciary Committee chairman in January, and Jesse Helms of North Carolina, the bill passed by a vote of 51 to 35. Says Helms: "The vast majority of people of all races are sick and tired of Government meddling in their schools."

The Senate narrowly rejected a similar motion in September, but some of those who opposed it at the time, most notably Senators George McGovern, Frank Church and Warren Magnuson, were absent from last week's session after their election defeats. Several other Senators, including Democrats Alan Cranston and John Glenn, switched their votes to favor the bill. This led to speculation that legislators are becoming reluctant to go on the record in favor of forced busing.

Civil rights leaders are more worried about the vote's symbolism than its practical effects, which may not be extensive. Says N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Education Fund Attorney Steve Ralston: "Our concern is that it's the first in a potentially long series of acts by Congress that will backtrack seriously on the gains made in civil rights." If implemented, the measure would not affect past desegregation orders, and it might not affect the 75 cases now pending. Furthermore, the rider would not stop busing suits; it would simply stop those filed by the Justice Department and hence shift the whole burden of initiating such actions to private groups. Since the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the Justice Department has brought 200 busing suits, including some in large cities such as Houston and Kansas City, Kans. But the majority of explosive and significant cases—in Boston, Detroit, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Louisville—have been the result of private actions.

In recent years the Justice Department actually has exerted a moderating influence, seeking negotiated solutions to school segregation problems and insisting that forced busing be used only as a last resort. Indeed, the impact of the rider on department policy during the next four years would probably be rather academic, since a Reagan-appointed Attorney General could hardly be expected to press busing suits very vigorously, if at all.

Meantime, President Carter might veto the bill. He has been advised to do so by Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti. In a letter to the White House and to congressional leaders, Civiletti says that the measure raises "serious constitutional problems" because it would limit the Justice Department's jurisdiction and prohibit it from upholding laws against discrimination. It could put the Federal Government into the position of supporting, through educational-aid funds, school districts that blatantly defy judicial desegregation orders, while being powerless to take any legal action to bring the districts into line. In 1977, Congress forbade the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to withhold funds as a means of forcing districts to bus students. The courts ruled that Congress's ban was constitutional as long as the Government retained the power to enforce desegregation by another route, namely, through busing suits brought by the Justice Department. Under this measure, that constitutional safeguard would collapse.

Although Congress probably would be unable to pass the rider over a veto this session, busing is bound to be an issue next year. Thurmond already is looking into possible legislation that would eliminate all federal court jurisdiction over education. Says Republican Senator Lowell Weicker: "To use football jargon, the defense is going to be on the field a hell of a long time in the years ahead." ■

Klansmen Coleman Pridmore, David Matthews and Jerry Paul Smith after their acquittal

A Litany of "Not Guilty"

Klansmen and Nazis are freed in Greensboro killings

While 25 policemen stood guard inside Courtroom 3-C of the Guilford County Courthouse in Greensboro, N.C., and police sharpshooters patrolled the surrounding rooftops outside, Jury Foreman Octavio Mandulay slowly announced the verdicts. There were five counts of murder and one count of rioting against each of the six defendants. As the litany of "not guilty" grew, a relative of one of the accused choked back a sob. By the time the 36th and final "not guilty" was called out, the defendants themselves were weeping.

So ended the 22-week trial—the longest in North Carolina's history—of four Ku Klux Klansmen and two members of the neo-Nazi National Socialist Party. The charges: killing five members, four white and one black, of the Communist Workers Party at a C.W.P.-sponsored "Death to the Klan" rally in Greensboro in November 1979. The outcome drew predictably inflammatory responses from both extremist camps. Calling the verdict "a great victory for white America," North Carolina Nazi Leader Harold Covington maintained that it proved "we can beat the system on their own ground." Signe Waller, a C.W.P. member and the widow of one of the victims, charged that the trial was part of a government cover-up and added that the decision served as "a green light if you want to go out on the street and shoot somebody down."

But the case as presented in court belied such crude polemics. Defense attorneys argued that their clients, who had been dared to attend the rally by the C.W.P., acted in self-defense after C.W.P. members struck their cars with sticks and brandished guns. David Wayne Mat-

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GM's Continuous Protection Plan is an inflation-fighting option for new GM cars, light-duty trucks and vans. It goes beyond GM's new-vehicle 12-month/12,000-mile warranty. Even beyond GM's new 24-month/24,000-mile Power Protection Plus warranty on the engine, transmission and drive axle for 1981 GM cars and light trucks.

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Other parts not covered include:

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thews, who told the police shortly after the event that he had shot at least three people, testified that he grabbed his shotgun when he saw "niggers" with guns. "One of them looked up and hollered, 'I'm gonna kill you, you son of a bitch, kill the Klan,' and I took my gun up and shot at him." In fact, the prosecution established that the only people on the scene with guns that day were white.

The C.W.P. members who had witnessed the shootout refused to cooperate with state investigators or to testify at the trial. Video tapes of the incident taken by local television crews showed one of the defendants, Jerry Paul Smith, firing away with a pistol in each hand at one of the victims. The tapes were played several times at the trial, but failed to convince the all-white jury as to which side had fired first. What apparently sowed the most doubt in jurors' minds was an FBI audio-analysis tracing the origins of 39 shots fired in the melee. The "shot chart" showed that roughly half of the shots—17 to 22—came from the Communists. "The shot chart," said Defense Attorney Percy Wall after the verdicts, "that's what did it."

The jurors deliberated for seven days and voted at least twelve times before reaching their decision. They acknowledged afterward that they were swayed ultimately by the self-defense plea. Added Mandulay: "We do not condone the actions of any of these groups." The Justice Department is already investigating the case to determine whether the acquitted defendants can now be charged with civil rights violations. This sort of follow-up prosecution is used by the department on occasion, but it requires pinpointing some federally guaranteed civil right —for example, voting, interstate travel or the use of a public accommodation—that the defendants denied the victims. Officials concede that such a deprivation may be hard to find in the Greensboro incident.

The case promises to linger on no matter what the Justice Department decides to do. Greensboro officials, already upset because their city served as a battleground for those they view as "outsiders," were afraid that the decision will only spark further trouble. The verdicts did not trigger the rioting that officials feared, but more than 1,500 people in Guilford and Durham counties participated in peaceful demonstrations to "express citizens' concerns" over the acquittals. In the only violent reaction, a gunman in a speeding car fired shots at acquitted Klansman Smith as he drove along a deserted Lincoln County road. Smith, who was not hit, managed to fire back before his car crashed into a tree. Meanwhile, the C.W.P. and other organizations announced plans to hold an anti-Klan, anti-Nazi, anti-government rally in Greensboro in early December. Clearly, the city will not be allowed to forget the tragedy that took place in its streets last year. ■

The Atlanta Murders

Everyone is helping in the search for the child killers

Volunteer searcher checks pipes for bodies

From Manhattan came Detective Charles Nanton; from Oakland, Calif., Sergeant Alexander Smith. The detective credited with solving the seven "Merritt Parkway Bra" murders in Stamford, Conn., Lieutenant George Mayer, arrived. Detroit police lent the services of Lieutenant Gilbert Hill, who cleared up the "Browning Gang" case that had claimed 15 victims. And out of retirement came Captain Pierce Brooks, who caught the killers of a Los Angeles policeman in the celebrated "Onion Field" case.

The five top sleuths are all in Atlanta as consultants to local police in one of the most bizarre, puzzling cases any of them has ever faced. During the past 16 months, eleven children have been found murdered; another four are missing. The victims share certain similarities: all are age 15 or younger, all are black, all come from poor families, and all but two are male. Yet no clear pattern connects them or confirms that they were attacked by the same killer or killers. Despite the offer of a $100,000 reward and what Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown calls "the most intensive investigation in the history of this city," the Atlanta police remain stymied.

In addition to the visiting detectives —quickly dubbed the "supercops" by Atlantans—the case has attracted a growing cast of professional and amateur investigators as officials try a host of measures, some rather unorthodox, to come up with a lead. A 35-member police task force is assigned solely to sifting through the 150 or so tips received daily. The FBI beefed up its local office last week with approximately a dozen agents and began its own inquiry. For the past six weekends the city's neighborhoods have been methodically scoured for clues by thousands of citizen volunteers (among them: Mitchell L. WerBell III, the founder of a counterterrorist school in Powder Springs, Ga., and eleven of his instructors). Dog patrols are being run by Don Laken, a chunky former Marine from Philadelphia, with his two trained German shepherds. Authorities even briefly brought in a psychic named Dorothy Allison from Nutley, N.J.

Such moves have drawn considerable criticism as publicity stunts, and the Atlanta *Journal and Constitution* has even made the suggestion that the local police, though devoted, are not up to the job. "I have the utmost confidence in our investigation," retorts Commissioner Brown, who defends enlisting outside help by saying, "I don't believe all knowledge resides in Georgia." Most Atlantans, especially in the anxious black neighborhoods, appear to support the wide-ranging efforts to break the case. ■

Refund, Please

Retrieving Abscam bribes

During the course of Abscam, the FBI handed out more than $400,000 in bribes to Congressmen and various middlemen. Now the Government is planning to file suits to get the money back. To recover the sums under federal bribery law, the Government can only sue people who have been convicted of taking bribes. So far, the prosecutors have won all four trials that have been completed. The two best-known defendants to be found guilty are Congressmen Michael ("Ozzie") Myers of Philadelphia and John Jenrette of South Carolina, both defeated in November's election. Myers was convicted of receiving $50,000. Jenrette of taking the same amount.

A verdict is expected at the end of this week in the trial of Representatives John M. Murphy of New York and Frank Thompson of New Jersey; Murphy and Thompson are accused of sharing two $50,000 payoffs with various co-conspirators. Still to come: the trials of Congressmen Raymond Lederer of Philadelphia, accused of accepting $50,000; Florida's Richard Kelly, indicted for receiving $25,000; and New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams, accused of taking mining stock as a bribe. ■

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Mercedes-Benz announces the next logical step.

Via masterful aerodynamics and 63 other engineering advancements, Mercedes-Benz has restated its definition of the ultimate gasoline and diesel sedans in the world of the 1980's.

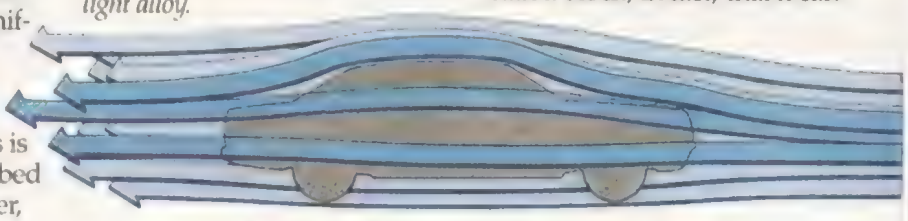
Consider the bodywork of the new 380 SEL and the 300 SD Turbodiesel: a capsule of aluminum and steel and glass, so aerodynamically pure that its 0.36 drag coefficient eclipses every sedan—and virtually every sports car—sold in America today. Yet the magnificent comfort expected of a flagship Mercedes-Benz sedan is preserved.

Under the aerodynamics is a new unit body, honeycombed with aluminum and a thinner, lighter, stronger steel. Weight is saved while structural strength is increased.

Within shorter overall length than their predecessors, both 380 SEL and 300 SD boast *longer* wheelbases, less mass—yet a smoother ride.

The next logical engine

The 380 SEL's new V-8 engine epitomizes the move to 1980's priorities. At only 3.8 liters it is smaller than any domestic V-8; and its block is cast not in iron but silvery *light alloy.*



Aerodynamic efficiency matched by no sedan—of any size.

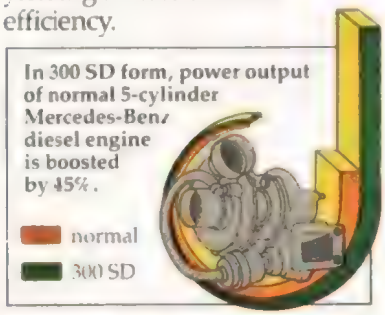
A superb power-to-weight ratio results. And an engine designed for the realities of the times is also one of the most potent in any 1981 automobile.

Credit advanced metallurgy for the fact that its strength and durability compare with iron block engines. The block is cast under low pressure, in one piece, in an intricate "closed deck" process. (So hard is the silicone-impregnated block, in fact, that it can be machined only by tools with *diamond* tips.)

Quicker to 55 mph

The five-cylinder turbocharged 300 SD Turbodiesel

keeps its title of world's most powerful diesel sedan. Without yielding a mote of diesel efficiency.



In 300 SD form, power output of normal 5-cylinder Mercedes-Benz diesel engine is boosted by 45%.

Both cars can accelerate faster from zero to 55 mph than their predecessors: less weight, less aerodynamic drag—and a new four-speed torque-converter automatic transmission, programmed for more precise shifting. It also functions smoother than any Mercedes-Benz automatic before.

All this advanced technology is borne over the road with the poise and stability unique to the automobiles of Mercedes-Benz. Glib claims abound, but no maker has yet proven its cars to be more roadworthy.

Measurably quieter

A concerted noise abatement program has made the 380 SEL and 300 SD quieter-running cars. Engine noise, for instance, is further muffled by a *double* firewall under the hood.

Interior layout is a sweep of ergonomically correct design, clean and uncluttered. Amenities have been increased to include a new electric eight-way seat adjustment for driver and front passenger. It is shaped like a seat, operates by touch, and lets you shift your seating position without glancing away from the road.

The 300 SD furnishes sublime comfort for five. The slightly longer wheelbase 380 SEL provides sybaritic rear seat accommodation.

Progress shows on almost every front. Careful modifications in body design and interior fittings reflect a new peak in safety consciousness by the conscientious engineers of Mercedes-Benz.

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These two models are introduced in confidence that, inch for inch and pound for pound, they are the most capable in Mercedes-Benz history.

They are designed and built to fulfill the demands of the eighties—and the demands of Mercedes-Benz.

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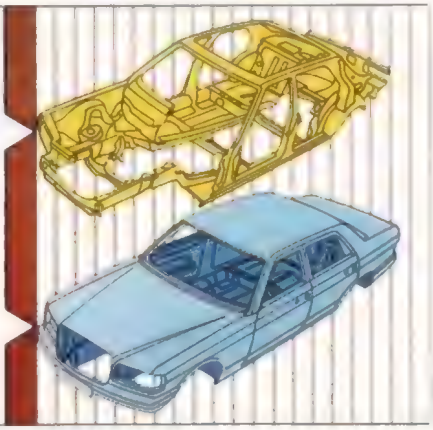

The science of the automobile body advances; new unitized structure is made simultaneously lighter and stronger.

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Thinner-profile windshield "A" pillars that actually help to strengthen roof support are typical of 380 SEL and 300 SD's computer-designed body shell. Hood and trunk lid are aluminum.

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Close Encounter

In a grim game of war that is frequently played over the North Atlantic, a giant Soviet TU-95 Bear reconnaissance plane last September zoomed across the invisible line that marks the U.S. defense zone off Iceland. In five minutes, two American F-4 Phantom II interceptors zoomed up from Iceland's Keflavik Airport to draw alongside and escort the trespasser out of the forbidden Air Defense Identification Zone (ADIZ). Last week the U.S. Air Force released a remarkable set of pictures of the interception, photographs so sharp that the faces and gestures of the Soviet crewmen were visible as the American Phantoms hung close.

Ever since the Soviets began making the 6,000-mile flight from Murmansk to Cuba in 1966, they have strayed across the ADIZ more than 100 times, usually deliberately. Their purpose: to measure the time it takes the U.S. aircraft to respond. Electronic tapes monitoring U.S. radar frequencies are then taken back to Moscow for analysis. Even military slang words like "Judy," meaning target sighted, or "no joy," for missing a target, are studied intensively by the Soviets, just as the Americans record and examine every move made by the Soviets.

The routine for the interceptions is clearly understood by both sides. The jets close in on their targets at speeds of more than 1,000 m.p.h. After pulling in tight, the Americans signal by hand for the intruder to move away from the forbidden zones. Slowly, the ponderous Bears change direction and depart. No shot has ever been fired by either side.

Smoke billows from the MGM Grand Hotel, the largest in Las Vegas, after a blaze began in the ground-floor delicatessen

Nation

"It Was Death, Absolute Death"

Fiery disaster for the tourists in a Las Vegas hotel

It started shortly after 7 on Friday morning as smoke drifted through the glittering casino on the first floor of the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. Within minutes the world's largest gambling hall—a 140-yard stretch of roulette, blackjack and dice tables and 1,000 slot machines—was engulfed in flames. The fire raced through the entire ground floor of the 2,076-room hotel, one of the largest in the world, destroying two cavernous, 1,000-seat showrooms, an arcade of 40 shops, and five restaurants. "Flames were shooting out the entrance," recalls Theresa Ricky, the assistant bell captain at Caesars Palace, who arrived at work across the street at 7:30 a.m. "Smoke was coming out of every crevice."

The smoke, not the fire, did the damage, billowing in thick black clouds up the air ducts and stair wells, trapping guests on the upper floors of the 26-story structure. At week's end, the death toll had reached 83, and at least 334 were injured; officials feared that the number of deaths might climb higher still. Said Las Vegas Fire Chief Ray Parrish: "People tend to hide when they get afraid, so it may be a day and a half more before we can arrive at a final figure." The MGM Grand Hotel fire is the second worst such blaze in U.S. history, surpassed only by the Winecoff Hotel disaster in Atlanta in 1946, which killed 119

Though the exact cause of the blaze remained to be determined, investigators decided that it started in the kitchen of the ground-floor delicatessen. James Kalb was across the street when the conflagration broke out. "I heard this great big explosion toward the front end of the casino," he said. "Then I saw this big mass of flame, about 100 feet in diameter." Pandemonium surged through the casino, which stayed open 24 hours a day, as the flames roared up through the catwalk called the "eye in the sky," used by the management to monitor gam-

Medics treat victims of the fire just outside the hotel as guests who managed to flee the building comfort each other

Helicopter plucks a man from the roof

Frightened guests, some using towels to filter the smoke, lean from broken windows

bling. The early-morning patrons fled.

Though the blaze never spread above the second floor, it apparently knocked out the telephone switchboard and the fire alarm system. The 4,500 guests in their rooms thus received no warning. Those still sleeping were awakened, one by one, by screams and choking smoke. Says Keith Beverton of Woodland Hills, Calif.: "I opened my hotel room door and people were shouting, 'What should we do?' It was death, absolute death there. I closed the door but the air in my room was so thick I was having trouble breathing."

Panicked guests searched frantically for exits. Some managed to make their way to the stair wells, only to discover thick smoke or, worse, that once they had started down they found the doors locked on the stair well side as a security precaution. Others were caught in the hallways. Said Fire Department Captain Ralph Dinsman: "If they'd stayed in their rooms until we got to them, a lot of the dead would have survived."

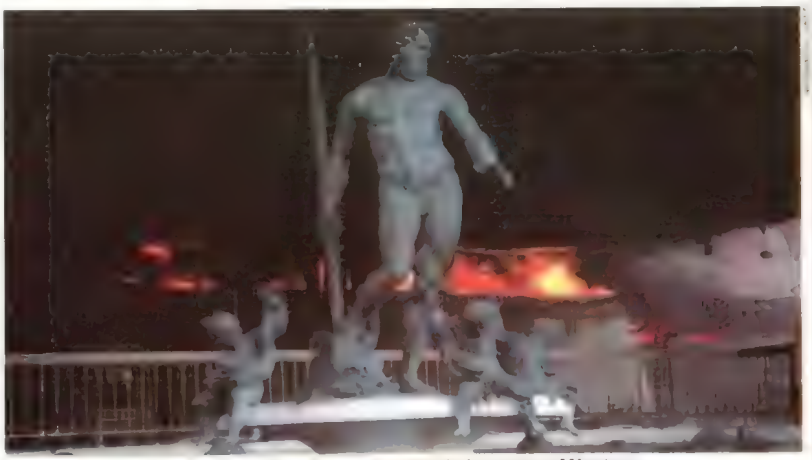
Many on the upper floors fled to the hotel's roof, while those still stranded in their rooms crowded onto balconies screaming for help. Others, seeking fresh air, shattered windows with pieces of furniture. "There was a lot of smoke in the hallway, and you had no idea how fast the fire was spreading," says Pat England, a hotel employee who was on the eighth floor. "It was horrible."

Firemen clambered up rescue ladders and began helping guests from windows and balconies. Since the ladders reached only as high as the ninth floor, dozens of other firemen headed up the stair wells to fetch guests from higher floors and lead them down to safety. But the most dramatic rescues were made by eleven helicopters, nine from nearby Nellis Air Force Base, that hovered over the roof, let down cables and lifted up hundreds of guests.

As the rescue operation progressed, authorities tried their best to calm those guests still stranded in the hotel, some of whom were leaning out of windows and dangling ropes made from bed sheets. "Don't jump! Don't jump!" policemen yelled through bullhorns. A helicopter swooped around the hotel announcing over a loudspeaker in English and Spanish that the fire was under control. Despite the warnings, at least one woman was killed when she tried to climb down a bed-sheet rope from the 19th floor, made it to the 17th, and then fell.

Even as the fire still smoldered, troubling questions were being raised about the tragedy. Built in 1973 at a cost of $106 million, the MGM Grand met the requirements of the county building code in effect at the time by installing sprinkler systems only in the basement and on the first and top floors. There were no smoke detectors in the guest rooms. A new code requiring sprinklers on every floor and the use of smoke detectors was passed in 1979. Said one fire fighter: "More sprinklers would have made all the difference in the world."

The tragedy was made worse by the fact that flames were able to destroy the alarm's control system before it could go into action. In addition, open stair wells funneled the smoke upward like chimneys. Nevada Governor Robert List called the hotel "a burned-out devastation. It turns your stomach." And he added: "The repercussions from this fire will be long-lasting." —*By James Kelly. Reported by Gavin Scott/Las Vegas*



Flames shoot out from the hotel's main entrance behind a statue of Neptune

In Jerusalem, union members protest rising prices

In the West Bank, a student recovers from leg wound

World

ISRAEL

Begin on the Ropes

Besieged from all directions, his regime hangs on with a mere three votes

His government had survived more than 20 no-confidence votes before, but this time Prime Minister Menachem Begin could feel his Likud coalition shaking. Cutting short a visit to the U.S., Begin flew back to Israel and rushed straight to the Knesset, where a seven-hour debate on his economic policies was already under way. As the gallery buzzed with excitement, a roll call of the Knesset kept Begin in power by the slimmest margin yet, 57 to 54. Afterward he tried to be philosophical: "As Winston Churchill used to say, in a democracy, one [vote] is enough."

Perhaps. But as troubles came at him from all directions last week, there were serious doubts about how long the Begin government could continue to hold that last vote. The economic outlook was so gloomy that in the Knesset voting, Begin was deserted by two old allies, former Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and former Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan. In an unrelated and dangerous development, the occupied West Bank exploded in a round of angry demonstrations that left eleven Arab students, most of them teen-agers, shot in the legs by Israeli soldiers.

It did not help Begin's mood to have lost face during his U.S. tour when President-elect Ronald Reagan refused to see him. After his farewell meeting with President Carter, Begin plodded somewhat dispiritedly through an otherwise routine speaking tour. But he was his usual combative self when discussing Jerusalem —"the capital of Israel for all generations to come." On Israeli defenses in general, he was cocky: "I bring you good tidings from the land of our forefathers. Israel is strong."

Urging the U.S. to increase its own military presence in the region, Begin indicated that he could welcome temporary U.S. "facilities" in Israel and possibly even in Saudi Arabia or Egypt. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has made a similar offer. Near Cairo last week, U.S. and Egyptian air and ground forces held a series of joint maneuvers called Operation Bright Star. The 1,400 Americans, the first members of the new Rapid Deployment Force to venture to the Middle East, were meant to familiarize themselves with fighting and flying in the desert. Said one U.S. officer: "We've found that the desert is not something to fear."

The dispirited Prime Minister in New York

"In a democracy, one vote is enough."

Begin was in Detroit when Israelis received devastating news about the country's economy. October's inflation rate hit 11%, the third worst monthly figure ever. The government estimated that the 1980 rate would thus reach 138%, up from 111% in 1979. The two main culprits: the cost of oil imports, up more than 75% in the past year, and the enduringly huge defense outlays (38% of the national budget). Salaries, savings and pensions are all indexed to the cost of living, which both fuels inflation and cushions its impact. In 1979, for example, wages actually rose 3% in real terms. But in the first six months of this year, inflation raced past the indexes, and real wages dropped 14%.

Blaming the government, some 8,000 members of Histadrut, the large labor federation, demonstrated outside the Prime Minister's office in Jerusalem. Said Yeruham Meshel, the organization's secretary-general: "This government is indifferent to the public's mood." Other critics demanded the resignation of Finance Minister Yigal Hurvitz, often called Yigal the Printer for his willingness to issue new currency to keep up with inflation. Seeing the Begin government thrown on the defensive, the opposition decided to strike.

The Labor Party, the main opposition, introduced a no-confidence motion, and

so did two small parties of the far left and far right. During the noisy Knesset debate, Begin's handling of the economy came under attack again and again. "The government is like an unmanned spaceship with no objective and no map," groused Gad Yaacobi, the Labor Party's chief economic spokesman. Weizman said he voted against his own party to preserve the Camp David accords, since many Israelis were blaming their economic woes on the return of the Sinai oil fields to Egyptian sovereignty. Said he: "They are saying peace is a disaster."

Although the West Bank unrest did not figure directly in the Knesset debate, it too reflected on Begin, if only because he has doubled as Defense Minister since Weizman resigned last May. Israeli authorities have been increasingly tough in exercising control over the area's 700,000 Arabs. Since July, all three of the universities have been subject to military supervision. The tensions on the West Bank reached a break point after Israeli authorities shut down Bir Zeit University to prevent it from holding "Palestinian Week" activities. In El Bireh, a small town near by, about 50 high school girls gathered to protest the shutdown and threw stones at a passing Israeli car. The dozen or so soldiers trying to control the demonstration fired first in the air and then, when this brought no response, at the girls' legs. One 17-year-old girl was hit by a bullet from an automatic rifle. Next day, six students in the adjacent town of Ramallah and four more at Bethlehem University were also wounded, one of them seriously, in similar incidents.

West Bank residents were understandably outraged by the shootings. Said Bir Zeit University Professor Sari Nusseibeh: "This is a slow attempt by the Israeli military government to murder the Palestinian consciousness." The Jerusalem *Post* accused the military authorities of "strong-arming the population." In Washington, the State Department issued a statement "deeply" regretting the incidents: "The use of potentially lethal force can lead to grave and far-reaching consequences."

The shootings and the economic crisis are bound to create further fissures in Begin's fragile government. Hurvitz already has hinted that he might pull out of the Likud coalition and take his tiny La'am Party with him. Says one Begin aide: "He's just waiting for the right excuse to leave." Many others are also starting to doubt that the Prime Minister can hold on until the regular parliamentary elections next November. If Begin does lose a no-confidence vote, it would almost certainly lead to early elections, a prospect that delights Opposition Leader Shimon Peres, whose Labor Party holds a commanding lead in public-opinion polls. Says Peres: "The cost to the economy of a wait until November is simply too high, and the people are paying for it." —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by David Aikman with Begin*

PERSIAN GULF

Tantalizing Words from Tehran

Hints about the hostages amid an escalating war

The words were encouraging, but their meaning was far from clear. First Hajatolislam Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, speaker of the Iranian parliament, declared at an Algiers press conference that the U.S. had accepted "in principle" all of Tehran's conditions for the release of the 52 American hostages. Rafsanjani added this tantalizing statement: "If the U.S. decides tonight to implement the conditions, then we will release the hostages tomorrow."

Next day Iranian Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i broke a two-week silence on the hostage question by also stating that the U.S. had accepted the Iranian demands "in principle." Raja'i said that his government would seek further "clarifications." Those remarks were the first reaction Washington had heard from Tehran's leaders since Algerian intermediaries delivered the U.S. response to Iran's hostage demands two weeks ago.

Iran's Rafsanjani (center, with turban) flanked by Algerian officials at press conference

"If the U.S. implements the conditions, we will release the hostages tomorrow."

What did it all mean? Some Washington policymakers took Raja'i's statement as a sign that the Iranian government might be nearing a decision. In the words of one State Department official, they saw "a glimmer of hope" in the fact that Tehran had neither flatly rejected the U.S. response nor publicly discussed its contents. Perhaps in an effort to keep some kind of dialogue going, Secretary of State Edmund Muskie told reporters that the U.S. has indeed "accepted the four points in principle as a useful basis for the resolution of the conflict."

The four demands issued by Iran's parliament on Nov. 2 include: 1) a U.S. pledge of noninterference in Iranian affairs, 2) the unfreezing of $13 billion in U.S.-held Iranian assets, 3) cancellation of all American claims against the Tehran government, 4) the return of the late Shah's fortune. The U.S. response is said to have pledged noninterference; it also attempted to explain why complex legal obstacles might prevent a prompt carrying out of the remaining demands.

As Tehran mulled over its next move, fighting in the Iran-Iraq war reached perhaps its highest level since Sept. 22—the day Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein sent his forces into Iran to enforce Baghdad's claim to the disputed Shatt al Arab waterway. In one of the war's bloodiest battles so far, the Iraqis launched an assault on the Iranian town of Susangerd in western Khuzistan province. Backed up by heavy artillery, Iraqi tank forces smashed their way into the eastern section of the town and engaged Iranian defenders in fierce house-to-house fighting. At week's end the combined death toll was said to have reached 1,400.

On the southern front, the Iraqi command claimed to have killed 150 Iranians who had vainly sought to break out of the besieged refinery city of Abadan. Iranian bombers, meanwhile, struck at Fao, a major Iraqi port, and at oil installations near the Kuwait frontier. For the second time in four days, Iranian

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Buick Skylark 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	$6,405
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Ford Granada 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	$6,474

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	EST HWY	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
TC3 2-DOOR HATCHBACK	**41**	**27**	**5**	**Front**	**$6,149**
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	Front	$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Door Hatchback	39	28	4	Rear	$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Door Hatchback	34	23	4	Rear	$6,408
Toyota Celica GT 2-Door Liftback	37	25	4	Rear	$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Door Hatchback	40	25	4	Front	$8,495

Plymouth TC3 2-Door Hatchback Standard Features: ● 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine ● Electronic fuel control system ● Rack-and-pinion steering ● Front disc and rear drum brakes ● 4-speed manual transaxle ● Tinted glass ● Radial tires ● Fold-down rear seat ● Custom all-vinyl bucket seats ● Sport steering wheel

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Ford Escort L 4-Door Liftgate	42	27	4	Front	$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Door Liftback	42	28	4	Front	$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Door Hatchback	41	30	4	Rear	$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Door Sedan	39	28	4	Rear	$5,458
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Ford Escort 3-Door Hatchback	44	30	4	Front	$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	Front	$5,058
Datsun 310 2-Door Hatchback	42	32	4	Front	$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	Front	$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Door	39	30	4	Rear	$5,255

Plymouth Champ Hatchback Standard Features ● 1.6-liter OHC MPFI Jet engine with thermoplastic combustion chambers ● Electronic ignition ● Rack-and-pinion steering ● Power front disc brakes ● 4-speed manual transaxle ● Tinted glass ● Radial tires ● Tripod-meter temperature and fuel gauges ● Reclining bucket seats ● Fold-down rear seat ● Front and rear bumper guards

*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage and probably lower. †Base sticker prices. Standard equipment level of early selling cars. Destination charges, title and taxes extra. With $51 optional engine. $42 extra on Horizon and $78 extra on T-1. **Based on October sales.

plane-fired rockets hit the tiny Kuwaiti border post of Al-Abdali, prompting a sharp protest from Kuwait and rekindling fears that the other gulf states might be drawn into the fighting.

Iraq's assault on Susangerd appeared to have been motivated by both strategic and political aims. Militarily, the fall of Susangerd would give the Iraqis control of a key highway leading to the provincial capital of Ahwaz, 30 miles to the southeast. Most experts, however, attributed the timing of the attack to Saddam Hussein's desire for an imposing victory on the eve of the Arab League Summit, scheduled for Nov. 25 in Amman.

Last week, however, representatives of Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organization stalked out of a preparatory foreign ministers' meeting in the Jordanian capital. They claimed that inter-Arab disputes, aggravated by the gulf war, were being ignored in the proposed agenda, and therefore wanted a postponement. Syria, which is Iraq's neighbor and bitter enemy, is supported by Algeria, Libya and South Yemen as well as the P.L.O. Meanwhile, Iraq and its sympathizers, including Jordan and Saudi Arabia, sought desperately to save the conference. As a compromise, the Syrians proposed a series of smaller meetings in place of the full 21-member conference. At week's end, Syria announced that it would boycott the summit; whether Damascus' fellow hard-liners would attend remained in doubt.

United Nations Envoy Olof Palme flew to the warring capitals last week to explore cease-fire possibilities. But the former Swedish Prime Minister hit a stone wall in Tehran. President Abolhassan Banisadr refused to consider "any peace proposal as long as Iraqi armed forces and spies are in Iran."

The day before his meeting with Palme, Banisadr had taken the same tough line in a speech to more than 1 million cheering supporters who jammed Tehran's Azadi Square to celebrate the Shi'ite Muslim holiday of 'Ashura.* After the traditional procession, in which zealots flagellated themselves with chains and some slashed their foreheads with swords, Banisadr gave a martial twist to the religious theme of sacrifice. Said he: "The people of Iran are ready for martyrdom, and Iran will not make any peace with the Iraqi invaders ... Iran will not forgive the Saddam Hussein government for its crime and will carry the war to decisive victory."

In fact, neither side was in a position to claim victory. But no one who has observed the bizarre unfolding of the Iranians' revolution could underestimate their capacity to kill and die for the Islamic Republic. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by William Drozdiak/Amman*

*Mourning the death in A.D. 680 of Shi'ite Leader Imam Husain, the son and successor of Ali, grandson of the Prophet Muhammad

DIPLOMACY

The Chancellor Comes Calling

Worries about a defense commitment and a détente policy

The mood was somber, almost melancholy, and the parting was a bit like two boxers shaking hands at the end of a bruising fight. After lunch and a final talk in the White House last week, President Carter cordially thanked his guest for the "very fruitful and constructive relationship" they had had. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, in turn, praised Carter's "friendship, help and candor." The words were the warmest that the two men had spoken publicly about each other during four years of an intensely strained relationship. Said one of Schmidt's aides afterward: "They are probably both glad they won't see each other again."

Carter and Schmidt after White House lunch

Like shaking hands at the end of the fight.

The Chancellor's visit came at a moment when new tensions were straining West German–U.S. relations. Schmidt's newly elected government had decided, though it had not yet announced it, that in 1981 Bonn would not meet its pledge to NATO to increase defense spending by 3%. Schmidt had apparently decided on a 1.75% increase. In light of the bleak economic conditions facing Western Europe, he reasoned that the 3% commitment, which he had vigorously favored at a 1978 European summit, "needs to be looked at anew." With only 5.3% inflation and 3.8% unemployment, West Germany is better off than many of its neighbors, but Schmidt warned in a television interview, "We are not the hen that laid the golden egg."

The Carter Administration had been counting on West Germany to pull its military and psychological weight in NATO, particularly since several other member nations (notably Denmark and Belgium) had failed to meet their obligations. After learning of Washington's displeasure, Schmidt apparently backed away from his original decision, though he refused to be specific on how close Bonn would come to the 3% goal. On the eve of the Washington visit, the Chancellor's press spokesman, Klaus Bölling, insisted that "Bonn will fulfill its commitments to the North Atlantic Alliance." West German officials pointed out that Bonn has consistently come close to the 3% target in the past.

After his White House visit, Schmidt met with Howard Baker, who is expected to be Senate majority leader in the new Congress. The week before, the Tennessee Republican had bitterly criticized the allies, including West Germany, for endangering NATO by failing to meet their defense obligations. The Chancellor sought to reassure Baker that Bonn would continue to meet its obligations. Late that afternoon, Schmidt walked around the corner from Blair House to the Jackson Place townhouse reserved for past Presidents and Presidents-elect, for an unscheduled hourlong meeting with Ronald Reagan, which Schmidt clearly considered a major diplomatic coup for himself.

West German officials are confident that a smooth, though not problem-free relationship can be developed with the new Administration. One thing they find encouraging is that so many of Reagan's top policy advisers—such as Henry Kissinger, George Shultz and Alexander Haig—are old acquaintances from the Nixon and Ford presidencies. Nonetheless, Schmidt will have to work hard to convince Reagan's team that Bonn has not gone "soft" on the Soviet Union. The Carter White House has been convinced for some time that Schmidt's détente policy was too compliant, and did not hesitate to say so.

The virtual completion last week of the biggest West German–Soviet trade agreement yet will not help Schmidt's position. Under highly favorable terms (7.75% interest for ten years), a consortium of 20 West German banks will provide $5.3 billion in credit for the construction of a 3,000-mile natural-gas pipeline from Siberia to West Germany. By 1984 the Soviets will be supplying 30% of West Germany's natural-gas needs, up from 9% today. Lamented a Bonn Economics Ministry official: "That will make us even more dependent on trade with Moscow, and [the Soviets'] leverage will be even greater." A Bonn Foreign Ministry specialist admitted that "it worries many of us." He could easily have added that it worries Washington as well. ■

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SOVIET UNION

Killing the Spirit of Helsinki

A tough new crackdown on dissidents

Five years ago, at the 35-nation Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (C.S.C.E.), the Kremlin leadership pledged to respect "fundamental freedoms" and assure a freer movement of people and information. That formal commitment has never amounted to more than a gesture, grudgingly given and speedily withdrawn. Nonetheless, the spirit of Helsinki briefly lifted hopes of Soviet dissidents, encouraging the emigration of Jews from the U.S.S.R. and spawning a host of human rights groups. Those hopes now lie in ruins. Arrests of dissidents have soared, while Jewish emigration has plummeted,

Kopelev and wife arrive in West Germany

A campaign of harassment and vilification.

from a monthly average of 4,275 in 1979 to 1,625 so far this year. To some observers, it appeared that Moscow wanted to demonstrate its contempt for the Helsinki pledge by orchestrating the current anti-human rights campaign to coincide with this month's meeting of the C.S.C.E. signatories in Madrid. The conference was convened to review compliance with the pledge on human rights and other agreements made in Helsinki.

Just as the conference opened, the Soviets moved to arrest one of the most prominent Jewish activists in the U.S.S.R., Computer Scientist Victor Brailovsky, the former editor of the underground cultural journal *Jews in the U.S.S.R.* He was charged with "defaming the Soviet state and social system" by organizing a press conference during the Madrid meeting, where he announced a hunger strike by 140 Soviet Jews who had been refused permission to emigrate. Brailovsky's wife Irina reported that before he was sent to an isolation cell in Moscow's Butyrki Prison a KGB man taunted him, saying, "You won't survive a year in our prison camps, but a three-year sentence will finish you off for sure."

At the Madrid conference, British Delegate John Wilberforce noted that 300 Soviet citizens have been arrested since Moscow stepped up its efforts a year ago to extinguish all forms of dissent. The KGB has arrested or exiled 44 members of five regional Helsinki Watch Groups that were set up to monitor the U.S.S.R.'s human rights record after the Helsinki pledge. Many have been jailed on trumped-up criminal charges, such as rape and possession of weapons—offenses that are calculated to discredit the dissidents with the average Soviet citizen. Treatment of Helsinki Watch members in the Ukraine has been particularly harsh. Olha Heyko, 27, was attacked and severely beaten (presumably by KGB-hired thugs) before she was tried and sentenced to three years' imprisonment this year. Journalist Vyacheslav Chornovil, 43, and Composer Mykola Horbal, 39, were accused of attempted rape and sentenced to five years at hard labor.

Despite the persecution, newcomers have joined the Moscow, Ukrainian and Lithuanian Watch Groups even as their founding members were sent to prison. The founder of the Helsinki movement, Physicist Yuri Orlov, 55, is now serving seven years in a concentration camp; nonetheless, he managed to smuggle out an appeal to the Madrid conference, asking the participating countries to press for the release of Soviet political prisoners. Sovietologists estimate that there are about 10,000 such prisoners. One of the most active organizations monitoring human rights is the recently formed Prison Camp Watch Group, which has members in three different concentration camps. Says Ludmilla Thorne, director of the Center for Appeals for Freedom in New York City: "The emergence of this Helsinki unit is a sign of the amazing tenacity of the opposition." The Watch group has even issued five reports on the plight of political prisoners that have been circulated in the U.S.S.R.

The morale of Soviet dissidents has not yet recovered from the forcible exile from Moscow last January of their undisputed leader, Physicist Andrei Sakharov. The Nobel Peace prizewinner is being held incommunicado, under tight surveillance, in the provincial city of Gorky. Since Sakharov's banishment, a number of groups he supported have been crippled. For example, the KGB has arrested the three leading members of the Working Commission to Investigate the Use of Psychiatry for Political Purposes, a group that publicized the Soviet practice of confining dissidents in police-run mental hospitals.

Lately, dissident literary figures have become targets of the crackdown. Two weeks ago, Lev Kopelev and his wife Raisa Orlova, both literary critics, left the U.S.S.R. for West Germany, following a long campaign of harassment and official vilification. Novelist Vladimir Voinovich complained last week that he could not obtain permission to emigrate, although a Soviet official had warned him that he might suffer an auto "accident" if he did not leave the country. One of the Soviet Union's most talented writers, Georgi Vladimov, has been under constant threat of arrest because he is the Moscow representative of Amnesty International, the organization that reports on political prisoners around the world. Early this month Vladimov was summoned to Moscow's Lefortovo Prison for interrogation by the

Irina Brailovsky with portrait of her husband

"You won't survive a year in our camps."

KGB. In the process, Vladimov suffered a heart attack.

Religious dissidents have also suffered. So far this year, 45 Evangelical Baptists have been arrested, including three prominent pastors. The Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers in the U.S.S.R. has been slated for extinction by the KGB. The committee's founder, the Rev. Gleb Yakunin, an Orthodox priest, was sentenced to five years in a labor camp plus five years of exile for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda." On television last June, the widely revered Father Dmitri Dudko confessed to having slandered the Soviet system. The priest reportedly yielded to threats that all his parishioners would be arrested if he did not recant. Significantly, denunciations of Father Yakunin in the Soviet press at the time of his trial prompted 250 people from all over the U.S.S.R. to apply for membership in his committee to defend the country's believers. *—By Patricia Blake. Reported by Bruce Nelan/Moscow and Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York*

Defendants Huang Yongsheng, Chen Boda, Wang Hongwen, Li Zuopeng and Zhang Chunqiao

CHINA

The Gang of Four on Trial

After many delays, the "evildoers" finally enter the dock

The long parade of limousines and buses knifed through Peking's wintry smog just before 3 p.m. As police and soldiers kept away curious bystanders, sober-faced men and women emerged from the cars, strode through the gates of the public security compound at No. 1 Zhengyi (Justice) Road near Tian'anmen Square and entered a large, brightly lighted courtroom. After taking their seats, the 35 judges and 880 "representatives of the masses" looked on impassively as the ten defendants were led into the court by bailiffs to hear the charges against them.

Thus began the long-awaited trial of China's notorious Gang of Four and six other high-ranking "evildoers." The carefully orchestrated courtroom drama, which is expected to last for several weeks, is the most important show trial to take place in the 31 years that the Communist Party has ruled China. The most celebrated defendant is Jiang Qing, 67, the widow of Mao Tse-tung, who, along with her allies in the Gang of Four,* led Mao's reckless and violent Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1976. They were arrested four years ago, shortly after Mao's death in 1976. Also on trial are a group of senior military officials who allegedly plotted with the late Defense Minister Lin Biao to assassinate Mao in 1971 and seize supreme power for themselves.

The defendants had not been seen publicly since their arrest. Jiang Qing, a onetime film actress, seemed almost defiant as the trial opened. Her jet-black hair was pulled severely back behind her ears; she marched into the courtroom with her head regally erect and then alternately smirked and yawned during the reading of the indictment, apparently to show contempt for the proceedings. Still, there were some reports that at one point she broke down and cried. Other defendants seemed tired and worn from their long imprisonment. Two members of the Gang, Zhang Chunqiao and Wang Hongwen, had shaved heads. Two other defendants, including Chen Boda, 76, who had been Mao's personal secretary and a theoretician of the Cultural Revolution, had to be helped to their places before the bar by two guards.

Portions of the 20,000-word indictment were printed in China's press before the trial started; they accused the defendants of a host of heinous crimes that took place during the Cultural Revolution. The charges specify that 727,420 Chinese were "persecuted" during that period, and that 34,274 died, though the often vague indictment did not specify exactly how. Among the chief victims: onetime Chief of State Liu Shaoqi, whose widow Wang Guangmei, herself imprisoned during the Cultural Revolution, attended the trial as an observer.

The indictment describes two plots by the "Jiang Qing–Lin Biao counterrevolutionary clique" to seize power. Lin Biao's effort to have Mao assassinated in 1971, for example, was known as "Project 571." The indictment alleges that Lin, who was then Mao's official heir, plotted to kill the Great Helmsman while he was on an inspection tour of southern China. The plan was to attack Mao's special train "with flame throwers and bazookas, to dynamite the railway bridge [over which the train was to pass], bomb the train from the air, blow up the oil depot near the train stop in Shanghai, and then assassinate the Chairman in the ensuing commotion." The indictment sheds no light on how the Great Helmsman, whose improbable code name to the conspirators was "B-52," managed to survive that elaborate plot, or even whether an attack was ever mounted.

Jiang Qing is not accused of conspiring with Lin Biao, or with other members of the Gang of Four who allegedly planned an armed rebellion to "usurp power" in 1976, when Mao was close to death. Instead, the charges against her focus on her systematic persecution of creative artists during the Cultural Revolution. Among other things, she is accused of hiring 40 people in Shanghai to disguise themselves as Red Guards and ransack the homes of writers and performers. The apparent purpose: to find and destroy letters, photos and other potentially damaging materials on Jiang Qing's early career in Shanghai, which she wanted to keep secret.

Jiang Qing listening to the indictment

"Nail them to history's pillar of shame."

Despite the seriousness of the accusations against her, Jiang Qing appeared unrepentant. She has not confessed her guilt, something that the Chinese press has emphasized to show her bad attitude. There have been reports that she plans to defend herself by cloaking herself in Mao's mantle, saying that she did only what he approved. As the trial got under way, Jiang Qing dismissed her assigned team, deciding instead to represent herself.

There is virtually no doubt what the verdicts will be—guilty as charged. The judges, who are mostly party or military officials rather than professional jurists, are unlikely to ignore the well-known goals of China's strongman, Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping, and his powerful allies. One is to discredit permanently the Gang of Four and other radicals who not only purged the current leaders but also brought China to the edge of chaos. Another is to lower public esteem for Mao without discrediting the Great Helmsman entirely.

Indeed, perhaps the only real question about the trial was what the sentences would be, and Chinese officialdom last week provided some ominous clues. "We're going to nail them to history's pillar of shame," predicted Peking's *People's Daily*. Zhang Youyu, China's most famous lawyer and legal scholar, was quoted as saying that "no sentence could be considered too heavy." He added that "just because we have a principle of leniency does not mean that some counterrevolutionary criminals cannot be sentenced to death." —*By Richard Bernstein*

*The three others: former Politburo members Zhang Chunqiao, 63; Yao Wenyuan, 49; and Wang Hongwen, 45.

CRIME

The 13th Victim

Yorkshire ripper kills again

"No woman is safe while he is at large. To catch him, we need all the help we can get. I appeal to the public, especially to all women, to think carefully about all males with whom they come in regular contact, including those to whom they may be married or related, and ask themselves: 'Could he be the man they are seeking?' "

Like his earlier police counterpart in London's East End in 1888, Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield, 57, of Britain's West Yorkshire police is baffled and desperately seeking help. Last week, five years after the first gruesome killing, and despite the biggest man hunt in the country's history, Britain's modern-day reincarnation of Jack the Ripper struck again—for the 13th time and the first time in over 14 months. His victim was Jacqueline Hill, 20, a literature student, Sunday-school teacher and would-be probation officer, who was attacked and killed sometime late Monday evening as she walked the last 200 yards to her Leeds University hall of residence.

There is a definite, if complex, forensic weave that links the murders, and police are certain that the latest one was the work of the Yorkshire ripper. Like most earlier victims, Hill was killed by a specific pattern of multiple injuries that are the trademark of the unknown killer. Moreover, this murder, like the twelve before it, occurred within the so-called triangle of terror that includes Leeds and Bradford in West Yorkshire and Manchester in adjacent Lancashire in northern England.

The Yorkshire ripper is Britain's worst mass murderer in this century. Yet, after taking some 25,000 statements, checking over 150,000 vehicles and interviewing nearly 200,000 people in the five years since the first murder, of a Leeds prostitute, in October 1975, the police are not close to an arrest. They have, however, built up a general picture of the killer; they know his blood type and shoe size and believe that he is between 30 and 50, an artisan or manual worker, powerfully built and white. Still, they cannot explain many points, including the variable intervals between killings that range from as little as three weeks to as long as 14 months.

In one sense, the investigators do know more about their quarry than most man hunters. The ripper has not only mailed three gloating letters to the police and press, but also sent, 17 months ago, a taunting, spine-chilling two-minute-long tape recording that promises further killings to come. But despite poster reproductions of portions of the letters and a special phone number that allows a caller to hear the tape, no one has admitted recognizing his handwriting or distinctive Sunderland accent. Now the latest killing and the lack of any breakthrough by the West Yorkshire police is prompting renewed public pressure for Scotland Yard's supposedly more expert murder squad to be called in. Yorkshire officers still resist that idea, pointing out that the Yard never caught its ripper 92 years ago. Said one: "Society is at the mercy of the murderer without a motive." ■

Murdered Student Jacqueline Hill

A man hunt in the "triangle of terror."

Marx & Murder

The philosopher who failed

"Come quickly. I've just killed my wife." The scene, and the supplicant huddled against the chill of a Parisian dawn last week as he pounded on a colleague's door were equally bizarre. Close by the doorway towered the stone walls of the 186-year-old École Normale Supérieure, an elite graduate school for the best and the brightest students of France. The agitated man in robe and pajamas banging at the door with his dire tidings was no less prestigious: Louis Althusser, 62, among the diminishing survivors of the country's great postwar intellectual set and an academic star at the school. Althusser is a respected author, critic and interpreter of both Montesquieu and Marx. In fact, he is a devoted Marxist who has stirred up the party and Parisian salons alike in recent years with well-reasoned attacks on French Communists for stifling party discussion and rejecting Marx's basic teaching about class struggle.

Answering Althusser's cry for help, "Normale Sup's" school physician discovered Hélène Althusser, 70, dead on their bedroom floor across the courtyard. An autopsy next day disclosed that she had indeed been murdered: her larynx was fractured and her thyroid gland damaged, common indications of strangulation. But before police could question Althusser, he was hustled off to a psychiatric hospital. During the past few years, he has suffered from increasingly serious bouts of depression, to the point that he was unable to teach this fall.

Althusser's intellectual credentials made the murder momentous news in France. As if the crime were another scholarly event, some Parisian newspapers, and the academic circles in which Althusser had moved, treated it with the same sort of erudition and emotion they had once directed toward his books and articles. The Communist newspaper *L'Humanité's* report reads like an obituary not so much for the murdered Mme. Althusser as for "our comrade," the Algerian-born, Catholic-reared philosopher who had switched from conservatism to Communism after five years as a German P.O.W. in World War II. *Le Monde*, which had published a series of Althusser's attacks on the French Communist party leadership, commented learnedly and protectively about "altruistic suicide," in which manic-depressives kill loved ones to shield them from torments they themselves suffer. But *Le Quotidien* cried "cover-up," calling it "a complicity of party and of class" that Althusser received such kid-glove treatment.

Accused Murderer Althusser before incident

A brilliant mind battered by controversy.

Beneath the psychopolitical analyses lay the tragic facts: a brilliant mind battered by a career of controversy, a wife who was expert in her own field (sociology) but also opinionated and argumentative, protective of her husband but known to contradict him publicly. "It was a passionate marriage in every sense of the word," said one friend last week. But if Althusser murdered her, it was as a man whose mental balance had disastrously deteriorated. Calling on the suspect in Paris' Sainte Anne hospital, a judge who had come to tell Althusser that he was being charged with voluntary homicide deemed him too far beyond the brink to be informed or questioned. The judge summoned a panel of psychiatrists to determine whether one of the great minds of France would ever be able to stand trial. ■

BRITAIN

The Sport of Charlie Watching

Has the Bonnie Prince picked his future Queen at last?

She was a house guest at Balmoral Castle in September, a pretty girl with an almost pre-Raphaelite air of sweet naturalness, sitting demurely by the River Dee, while Prince Charles fished for salmon. In October, swathed in a sporty green coat and boots, she cheered excitedly from the Ludlow racecourse grandstand as the Prince rode his Irish chaser, Allibar, to a second-place finish in a three-mile steeplechase. By the time the Prince of Wales' 32nd birthday arrived on Nov. 14, Britain was rife with rumors that Charles' engagement to the sunny blond so often at his side, Lady Diana Spencer, 19, was about to be announced.

Prince Charles

Charles' birthday came and went, with no engagement announcement from Buckingham Palace. That hardly squelched expectations. Diana, after all, had spent the birthday weekend with the royal family at their country home, Sandringham House. It seemed to be a sure indication that she was a serious contender to become the bride of Britain's future King. Charles himself was besieged by inquiring photographers a few days later when he was walking one of his Labradors. Said the Prince, when asked about a possible betrothal: "You will find out soon enough." With that, Britain's latest national pastime—the hot-eyed, anything-but-courtly sport of Charlie watching—reached a fever pitch.

Fleet Street's old-fashioned rotary presses rolled off reams of front pages about the lithesome lass who seemed to have captured the Prince's heart. One photograph showed Diana posing in the bright autumn sunlight, nice legs plainly silhouetted through her diaphanous skirt. DI IS BLUSHING, tittered a tabloid. Another coyly headlined: LADY DIANA'S SLIP. By day platoons of photographers staked out the kindergarten in London's Pimlico district, where she teaches. By night they stood guard in front of the building in Earl's Court where she shares a flat with three other girls. One morning last week Diana climbed into her red Mini Metro, only to have a roaring posse of press cars take off after her. She burst into tears. Later, the contrite *paparazzi* slipped a note through the sun roof of her car. The message: "We didn't mean this to happen. Our full apologies."

Meanwhile, Buckingham Palace asked the *Sunday Mirror* to retract a story claiming that Prince Charles had twice smuggled Lady Diana aboard the royal train for love trysts. "There is not a word of truth in it," insisted a Palace press secretary. The retraction demand originated with Prince Charles, according to the spokesman, but the Queen also "wished this to be done." The highly unusual request indicated a special regard for Lady Diana and a strong desire to protect her reputation.

In pub and parlor, no other topic is of such endless fascination to the British public. One typical observation: "He might decide she's too young for him." A housewife from Lancashire went on the BBC's popular *Today* show to warble a special song for the occasion: "Diana divine, my sweetheart sublime." The composition, she explained, was meant to help the romance along and encourage Charles to propose.

The press has hounded Charles' dates ever since his late teens. The Prince has always taken the gossipy accounts of his amorous adventures, whether fanciful or real, in good-natured stride. The pressure has been rather more trying for his girlfriends. A few years ago, for example, Lady Jane Wellesley, a self-assured brunet, was discovered to have spent a weekend at one of the royal residences. The press descended en masse on the Chelsea travel agency where she worked. "Get rid of them and don't come back at all if you can't," warned her angry boss. Said a relative afterward: "It was as if she had been found guilty of some ghastly sexual crime or murder or robbery."

DAY/DON—CAMERA PRESS

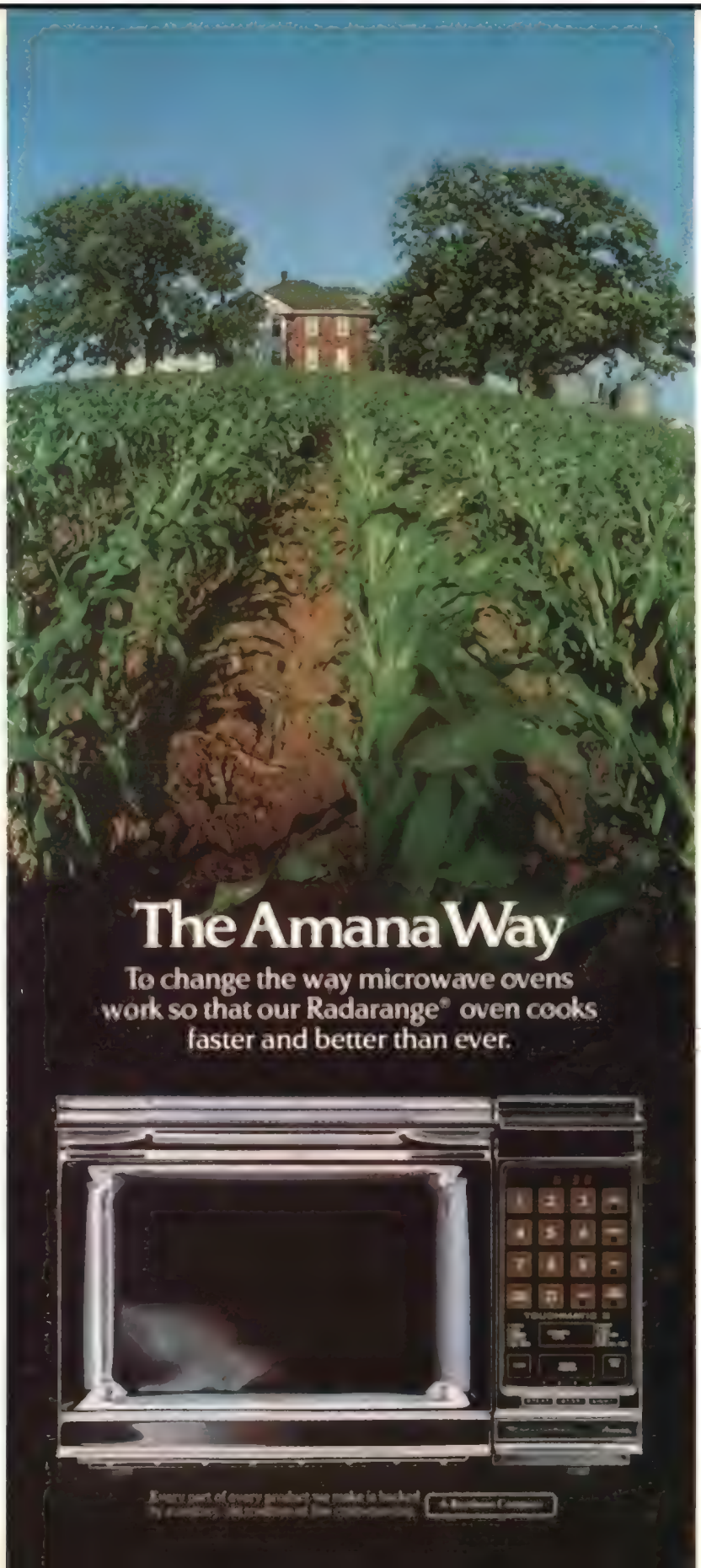
Lady Diana Spencer in London

"You will find out soon enough."

Ever since Charles passed 30, an age that he once said would be a good time to marry, speculation has intensified. Britons, obviously, are curious to know who will be their future Queen; they are also concerned that the Prince produce a royal heir. The field is narrowing as eligible girls are married off. Religion also poses a problem in Britain. A constitutional change would be needed before Charles could marry a Catholic, like Princess Marie-Astrid of Luxembourg. The Princess has repeatedly been mentioned as a possible royal match, but quite apart from the religious bar, the two barely know each other.

One of the things that makes Lady Diana a credible bride for Prince Charles is the fact that their families are old friends. The youngest daughter of Earl Spencer, a former equerry to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, she grew up on her father's estate, which is located on the royal family's 20,000-acre Sandringham property near the Norfolk coast. As it happened, it was the Spencers, and not the royal family, who had the heated swimming pool. Charles, his sister Anne and brothers Andrew and Edward were frequently invited over. The Prince helped Diana learn to swim when he was in his late teens and she was a little girl of five or six. Still athletic, Diana likes to bike and ski. She dresses casually and exudes a born-to-the-country-life look. Recently, when asked how she sees herself, she replied: "Well, I'm a normal person, hopefully, who loves life." Friends say she takes her kindergarten teaching job seriously. One of her main worries about having become a focus of inordinate public attention is that the cameramen who hound her every move might upset the children at her school.

For a time, Charles dated Diana's older sister, Sarah; though she said later that the Prince was "a romantic who falls in love easily," he seems to have just as easily fallen out of it. Diana, on the other hand, is said to have had an adolescent crush on Charles that has now blossomed into serious mutual adulation. But with Charles off to India for a two-week official visit, and no announcement of an engagement yet in sight, Britain seemed to be in store for a long and piquant season of Charlie and Diana watching, the frothier the merrier. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/London*



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The Other American Hostages

Some families back home feel like captives of journalism

Deborah Plotkin does not like to answer her telephone any more; her lawyer screens calls for her. The Sherman Oaks, Calif., wife of American Hostage Jerry Plotkin says she has tired of answering questions from reporters who "just don't realize that I've already received two dozen other calls. They don't take no for an answer either." Plotkin also wishes the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* would not call after midnight. Says she: "Any time something exciting is happening in Iran, they want my reaction. But I do not always have a reaction."

has found reporters to be a source of emotional support. Says she: "Some of them I trust completely. A group of CBS correspondents stayed here one night answering the phone, so that my boys and I could get some sleep. I do not feel harassed in any way."

Other relatives do not feel so fortunate. Hostage Paul Lewis' mother Glorian Lewis had to quit her job as a crossing guard in Homer, Ill. (pop. 1,400), after reporters hounded her as she worked. When the town declared last July 4 Paul Lewis Day, ceremonies in the tiny municipal park were interrupted by a TV station helicopter that zoomed in for a landing near the crowd. Recalls Mayor Marion Woodside: "I thought, Jesus Christ, I hope nobody gets in the way of one of them blades." Shirley Buck, Paul Lewis' aunt and the owner of Buck's Café in Homer, has banned the press from her restaurant. Regular customers began staying away for fear of having their meals interrupted by requests for interviews.

families have received inquiries from manufacturers offering product endorsement deals or from literary agents urging them to sign book or story contracts. "I've had about half a dozen offers," says Morefield. She adds: "One even wanted me to contact my husband now, in Iran, for his story, if you can believe that!"

Some news organizations have gone to great lengths to chronicle the family stories. The New York *Post* wanted to fly the Morefields to Wiesbaden, West Germany, if a *Post* staffer could go with them. One family turned down $10,000 and travel expenses to West Germany from a "media corporation of international reputation, definitely not a scandal sheet," in exchange for exclusive story rights. LIFE has offered to pay the airfare to the reunion for the five brothers and sis-

The Sickmanns being interviewed in Krakow

Mrs. Morefield at home with network, wire service, magazine and newspaper reporters

Says one weary wife: "Any time something exciting is happening in Iran, they want my reaction. But I do not always have a reaction."

The negotiations this month on terms for the release of the U.S. hostages in Iran have intensified the other ordeal that the captives' families have endured for more than a year: the close scrutiny and, in many cases, constant companionship of the press. In Globe, Ariz., Balch Springs, Texas, and dozens of other towns across the country, each new development in the hostage dilemma means that the telephones start ringing again late at night and reporters camp out in front yards waiting for "reaction."

Some families do not mind, believing that if they talk about their feelings, their countrymen will remember the missing Americans. Says Allyssa Keough of South Burlington, Vt., 19, whose father William Keough Jr. is a captive: "I don't want people to forget. This is the only way I know to help." Dorothea Morefield of San Diego, wife of Hostage Richard Morefield,

Virgil and Toni Sickmann of Krakow, Mo., the parents of Hostage Rodney Sickmann, give fewer interviews since KMOX-TV, the CBS affiliate in St. Louis, had a telephone installed near the couple's driveway without asking their permission. Says Mrs. Sickmann: "We think they owe us an apology."

Telephone calls from the press have not been the worst intrusions. Several

ters of Hostage James Lopez of Globe, but with no strings attached. Keough has accepted a flight to Wiesbaden from Boston's NBC affiliate, WBZ-TV. The Boston *Globe* blasted that as "checkbook journalism." Keough fought back by temporarily refusing to talk to the *Globe*, cooperating instead with the rival *Herald American*. ABC and CBS had made similar offers, she explained. So had the *Globe*.

Several hostage families have changed their telephone numbers to avoid such calls. But Plotkin is afraid to. She has received two calls from her husband in Iran. Says she: "It would be terrible if he called and found the number had changed." Bettie Kirtley of Little Rock, Ark., mother of Marine Sergeant Steven Kirtley, 23, always answers her phone on the first ring. Most of the calls are from reporters. But one of these days, she hopes, it will be her son.

—*By Janice Castro*

Stop the Endless Campaign, Please

The dead weight of the 1980 presidential campaign has fallen away, and Americans, no matter how they voted, seem to be walking with that little bounce in the spirit that comes when an ordeal is over, a decision finally made. The evening hour, for example, seems unaccountably more pleasant; the reason may be that political advertising has abruptly vanished from television—a sweet, almost subliminal improvement in the moral atmosphere. No more candidates hagiographically displayed, saints mixing radiantly with the adoring throng; no more of those sarcastic prosecutorial voice-overs about the other guy, the pitchman's tone as low and urgent and insinuating as a whisper of Cassius in the ear. No more that tussling, scuffling sound of the reluctant national psyche being dragged on a leash toward a booth with curtains and a lever in it.

Americans thought they were through with political campaigns for a while. They certainly thought they had earned a rest, having endured a presidential campaign that began in August 1978 (when Philip Crane announced his candidacy) and then ramshackled extravagantly up and down the landscape like a jet-fueled, chaotic American re-enactment of the 11th century People's Crusade. But politics abhors a silence. That buzzing noise you hear, that distant clattering of political dopesterism now rising faintly in the land, is the sound of the 1984 election campaign at its earliest stage of development. Columnists are making their way briskly through the Democratic ruins to locate politicians still sound enough of wind and limb to try to drive President Reagan out of Washington—which seems almost manically premature, since Reagan is still almost two months away from his Inaugural Oath.

Columnist Joseph Kraft studies the Democratic field, staring at the political teeth, smacking the ideological haunches. Max Lerner agrees with many commentators, including the Chicago *Tribune's* Michael Kilian, that the Reagan landslide has "all but wiped out Ted's strategic position." The *Christian Science Monitor's* Godfrey Sperling demurs: "[Edward Kennedy] seems well positioned to become the *de facto* head of the party—and to be its 1984 presidential candidate." Meantime, *New York* magazine's Michael Kramer knocks out the Republican early form: "Where is Kemp today? He is a front runner for the 1984 Republican presidential nomination (assuming Reagan is a one-termer), and there is only one other front runner—George Bush."

It would be pleasant to think that those agitating to get the 1984 race going are merely tapering off 1980, releasing pockets of undischarged gas. But things do not work that way. The nation's political metabolism has changed. At one time, the presidential campaign was a comparatively brief quadrennial eruption. An impressively haughty 19th century protocol dictated that the office must seek the man. William McKinley, for example, a candidate of piercing eye and vacuous mind, rocked away the 1896 campaign on his front porch in Canton, Ohio, while Mark Hanna freighted in the citizenry to gaze upon him.

If bossism and inertia had their drawbacks as democratic procedure, today's almost continuous political hyperactivity has its disadvantages as well. Presidential campaigning threatens to become almost constant. The phenomenon is hard on the national nervous system. A troubling pattern has emerged. Characters perhaps abnormally ambitious, single-minded and durable decide four years in advance to go for the White House and then arrange their lives accordingly. Leadership must originate somewhere, of course. But campaigning is not the real world; if anything, a man who spends too much time on the road winds up with a numb, unhealthy sense of dislocation—and a bizarre relationship with his own ego.

Political campaigning should be a serious instrument for the purpose of gaining power and using it well—a thought more charmingly idealistic than objectively descriptive, no doubt. The trouble with the perpetual campaign is that it has spawned a huge life of its own, with a primitive instinct for self-preservation. The vast fraternity of pollsters, imagemakers, mass-mailing specialists, political journalists and consultants inevitably does what it can after a presidential election to avoid sitting mutely for 3½ years until it is needed again. The organism of American campaigning is now all thumping heart and nerves and swooping mood swings: a kind of antimatter replicating and yet strangely falsifying American life as a whole.

It is probably just as well that the U.S. does not have a parliamentary form of Government; with its multiple, brawlingly dogmatic constituencies, the Government in Washington might be brought down every month or two. But the system of perpetual campaign produces a little something of the same effect in the nation's psychology: a state of unceasing political excitation and poll-watching that makes it difficult for the elected Government to concentrate upon the task it was, after all, elected to do. You must "have had your life," Henry James said. A President, similarly, should have had his Administration. Organized opposition, of course, is part of the nature and protection of the system, but that is entirely different from the turbulence of the perpetual campaign, the huge ritual of publicity, that serves personal ambitions rather than programs and ideas. Both parties, both the President and Congress, need a time to work without all the anticipatory regicides of the permanent campaign getting drunk and firing off odd shots in the lobby.

Besides, politics surely should have some rhythm: the field should lie fallow for at least some interval of noncampaigning so that all the political nitrates and phosphates wrung from the system—all the ideas and workers—can replenish themselves. Voters must feel that the whole point of making a choice is that you then do not have to think about making another choice almost instantly. There is a difference between being well informed about the news and being in a state of permanent media overload and stimulation, just as there is a difference between a moderate, nutritious dinner and a Petronian orgy in which a populace recumbent on cushions and marble floors continuously, for 3½ years, devours wild boars, ortolans, sweetmeats, tea leaves and dainty pundits, stuffed gallups and microphones and county chairmen's brains.

No. Let the healing sleep of nature fall upon the land, and let the political process go (a little bit) underground for its proper season of dormancy, and let the little secret chemicals and creatures of the political earth do their work of remorse and restoration and ambition and conspiracy, all hidden from our infinitely tired eyes. A new crop cannot take seed and eventually arise if the urgently, dementedly curious are constantly stomping across the furrows with camera crews and probing the earth with pencils and microphones.

—By Lance Morrow

Clara Schmidt, 70, with students in the yearbook and journalism class

Achieving "Gray Integration"

A Michigan high school thrives by taking in senior citizens

The citizens of Harbor Springs, Mich. (pop. 1,600), like people in cities and towns all over America, were worrying about what to do with the old folks. For a time, a church basement served as a center for the area's 400 retired, sometimes ailing, senior citizens. But the place was hard for many to get to, and its facilities were limited. Harbor Springs High School, though, had room, as well as a varied curriculum. So earlier this year Community Schools Director Robert Doan made a proposition: Why not bring older people to the school? As he puts it: "Why should a community build an expensive, isolated senior citizens' center when it is possible to use a multimillion-dollar complex staffed by professionals?"

There were doubts, of course. Explains English Teacher Suzanne Johnson: "Some faculty members wondered, 'What do you do when some old guy disrupts your class?' And I know a lot of older people have had negative images of kids. They think first about drugs and booze." But this fall term Harbor Springs became one of the nation's first public high schools to try "gray integration," and the experiment has softened some of the harsh stereotypes that often divide young and old.

Attracted by the prospect of free cookies, for example, students have begun to drop in at the converted first-floor library that serves as the senior citizen Friendship Center. Jerry Jessick, 17, center on the school's football team, and Classmate Kevin Gilhuly, 16, have scheduled a weekly game of Scrabble with Florence Stewart, 73, who has been slowed down a bit by a stroke. Says Jessick, admiringly: "She's very competitive." Other students watch and kibitz at games of "cutthroat cribbage" played after lunch by Martin Bethke, 86, and Milford Howell, 66. Says Butch Hogan, 16: "I'm just learning."

One home economics class, taught by Maggie Miller-Kleinhenz, now includes Lena Schmidt, 73, who regularly goes downstairs from the center to help teach embroidery to seventh-graders. "Embroidery requires a lot of individual attention, and Lena makes it easier for me," says Miller-Kleinhenz. "It's been fun to watch the little kids flock around her, and I can learn something about patience."

In Gretchen Nelson's yearbook and journalism class, students at first were standoffish about Clara Schmidt, 70, a retired journalism teacher. But now they rely on her advice. Says Schmidt, whose arthritis forced her to give up teaching at age 62: "Working with them I forget all my aches and pains." Adds Teacher Nelson: "She is picky, and I like that. I've heard her ask the kids to do things over that I might have let go. They respect her." Mabel Karelse, 79, has been going blind for three years, and students help her select meals at the cafeteria and read to her. In turn, she has been able to help Senior Pattie Gregory, 17, who began losing her sight at age 13. Says Pattie, who is teaching Braille to Mabel. "Someday I'm going to ask her to help me with cooking. I have such a problem with cooking."

In many communities older voters oppose school taxes since they no longer have children in school. But the senior citizens in Harbor Springs organized a voting drive that helped pass a recent tax proposal. Says Gertrude Ross, 76: "I didn't vote before. But I think they've got a beautiful school, so when they brought me an absentee ballot, I voted." ■

A Firm, No

Research vs. *profit at Harvard*

Would Harvard University help form a commercial company to profit from the research of Harvard scientists? For a while the answer seemed to be yes. President Derek Bok floated just such a proposal last month. The centerpiece of the plan was a gene-splicing technique, developed in the labs of Molecular Biologist Mark Ptashne, that can be used to make interferon. In the future, sale of interferon and other genetically engineered products could bring in millions of dollars, so the idea of creating a company to develop and eventually market such products seemed attractive to the managers of Harvard University's $1.6 billion endowment. But as campus debate ensued, the faculty turned out to be sharply opposed to the plan, and last week Bok announced it had been dropped—at least for the present. "I have concluded," he said, "that Harvard should not take such a step unless we are assured that we can proceed without the risk of compromising the quality of our education and research."

One faculty concern was that the exchange of ideas and research among colleagues would dry up as professors came to regard their research as a trade secret. Said Microbiologist Jonathan Beckwith: "I already know of several other universities where people within the same department won't communicate with one another because they are directors of competing companies outside the university." Even more disturbing was the danger that grants of promotion or time off for company-connected professors might be seen by colleagues as commercial favoritism. The potential for conflict of interest was obvious this month as the University of California went to court to protest that cell lines from its labs, also capable of creating interferon, had been turned over to commercial companies without the permission of the university's researchers.

At present, many universities grant licenses to private companies to use their discoveries in exchange for royalty payments. Over the years, the Procter & Gamble Co., makers of Crest toothpaste, paid Indiana University more than $2 million because Indiana held a patent on stannous fluoride. The novel element in Bok's proposal was the idea that universities could make more money by cutting out the middleman and sharing directly in the equity of their own product-development companies. As costs rise throughout higher education, commercial temptations will grow, and the search for ways to turn campus research into campus revenue will intensify. ■

Swoosh! It's a Railgun

A new electromagnetic launcher for earth and space

Ever since the city fathers of Florence ordered up brass cannon and iron balls in 1326 to defend themselves against the city of Lucca, in the first recorded use of explosive-powered metal artillery, gunsmiths have been trying to perfect their weapons. Guns have improved over the centuries—in range, accuracy and deadliness—but their firepower has always depended on the rapid expansion of exploding gases down a tube, which pushes the bullet forward. The maximum speed such gases—and thus the gun's projectile too—can reach is severely constrained. None of the particles in the gases can travel faster than the speed of sound through the gas, at best about 10 km (6 miles) per sec.

Rockets, which are also driven by exploding chemicals, can exceed these sonic limits because the combustion takes place in the projectile itself. But rockets also operate under handicaps. So large are the fuel requirements for reaching orbital speed of 8 km (5 miles) per sec. that no one has yet been able to place a payload into orbit totaling more than 1% of the weight of the vehicle on the ground.

More than a century ago, visionaries like Jules Verne were suggesting a better way. A bullet-shaped vehicle, they claimed, could be propelled far faster by using powerful electromagnetic fields. Now, as a result of lab work in the U.S. and abroad, the Vernean scheme shows promise of becoming a practical reality with far-reaching consequences: armor-piercing guns that can puncture the toughest steels, and perhaps a whole new era of space launchers.

The devices are called railguns, not because they sit atop railroad cars, like World War I artillery pieces, but because they consist of two parallel rails which act as both gunpowder and barrel. When the gun is fired, a powerful pulse of electricity goes down one rail. As the current surges to the other rail, it vaporizes a metallic fuse in back of the bullet, creating a cloud of electrically charged particles, or plasma. Simultaneously, it generates a strong magnetic field between the rails, like those in an electric motor. The field exerts a force against the plasma, just as it would against a motor's rotor. But instead of spinning, the plasma moves forward, guided by the rails and pushing the projectile ahead of it. Not constrained by any sonic limitation, the plasma could, theoretically at least, approach the speed of light (300,000 km per sec.)

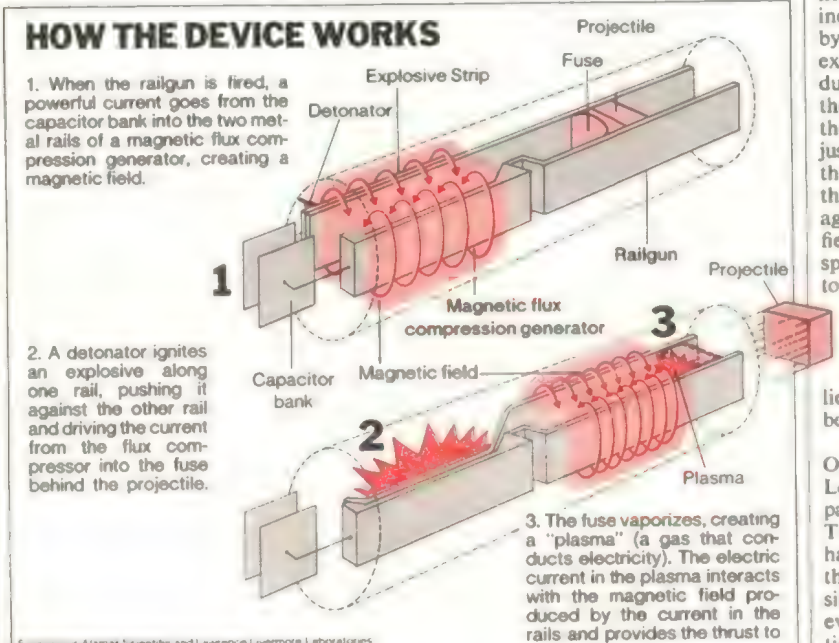
Revival of serious interest in railguns began a few years ago, when Physicist-Engineer Richard Marshall and his colleagues at the Australian National University in Canberra updated the old concept with some notable innovations, including the plasma-creating fuse. They also increased the gun's muzzle velocity by resorting to an unusual power source, a huge homopolar electric generator which uses two rapidly spinning flywheels to build up and store electricity. In barely a second the Canberra homopolar delivered as many as 500 megajoules of direct current—enough to light up a small city. Such a quick surge is essential for rapid buildup of the propelling magnetic field. Eventually, they were able to deliver the electromagnetic kick even quicker, and accelerated small plastic cubes to muzzle velocities of 6 km per second.

At the University of California's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory and at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, scientists added another improvement: a magnetic flux compression generator, which increases the thrust of the magnetic field by squeezing it with a carefully directed explosive charge, a technology pioneered during nuclear weaponry research. When the gun is fired, the electric surge ignites the near end of an explosive strip placed just on the outside of one of the rails. As the detonation speeds forward, faster than the blink of an eye, it presses one rail against the other, confining the magnetic field between them in an ever smaller space and imparting still greater velocity to plasma and projectile. Teams led by Physicists Ronald Hawke and Max Fowler have fired half-inch projectiles down a railgun's square-bore barrel at an estimated 10 km per sec. They believe velocities of 150 km per sec. could be reached.

That will require much more research. One problem: single-shot railguns like the Los Alamos-Livermore machine must be painstakingly rebuilt after each firing. The projectiles also have an annoying habit of breaking apart when they leave the gun barrel. But the remarkable possibilities—high-speed guns of almost every kind that can shoot through practically anything—ensure continued research, financed jointly by the Departments of Defense and Energy.

Unlike rockets, missiles launched by railguns would not leave fiery, polluting exhausts detectable by satellite. In a forthcoming issue, *Physics Today* reports that some scientists think that railguns, firing a stream of high-velocity particles at a target of deuterium and tritium, may offer the best way yet of achieving controlled fusion, a key energy hope for the future. Perhaps the most far-reaching application involves the space colonization ideas of Princeton Physicist Gerard O'Neill. He and some colleagues at M.I.T. are already building models of kindred electromagnetic launchers that they believe could be assembled on the moon and used to propel tons of lunar ores into space for construction of solar-powered space habitats. *—By Frederic Golden. Reported by Melissa Ludtke Lincoln/New York*

HOW THE DEVICE WORKS



Source: Los Alamos Scientific and Lawrence Livermore Laboratories

TIME Diagram by Paul J. Pugliese

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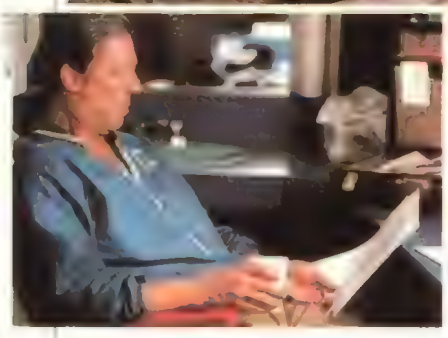
COVER STORY

Battle for the Morning

Today, Good Morning America *and* Morning *fight to be first*



Hartman going over notes in his office and smiling for the camera on the "living room" set

Plug in the percolator, scramble the eggs and pour the milk over the granola. These paragraphs must be read in the proper atmosphere, with all the sights, sounds and smells of an American breakfast: toasters popping, bacon sizzling, people bustling to get to work or school on time.

For this is the story of an institution as revered as breakfast, as certain as the sunrise. Since 1952, when the *Today* show first burbled at an unsuspecting world, millions of Americans have depended on early-morning television for news, weather, helpful household hints—and perhaps an excuse to avoid talking to spouses or children at that delicate hour.

In the past several months the early shows have scooped their evening news cousins on several occasions. Billy Carter chose to talk first about his Libyan connections at that hour, and Gerald Ford electrified last July's Republican Convention with the announcement that, yes, he might be interested in becoming Vice President again. Many people in Washington consider it a duty to turn on the TV before they turn off the electric blanket, just so they will not miss a similar thunderbolt. Some day, indeed, anthropologists doubtless will wonder how people ever woke up in 1951—and in all the millenniums before that.

Now something new is going on in those sleepy hours from 7 to 9: the Battle of the Morning, TV's fiercest competition of the day or night. The battle pits three of television's most engaging personalities against one another.

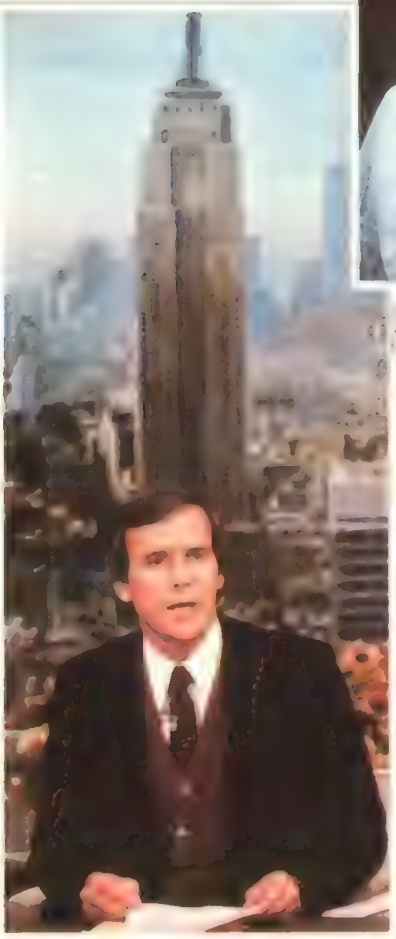
David Hartman, ABC's Mr. Aw Shucks, an ex-TV actor (*Lucas Tanner*) with the gentle smile and careworn countenance of a kindly uncle.

Tom Brokaw, NBC's Mr. Clean, an experienced journalist with the snub nose and boyish good looks of the class president, the boy most likely to succeed.

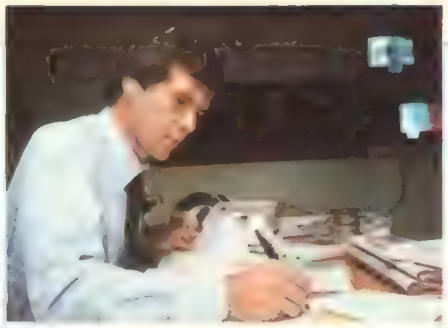
Charles Kuralt, CBS's middle-aged Huckleberry Finn, a rumpled newcomer to this three-way race, having added the weekday *Morning* to his imaginative, much acclaimed Sunday show only in October.

Up and down the battle goes. After five years of trying, ABC's *Good Morning America* finally broke the 27-year domination of NBC's *Today* show early this year. For 33 weeks straight, from Jan. 14 through Aug. 29, ABC was either tops or even with NBC in the Nielsen ratings. Then NBC gradually inched ahead, helped by *Shōgun* and the World Series: viewers tend to leave the dial where it was when they went to bed the night before. During the past two months the lead has bounced back and forth. The most recent count gives ABC a 5.9 rating, NBC 5.1. Since each ratings point is equivalent to 778,000 households, that translates into 4,590,000 sets tuned to *Good Morning America*, 3,968,000 to *Today*.

CBS's *Morning* is a distant third. But the arrival of Kuralt, that laureate of the common man, has acted like a shot of vitamin B-12. Within two weeks after he became anchorman on Oct. 27, *Morning*'s ratings jumped from 2.5 to 3.5, an increase of 40%. Robert Northshield, the show's senior executive producer, is convinced that the amiable Kuralt, 46, who won millions of fans over the past 13 years for his evening news "On the Road" travels, will push them still higher. He says, "If any-



Brokaw on the air; preparing script at 6 a.m.



one can raise the ratings, Charlie can. He's an extraordinary intellect, a humanist of tremendous dedication, and he has more integrity and compassion than anyone else I know. Put together, that spells mother." (Or whew!)

But even an extraordinary intellect, dedicated humanist and man of compassion like Mother Charlie cannot erase *Morning's* greatest handicap: it is only half a competitor. The show runs opposite its two rivals from 7 a.m. to 8 a.m. After that it gives way—extremely reluctantly, it should be added—to *Captain Kangaroo*, which has been entertaining preschool children for a quarter-century. Quips Kuralt: "If only we could resolve the serious artistic question of what to do with *Captain Kangaroo*."

But, curiously, none of the networks is actually losing, except in pride. The war that began when ABC launched *Good Morning America* five years ago has increased ratings for all three networks. ABC's early-morning Nielsens have nearly quadrupled, and last year alone its audience increased almost 29%. The advance has not come at the expense of either NBC or CBS, however. NBC has gained slightly, and CBS with Kuralt has gained greatly, though it is too early to say if it will keep all its new viewers.

What has happened is that all the energy crackling over the air waves at such an early hour has awakened new viewers to the fact that intelligent life exists before Walter Cronkite. The total morning-show audience has grown from about 7 million households to more than 10 million in five years. Until recently, watching morning television was for many people like drinking before noon: if you did it, you certainly did not brag about it. Now many more people seem to be sneaking a glance—ABC estimates the average viewer watches 2.0 minutes—at one of the network shows to find out what happened during the night, learn how to guard against heart attacks and prevent wrinkles, hear the latest gossip from Hollywood and receive instructions on how to manage a household in the perilous '80s.

On the assumption that more men watch in the first hour than in the second, each of the shows concentrates on hard news early on. *Today's* Washington correspondent, Richard Valeriani, usually interviews a politician in that hour, for example; *Good Morning's* Jack Anderson rakes the muck at 7:10; and *Morning's* business correspondent, Ray Brady, discusses the impact of high interest rates on the housing industry at 7:45. By 8, the workingmen and -women have presumably left—along with *Morning*—and NBC and ABC turn their attention to housewives.

On *Today* during the second hour, Dr. Art Ulene may demonstrate the Heimlich maneuver, which is intended to save a choking victim. Critic Gene Shalit may interview Actor Alec McCowen. Jane Pauley, Brokaw's sidekick, may talk to Actresses Valerie Harper and Esther Rolle.

Meanwhile, on *Good Morning*, the show's own medical expert, Dr. Tim Johnson, may be talking about herpes. Author Erma Bombeck may be trying to elicit a few laughs with her stories of life in untamed suburbia. One of *Good Morning's* greatest assets in the second hour is Mary Ellen Pinkham, who has probably contributed even more to domestic felicity than Sara Lee. It was Pinkham who disclosed to the country that Saran Wrap is easier to control if it is put into the freezer (it does not cling to itself when cold) and that cottage cheese lasts longer if the container is kept upside down in the refriger-

Kuralt sitting on his artist's stool and reading background material before the show

Pauley giving a sidelight on the news on NBC

Lunden laughing at an off-screen joke on ABC

ator (because the container then becomes airtight). Nobel Prizes have been awarded for less than that

Despite their similarities, however, each of the shows has a distinct personality. *Today* is like a morning newspaper, solid, informative but sometimes pompous and solemn. The set, so old now that it is encrusted with dust, is dominated by an official-looking horseshoe-shaped desk, behind which are chairs for the staff and a giant backdrop of the Manhattan skyline Brokaw, 40, has something of the manner of a friendly corporate lawyer. The prim and manicured Pauley, 30, could easily be his law school trainee, so efficient does she seem. Fortunately, what they lack in sparkle is made up for by *Today's* new weatherman, Willard Scott, 46, a good old Virginia boy who has a more engaging grin than anyone else has had since Arthur Godfrey left TV 21 years ago

Good Morning America, on the other hand, is like an afternoon tabloid, more frivolous but also less pretentious. The basic set is a mock suburban home, with a cozy living room and a working kitchen (for Pinkham and Child). If Brokaw is as brisk as a barrister, the easygoing Hartman, 45, is as relaxed as the family doctor, someone whom you would not mind telling about all those aches and pains. He also has a female subaltern, Joan Lunden, 30, a wholesome-looking type who is given little scope on the show, perhaps wisely. Her style of interviewing is to elicit the least information possible with the widest possible eyes

Morning, which has now been retitled *Morning with Charles Kuralt*, is the classiest of the three, bearing more resemblance to a magazine than a newspaper. The set, yellow and white, is on separate platforms, and Kuralt sits on an artist's stool, with an easel containing his notes off to the side Like Hartman, he has a relaxed, down-home manner; but he also comes across as someone who actually enjoys thinking the barefoot boy with a paperback copy of Homer sticking out of his back pocket

Both *Morning* and *Today* are part of their networks' news divisions, a connection their staffs note with some pride; *Good Morning America* is a production of ABC's entertainment division, which seems to give that show's staff something of an inferiority complex. To the viewer, the distinction, particularly between *Today* and *Good Morning*, may be unimportant. All three programs offer news, and even *Morning*, which considers itself all news, can be entertaining. All three also have generous budgets: $20 million a year for *Good Morning*, $16 million for *Today* and in the vicinity of $7.5 million for *Morning*. In fact, the real costs are undoubtedly higher, since all three use stories and correspondents paid for by evening news shows

The format of the morning show is almost as old as television itself. Like many another of the medium's innovations, it was laid out by NBC's *Wunderkind* president Sylvester ("Pat") Weaver in the early '50s. "We want America to shave, to eat, to dress, to get to work on time," he wrote in a memo outlining what he had in mind. "But we also want America to be well informed, to be amused, to be lightened in spirit and in heart, and to be reinforced in inner resolution through knowledge."

Tentatively titled *Rise and Shine*, the show was meant to be a potpourri of news, weather, entertainment, helpful hints and the time. In a burst of enthusiasm Weaver later added: "Seven to 9 a.m. will be the Sun Valley, Palm Springs and Miami Beach of TV." With Weaver's memos fluttering like banners before it, the show, renamed the *Today* show, went on the air Jan. 14, 1952

It landed with a thump. Critics were hostile, advertisers were wary, and audiences were slow to build. Though Host Dave Garroway gave viewers exactly what Weaver wanted them to have, NBC was ready to kill the show after the first year. Salvation came in the furry form of J. Fred Muggs, a baby chimpanzee. His owners, two former NBC pages, brought him to visit the set, and a producer decided to put him before the cameras. As Darwin discovered long ago, man's primitive cousins are endlessly fascinating, and soon just about everyone in the country—or so it seemed was watching the antics of the mischievous anthropoid. Unfortunately, fame went to Muggs' head, and he began biting the hands that fed him—and any other piece of exposed anatomy. Four-and-a-half years after he leaped onto the set, he retired to "extend his personal horizons," as NBC's public relations mill delicately phrased it

During Garroway's nine-year tenure, *Today* was relaxed and inviting. But some time during the '60s it began to take itself seriously, and boredom settled over Weaver's sunny video resort like a thick fog

Scott ebulliently telling about all those drizzles and showers

"I will be over at lunch, Amy and happy birthday!"

"The show was an effete, elitist program that went on at great length," says former Producer Paul Friedman (no relation to current Producer Steve Friedman). "When I arrived in May 1976, the news ran from 7 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. After the weather there would be a 20-minute debate between the lovers of seals and the users of seals. From 8 to 8:15 an interview with the author of *India from 1822 to 1925*. At 8:30, after more news and weather, there would be a 20-minute interview with Yehudi Menuhin." Says Tom Brokaw: "Sometimes *Today* was just plodding."

Enter *Good Morning America*. ABC, which had suddenly determined to become a big-league network in the mid-'70s, wanted the prestige of a morning show and assigned producer Bob Shanks to come up with a formula. Shanks' solution: copy the original *Today* of the '50s. When *Good Morning* began in 1975, it was more like *Today*, as Weaver had envisioned it, than *Today*. There was news, of course, but not much. Catering to its largely female audience (66%, *vs.* 55% for *Today* and 47% for *Morning*), the show set out to provide women with advice and information they need to run a household—a kind of *Family Circle* of the air. Helen Gurley Brown addressed the problems of working women; Rona Barrett dished up as much of the Hollywood dirt as ABC's lawyers would let her get away with; and mixing hysteria with sensationalism in equal measure, Geraldo Rivera provided a kind of television version of the *National Enquirer*. Holding it all together was amiable David Hartman. Says ABC Vice President Squire Rushnell: "David Hartman is the most important single factor in the success of *Good Morning America*."

Hartman is probably the most effective host of a morning show since Garroway. A New Englander—he was raised in Pawtucket, R.I.—he is married to a former TV producer and has three children. Although at 6 ft. 5 in., he is five inches taller than Robert Young, he brings to *Good Morning* the same concerned but reassuring bedside manner of Marcus Welby, M.D. "We were looking for someone who could elicit information, but who is easy to take in the morning," says *Good Morning's* executive producer, George Merlis. "That's not a time for human sandpaper."

Hartman's goal, and the aim of the entire show, is to ease viewers into the day. Bad news is provided almost apologetically, and there is enough good news, or at least entertaining features, to make the world seem less gloomy than it otherwise would. "*Good Morning* is more comfortable, more loose, more open than *Today*," says Shirley MacLaine, an old talk-show hand. "David sits back and lets you be the star. You are not competing, and therefore you feel comfortable and you talk more."

Sometimes, however, it seems that what *Good Morning* has done away with is not sandpaper but grit, and guests know that they will rarely be asked an embarrassing question. Talking to Ingrid Bergman about her new book, for instance, Hartman ever so delicately moved in to pop the big one: Is she cured of cancer? "Readers want to know how you are now," he said. "Thank you," she replied. "I feel very well indeed."

In keeping with its homey set, *Good Morning* tries to create the illusion that everybody who works on the show is part of a family. "It's our home," says Lunden. There is some truth to that, but the home has not always been happy. Former staffers tell stories of intense backbiting. "I've never met so many people in one place who had so little integrity," recalls one of them. "They had a dart board with a picture on it of Rona Barrett, and they would throw darts at it and make insulting remarks about her. Then when she called, they'd be all sweetness and light." The columnist, a breathless, electronic update of Louella Parsons, Hollywood's gossip queen of the '40s, left the show last September for *Today*, where she will start in January. Rushnell, who took over in May 1978, brags that he cleared out nearly a third of the show's employees, the malcontents, as he calls them. "Now," he says, sounding like ABC's commissar in charge, "the staff is 100% committed to support David Hartman and the rest of the family."

In that order. Hartman's ego is reported to be enormous. No one is allowed to stand in his light. Sandy Hill, Lunden's energetic predecessor, was much admired by the *Good Morning* staff but got along with Hartman so poorly that she hardly talked to him on camera, finally leaving to become the show's roving correspondent. Lunden, by contrast, is no threat to anybody. "The reason that she's risen is that she's a pretty girl with an empty head who doesn't bother anybody," is the bitter comment of one of the 30% Rushnell removed. "If you told her to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, she'd ask what time she should be there and when the limousine would pick her up afterward."

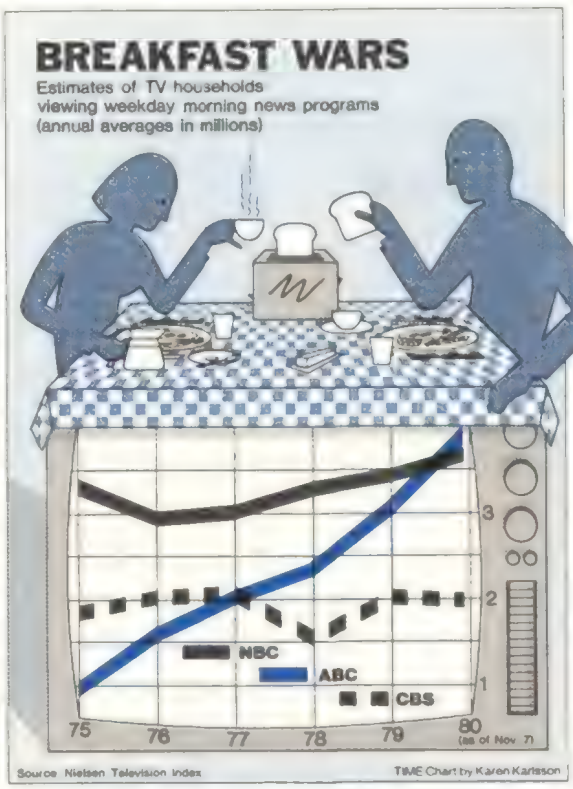
Still, perhaps Hartman may be forgiven his high opinion of himself—and his reported $680,000-a-year salary. He made the show a success, and he still works 14 or 15 hours a day, preparing for interviews and deciding who and what will be on the show. Though he has no experience in journalism, Hartman, who earned a degree in economics from Duke, has a characteristic required of any good journalist: curiosity. "His appeal is that he seems genuinely interested in the world," says his new competitor, Kuralt. "He is quite good at what he does."

However big his ego, moreover, Hartman does not let guests or viewers see it. "I'm no star, but David went out of his way to be friendly to me," says Dr. Robert Dupont, ex-director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "On the other hand, I did four hours of filming with Dick Cavett, and at the end of it he didn't even remember my name."

If *Good Morning* imitated the original *Today* show, *Today* is now imitating *Good Morning* imitating *Today*. The changes began in 1976 under Paul Friedman: interviews were cut down and sharpened. Phil Donahue, whose syndicated talk show is seen by 8.5 million viewers daily, was hired for a shorter four-times-a-week *Today* segment. Says one NBC insider: "The thrust was 'Let's figure out what makes *Good Morning* successful and duplicate it.' "

Since Hartman was the key to that success, the network even tried to clone him. NBC executives quietly approached another actor, Alan Alda of *M*A*S*H*, to see if he would like to replace Brokaw. Alda was flattered but said no.

Silverman did urge the hiring of Actress Mariette Hartley, best known for her sassy role opposite James Garner in the Polaroid commercials. She was brought in last summer to substitute for Pauley, who was getting married to Cartoonist



Garry Trudeau (*Doonesbury*). Though no one said as much, it seemed clear that if Hartley had done well, the job might have been hers. She did not impress NBC, however—the result of sabotage from the staff, according to Hartley—and Pauley's contract was extended three years.

But nobody's job is safe in television, and some people on the show complain that Pauley, who had spent only four years in broadcasting before she was hired in 1976, does not work hard enough. "One day she can do a hell of a job," says one of the program's newsmen. "The next day she can blow you right out of the water."

To a viewer who sees her only on the screen, Pauley also seems easily flustered if an interview goes in a direction different from the one she had prepared for. She is slow at shifting gears, an essential ability for anyone who must appear live on-camera. Still, no one can anticipate everything, especially at that hour. Once on *Today*, when Barbara Walters was interviewing the author of a book about Albert Schweitzer, she asked how the good doctor was doing. Not very well, replied the unhappy writer: "He's dead."

Brokaw's problem is certainly not laziness. Married to his college girlfriend, a former Miss South Dakota, he was NBC's White House correspondent for three years. He now lives with his wife and three daughters in Manhattan. He often jogs four miles in Central Park before he leaves for the office at 5 a.m., and recently he has taken on the added job of writing and delivering the news on *Today*, a chore that used to be handled by Floyd Kalber. Brokaw's drawback rather is something he cannot do much about: his frosty demeanor. It is a failing that he readily admits —and dismisses. Says he: "When you're on for two hours five days a week, if you try to be something that you are not, it will show through."

How then has *Today* managed its remarkable comeback? One reason is that all the changes have made it a better show, more thoughtful than *Good Morning* and almost as lively. "If we have an author of a child care book, we put him on *Good Morning*," says a publicist. "But if we have something political or serious, we'd rather have it on *Today*."

The best guess for the program's recent rise in the ratings, however, is that it has finally found a replacement for J. Fred Muggs: Weatherman Willard Scott. "Willard is the first break the show

Life Begins at 3:45 A.M.

For David Hartman, as for all those bleary-eyed stars of the morning, last Tuesday may be taken as a typical day. He gets up at 3:45 a.m., showers, dresses and drinks a pint of orange juice. At 4:30 an ABC limousine picks him up for the 30-minute ride from his home in suburban Westchester County to the *Good Morning America* studio on Manhattan's West 66th Street. Since seconds are precious at that dark hour, Hartman uses the 30 minutes to munch an apple and a banana and read—or "zap through," as he says—the New York *Times* and *Daily News*. (Joan Lunden uses the commuting time, also from Westchester, to nurse her three-month-old baby, whom ABC provides with a nurse and a nursery while she is working.)

Arriving at the studio at 5, Hartman sits down with Sonja Selby-Wright, one of *Good Morning's* three rotating producers, and goes over the day's schedule: an interview with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, a peek at the world's costliest diamond and a look at new and unusual watches. When Selby-Wright leaves, Hartman settles down in his second-floor dressing room to read background material, stopping now and then to sip coffee and take a bite or two of a bagel. To keep everyone awake, ABC has placed coffee urns, cartons of orange juice and plates of bagels and sweet rolls at convenient spots throughout the building.

Hartman getting a retouch during a break

By 6:15 the studio is buzzing. Because of the day's unusual guests—Begin and the giant sparkler—guards are everywhere: a dozen from the U.S. Secret Service, half a dozen from Israel's *Shin Bet* and another half a dozen from Cartier, which is showing off the diamond as big as the Ritz. Shortly before 7, Hartman comes downstairs, dressed in typically nondescript gray tweed jacket, dark trousers and brown loafers; he does not fancy himself a clotheshorse. He is told that Steve Bell, *Good Morning's* Washington-based newscaster, wants to talk with him, and Hartman takes the call on the set. Bell tells him that Israeli soldiers have shot and wounded eleven Arab students in the West Bank, and Hartman quickly revises his questions for the Prime Minister.

At 7 the red light comes on, and Hartman goes on the air. "Good morning," he says, "I'm David Hartman with Joan Lunden. It's Tuesday, the 18th of November." After a few more introductory words, Bell takes over and tells viewers what happened in the world while they were asleep. At 7:13 Hartman comes back to moderate a sharp debate on school busing between Senators Lowell Weicker and Jesse Helms, the pro and the con. Ten minutes later the show breaks, and some 200 stations give five minutes of local news and weather.

Good Morning returns at 7:30 with another look at the headlines, and at 7:40, while Lunden is admiring the diamond—all 107 carats and $22 million of it—Hartman slips away to greet Begin. Hartman makes a rather weak joke about an ABC executive ordering him not to ask any tough questions, but Begin fails to understand. At 7:45 the two men sit down in front of the cameras. They talk for seven minutes, a near eternity by TV standards, and Hartman asks about the wounded Arab students. A regrettable incident, Begin replies. During a commercial break, Hartman escorts Begin out and jovially says goodbye to his phalanx of security men, several of whom ask for Hartman's autograph.

The second hour, 8 to 9, is less eventful. There is an interview with a Hollywood couple who lost their home in a brushfire and a taped 2½-minute segment in which Julia Child shows how to cook johnnycakes. After the show, Hartman tapes an eleven-minute interview with former Basketball Star Bill Russell for a future show and then heads to his office down the street.

The remainder of the day is spent on paper work and planning for tomorrow. In the afternoon Hartman goes over the draft of Wednesday's script, which has been prepared by the show's seven writers. He suggests changes and emphasizes points he would like to make. He is driven home again at 5:30, but telephone conversations with writers continue until after 8. At 9:30 he finally turns off the light, so that he will be rested when the alarm rings at 3:45.

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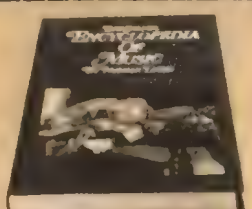

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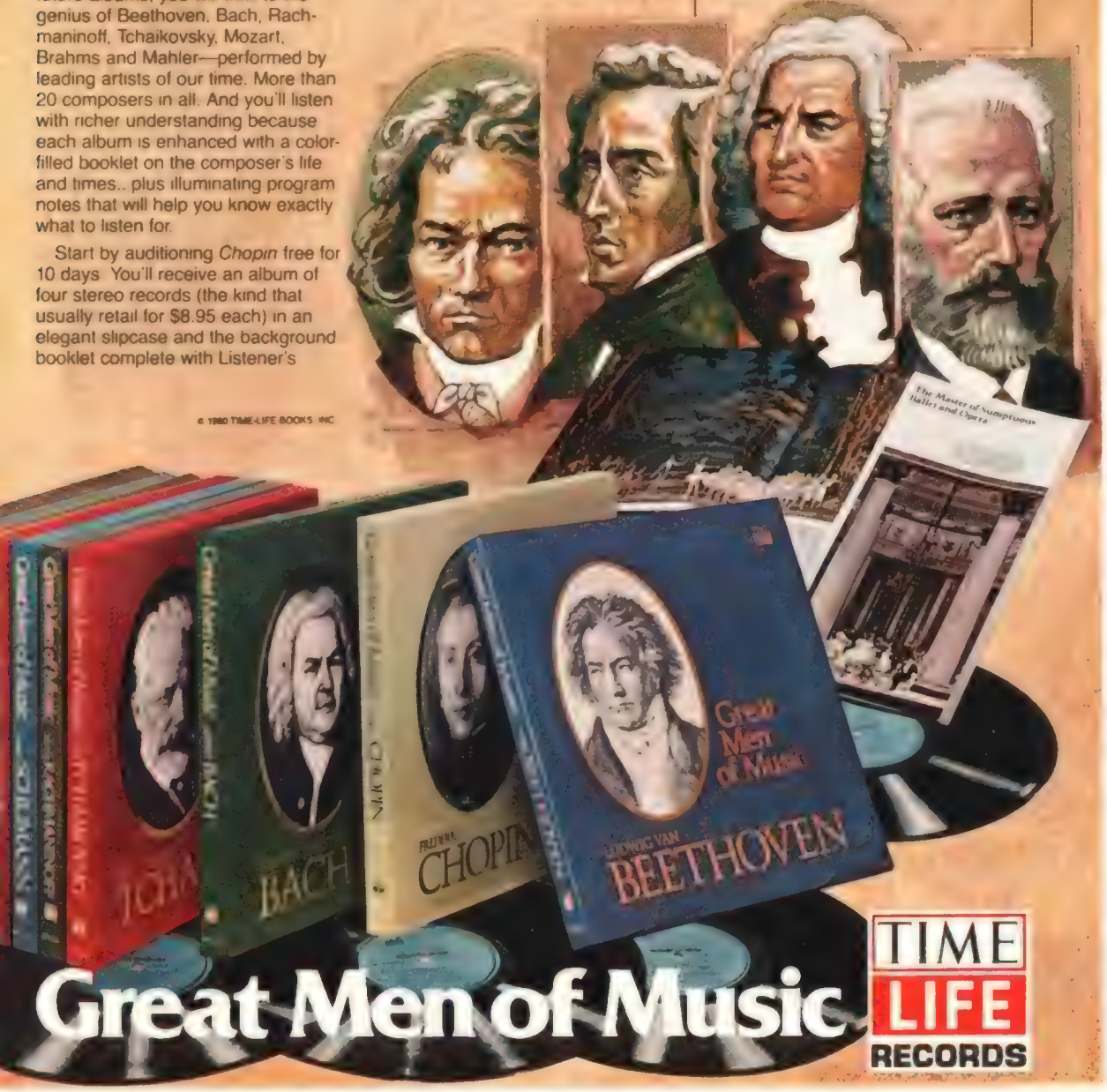

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has had in a long time," says one *Today* veteran. "He sincerely loves people and that shows through. He may be corny, but he makes the show personal by touching people."

The weatherman at NBC's Washington station for 13 years, Scott was brought to Manhattan last March. A big man (6 ft. 4 in., 275 lbs.), Scott, 46, initially offended both viewers and staff with his brash ways and home-fried manner. One typical line: "Miss Amy Williams of Salem, Ind., is 100 years old today. She lives by herself, cooks her own meals and makes a mean chicken dumpling. I will be over at lunch, Amy. Expect me, and happy birthday!" So many regular viewers complained that NBC hid piles of hate mail from him; others on the show simply avoided him. "For the first few weeks, I followed Gene Shalit like a puppy dog," remembers Willard. "He was polite, but he didn't have the time of day for me."

Before long, however, even Shalit, *Today's* amusing, Brillo-headed critic-at-large, found him irresistible. "When I got the job," Willard explains, "my plan was to fill the void left by J. Fred Muggs. If you watch, you'll see that I am trying to weave a web of love. I want to make the whole country feel as if we are one. I may be a cornball, but I am me—not a sophisticated, slick New York wazoo act." Now Scott receives as many as 2,000 fan letters a week. "Most shows are focused around the anchorman," observes CBS's Northshield with some sarcasm. "But the *Today* show seems to be centered around Willard."

Northshield is convinced that in the easygoing, low-key Kuralt, CBS's *Morning* has found its own star at long last. Born in North Carolina, Kuralt reported for the Charlotte *News* and became a CBS correspondent at only 24. Divorced, with two daughters by his first marriage, he now lives with his second wife in Greenwich Village.

In Northshield's opinion, Bob Schieffer, who anchored the show until last September, was cool and predictable —which are not exactly words of praise. What Northshield wants, and what Kuralt is now giving him, are longer, more reflective pieces, and a friendlier, more relaxed atmosphere. Unchanged will be *Morning's* basic format, which emphasizes hard news and features. "You won't be seeing Catherine Deneuve interviewed on CBS," proudly says *Morning's* Washington producer, Brian Healy. "Or Rona Barrett spewing out gossip either."

Kuralt has his own formula for the morning. "When people wake up, the first thing they want is to be reassured that the world hasn't blown up while they were asleep," he told TIME's Elaine Dutka. "Therefore, the first half will have to be fast-paced and information-oriented. In the second half, though, we have more leeway to tackle some of those areas of life that TV news normally doesn't cover —education, medicine, the arts, law. We won't be interviewing authors or doing features on jogging, but I bet we end up doing contemplative pieces, refuting the theory that people rushing off to work don't have time for them."

Yet all connected with the show admit that *Morning* cannot really compete in the ratings unless it can expand into the time now reserved for *Captain Kangaroo*. "With a one-hour format, we'll always be the other guy, no matter what we do," laments *Morning* Executive Producer Elliot Bernstein. So far, however, no one has dared intrude upon the Captain, whose real name is Robert Keeshan. *Captain Kangaroo* draws even fewer viewers than *Morning*. But children's programming is popular with politicians and Washington broadcasting bureaucrats, and Keeshan has proved a powerful lob-

The always urbane J. Fred Muggs

Biting hands . . . and everything else.

byist on the upper floors of the CBS Building in Manhattan. Nevertheless, CBS *News* President William Leonard is hopeful. Says he: "I just do a lot of praying."

Aside from the money—if anything can be aside from the money—it is hard to see why anyone would want to work on any of the three shows. Survivors of those predawn wake-up calls and truncated social lives report strange goings-on in their heads and stomachs. "People aren't supposed to live those kinds of hours," says Schieffer, who had to rise between 2 and 3 a.m. for 20 months. "I woke up one afternoon with a buzz in my head and realized that I had been having it for two years. Then I knew it was time for me to do something different."

Ray Brady lost 15 lbs. after he joined the CBS show in 1977. Says Morton Dean, who has been sitting in for vacationing anchormen for years: "There's a whole subculture you plug into when you're working those hours, and the primary topic of conversation is sleep." Kuralt, who was away from his wife for two weeks at a time when he was traveling on the road, is worried nevertheless about his new schedule. "I'm going to try to force myself to turn in each night at 7:30 so I can get up at 2," he says. "I'll just have to think of Walter Cronkite as Johnny Carson."

Then there is the coronary-inducing aggravation: things do go bump in the morning. Guests, for instance, say the darndest things at that hour. Brokaw remembers talking to Gore Vidal just before they went on the air and telling him that he wanted to talk about politics, not bisexuality, one of Vidal's favorite topics. Vidal politely listened, but when the red light blinked on, sweetly inquired: "Now why is it that we cannot talk about bisexuality?"

Worse than the unguided guest is one who cannot talk at all. Brokaw also recalls with a shudder an interview with an Italian film director who suddenly froze and reverted to his native tongue. Brokaw had, as usual, done his homework and answered his own questions while the film director nodded *"Sì, sì, sì."* CBS's Schieffer had a somewhat similar experience. He was interviewing a Soviet émigrée who suddenly began arguing with her translator. For three minutes the two argued in Russian until the matter was resolved.

Hartman's moment of truth came when he was discussing a complicated legal case with a woman lawyer. In the middle of her explanation, she fainted. Cool as always, Hartman signaled for a commercial, checked her pulse, and lifted her onto a couch. Another kind of *frisson* came when he was interviewing Muhammad Ali, and Ali called him "the Great White Dope"—to the secret delight of some on the staff.

But there are opportunities as well as sleeplessness and maverick guests on the lobster shift, and many veterans have graduated to higher things. John Chancellor was anchorman of *Today* before he joined NBC's *Nightly News* in 1970, and Barbara Walters had the same job before she jumped to ABC in 1976. As a reward for her a.m. heroics, Pauley already has been given the anchor of NBC's Sunday evening news, and Brokaw is a leading candidate to replace Chancellor when he leaves. Hartman is expected to ask for a chance to do more prime-time work when his contract expires next year. Four months before Dan Rather assumes Cronkite's role on the CBS *Evening News*, Kuralt is being talked about as an alternative anchorman should Rather not succeed.

And so they dream of glory during those evening hours when the rest of the world is walking the dog, watching Johnny Carson, or returning from the new film at the Bijou. Or perhaps not: the men and women of TV who are in charge of waking up America may merely see the hour hand stretching inevitably toward 2, the minute hand reaching inexorably toward 12 and . . . BUZZ! RING! It's time to get up again. Plug in the percolator, scramble the eggs, pour the milk over the granola! The battle continues. —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Mary Cronin and Janice Simpson/New York*

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Church-State Commandments

The Justices dig in as a constitutional clash looms

It has been 17 years since the Supreme Court spoke out on the Scriptures' place in public schools. In 1963 it struck down two measures providing for Bible readings and the Lord's Prayer in the classroom. Last week the court spoke again on this fundamental issue, ruling that Kentucky's general assembly had gone too far in ordering the posting of the Ten Commandments in public classrooms across the state. The decision is another setback for Americans who want more teaching of moral values in the schools, but it comes at a time when there is growing governmental support for their position. As a result, constitutional scholars expect a major confrontation between the bench and the other two branches.

Kentucky's legislature knew that without some ostensible secular purpose its act would violate the First Amendment prohibition against the establishment of religion by the state. So the lawmakers drafted a sentence to appear on each poster: "The secular application of the Ten Commandments is clearly seen in its adoption as the fundamental legal code of Western Civilization and the Common Law of the United States." But that did not sway many members of the high court, who themselves sit in a courtroom decorated with artists' renderings of the Commandments. "The preeminent purpose," ruled the majority, was "plainly religious," because the document is "undeniably a sacred text" for Jews and Christians.

Dissenting Justice William Rehnquist chided his brethren for not deferring to the legislature's judgment on the law's purpose. Moreover, wrote the court's leading conservative, "the Establishment Clause does not require that the public sector be insulated from all things which may have a religious significance or origin."

Berkeley Law Professor Jesse Choper suspects that the Justices took the case because they wanted to discourage the increasing encroachments on their church-state doctrine. "They're not going to let people chisel away at the perimeters," says Choper.

The consistency of the federal bench in prayer cases was demonstrated again last week when an appeals court rejected the arguments of a Guilderland, N.Y., group called Students for Voluntary Prayer. The high-schoolers had sought a classroom for informal prayer meetings before school, but had been turned down by officials. The refusal was justified, wrote Judge Irving Kaufman, in part because the students were free to say their prayers at other times and places.

Weary of fighting the courts on the prayer issue, some members of Congress have come up with a solution: bypass them. The Senate has passed a bill that would deprive the federal bench of the power to decide certain "voluntary" school-prayer cases, and backers hope that the rightward swing signaled by the Reagan victory will persuade the reluctant House to give the measure its blessing too. The latest Gallup poll indicates that 76% of Americans are willing to go even further and approve a constitutional amendment allowing school prayers.

A Kentucky teacher with the posting

Discouraging chiseling at the perimeters

Passage of the bill might well cause a constitutional showdown. Congress has the right to limit the federal judiciary's jurisdiction, but some scholars believe that the legislators would be exceeding that power if they took away the authority to enforce something as sacred as the First Amendment. If the bill becomes law, prayer cases could still be tried in state courts, but that might produce a crazy quilt of constitutional interpretations.

Would the Supreme Court permit this restriction of its authority? The last time the court acceded to a limitation of its own jurisdiction was in the 1860s when Congress removed the Supreme Court's right to hear certain habeas corpus appeals. One Senate aide is confident that the court would not act differently today. Says he: "It swats lower courts and state legislatures like flies, but not Congress." ■

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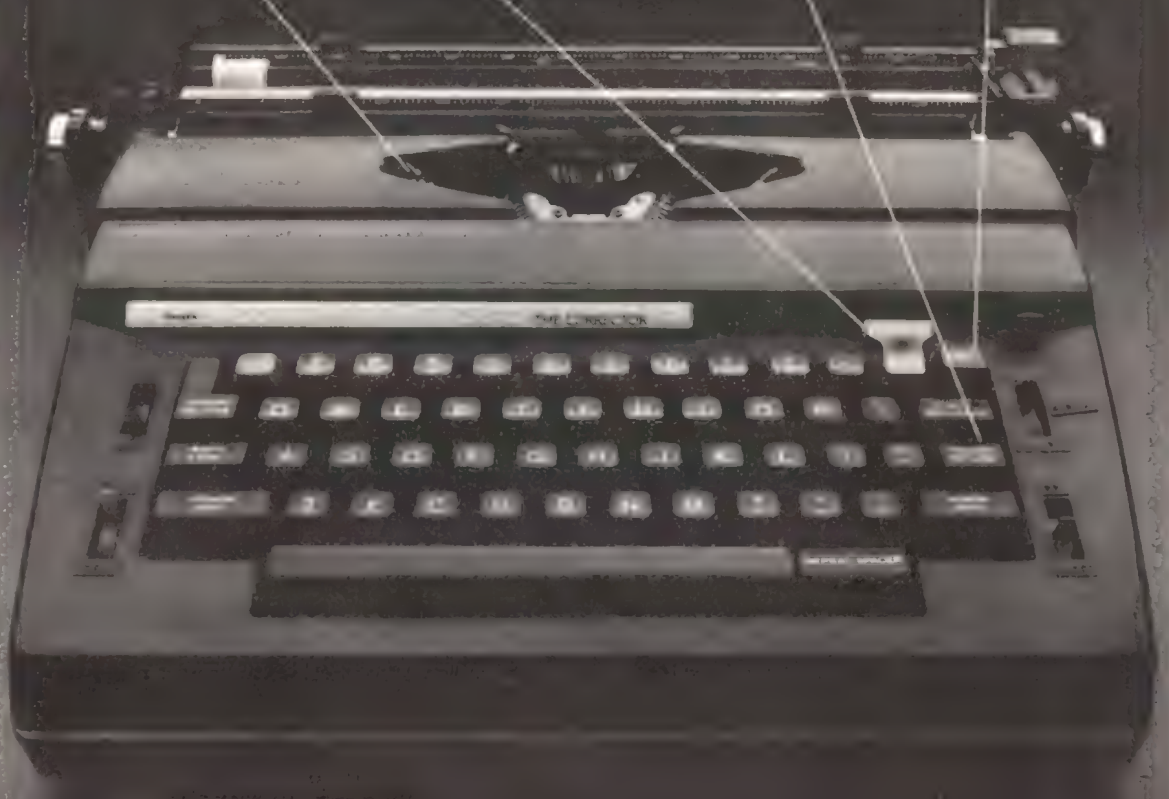

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The Preacher of Narcissism

Analyst Heinz Kohut's "self-psychology" rewrites Freud

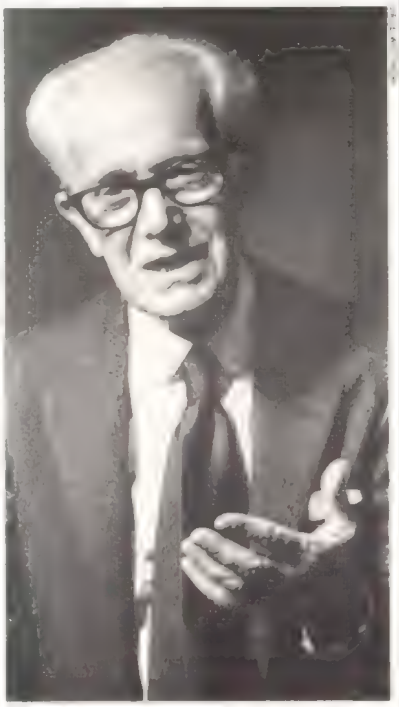
Like fashions, psychiatric symptoms change with the times. Hysteria, the dominant diagnosis in Freud's early days, is now rare, and so are many of the classic phobias. Nowadays, awash in Tom Wolfe's "me" decade and Christopher Lasch's "culture of narcissism," psychiatry finds that "narcissistic disorder" is one of the most common diagnoses, and the man who has written the most on the subject is becoming such a cult figure that disciples compare him with Freud.

After more than 20 years of clinical work on narcissism, Chicago-based Heinz Kohut, white-haired and slightly stooped at 67, is a major draw on the psychoanalytic lecture circuit. Two years ago, 450 analysts and mental health workers heard him speak in Chicago on his theories of "self-psychology." Last year he attracted 600 in Los Angeles, and last month 1,000 jammed Boston's Park Plaza Hotel to hear the master's words. Some of the excitement comes from the whiff of heresy: Kohut, a former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association and a former vice president of the international association, has shocked the orthodox by dropping or downgrading id, ego, superego, libido, Oedipus complex and much else in the Freudian canon.

Kohut thinks a child needs three things to build a cohesive sense of self: "mirroring" ("the gleam in the mother's eye that says, 'You are here and you are fabulous' "); "idealization" of a strong protective figure, like a parent who picks up a crying child at night and lends him strength against the demons in the dark; and "twinship" or "alter ego," which simply means the supportive company of children like himself. If these factors are missing, children will not develop a healthy narcissism, or self-love. Instead, they suffer a narcissistic wound and spend their adult days hungering constantly for attention, treating other people as extensions of themselves, like an arm or a leg, and perhaps trying to "merge" with a strong protective figure in marriage.

That analysis is hardly surprising. Except for changes in jargon, it is basically Freud's. But for Kohut, the narcissistic struggle is central to human development, as the Oedipal struggle was for Freud. Freudians think that narcissistic problems are rooted in Oedipal ones: the child's sexual desire for the parent of the opposite sex and his rage at being checkmated by the power of the parent of the same sex. Kohut has his doubts. "Is the Oedipal conflict really the normal issue that causes all our ills later?" he asks. In his therapy, he says, "I squeezed it into the Procrustes bed of what I had been taught. I strained and stretched and made it fit somehow."

Then one day a female patient shrieked at him: "Don't always interrupt me. *Listen* to me!" Kohut's conclusion: the patient's narcissistic ramblings were not covering the real problem—they *were* the real problem. "She wanted no more than that her presence and her performance be acknowledged. She needed something that she had insufficiently in early life: a function of the surroundings that I call mirroring."



Whiff of heresy: Kohut stresses a point

Not a tragic vision, but an optimistic creed.

It follows that in Kohut's therapy, the analyst spends a good deal of time building up a sense of self-worth, as many pop therapists do. But Kohut is not dispensing quick chicken soup for the starving psyche. His treatment can take years and depends on standard Freudian transference: the patient's needs and wishes are gradually shifted onto the analyst. Helped by the "empathic bond"—the patient's sense that the analyst is not censoring him but understands his pain—the patient relives and works through the childhood frustration. Says Kohut: "What is set in motion again in therapy is those old needs for confirmation of the self that were thwarted in early life."

Some of Kohut's disciples claim that they can sometimes cure the therapy junkies who have been passed from therapist to therapist, being held, rocked, bathed, Rolfed and listened to for years without much improvement. Says Cincinnati Psychiatrist Paul Ornstein, Kohut's colleague: "Kohut gives us a chance to work through these hitherto unanalyzable problems." Chicago Psychiatrist Michael Basch says that patients who used to tune out the therapist, or dish up whatever that therapist seemed to want, pay close attention when they see that a narcissistic transference is going on. Says he: "It was almost as if they had been waiting for you and said: 'Now I'll tell you—today I opened up and felt safe.' "

Critics say that Kohut has eliminated the unconscious, a charge he denies. Like many founders of American therapies, however, he has replaced Freud's tragic vision with an optimistic creed based on the liberal idea that man is born good and that evil is produced by the culture. Says Kohut: "The concept of the baby as a bundle of untamed drives is utter nonsense. A child is not born with hostile impulses but as a total human being demanding attention." Kohut speaks of "deficit" rather than "conflict" and sees pathological aggression as a result of failures in empathy.

To many analysts, this is all too sunny and simple. "A lot of analysts don't like the idea that Kohut created empathy," says Boston Psychiatrist Lewis Kirshner. "They feel he puts too much emphasis on lovey-dovey empathic understanding; that all this experience of being understood spares the patient confrontation with conflicts, distortions and his own unacceptable demands; that people feel better after a Kohut analysis, but they don't change." Harvard Psychologist Philip Holzman praises Kohut's emphasis on empathy, but adds: "His is a kind of clean psychology. You don't have to worry about toilet training and sexual aggression. It's much easier to deal with your sensitivity."

Kohut is unruffled. "Freud has written all about conflict," he says. "Why do I have to rewrite that? I say I am giving a complementary theory, and I mean what I say. I'm very fond of Freud's model, but I think the shift in emphasis is an important one. The younger generation tends to be very much more open to it. The generation of my peers is dead set against it." Though some wonder whether Kohut needed to dress out his idea as a whole new psychology and theory of man, he seems adamant in his insistence that his teachings be accepted as a system. If they are merely drawn into the mainstream of psychoanalysis, he says, "I admit, reluctantly, that it would be disappointing." *—By John Leo. Reported by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/Chicago*

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People

Dazzling Down sidling up to a much older man—tut, tut

Egypt's ancient Valley of the Kings may sound like a glamorous film location, but according to Actress **Lesley-Anne Down,** "It was like being in a sweatshop." Daily temperatures of 100° to 120° F, says Down, made *Sphinx* "my most physically exhausting movie." Things did not improve when the cast moved to breezy Budapest. There, in a cavernous studio, Down portrayed an Egyptologist who finds the lost tomb of Seti I. To evoke the proper sepulchral ambience, 130 bats were set loose on the set. "It was horrible. They rained down on me," she shudders. "Even now, I go funny at the knees just thinking about those ghastly creatures."

■

They met on a cold, damp Venetian morning, the wild ducks flying overhead. The hunter was 49, married, famous. The girl was 18, a dark Leonardesque virgin. "I love you more than the moon and the sky," he would later write her. "Daughter, how complicated can life be?" Very, she would answer: "I tried to remain on the razor's edge, because had I asked, you would have thrown yourself from a wall for me." **Ernest Hemingway** did not go quite that far to prove his love for young **Adriana Ivancich,** but he did write her some 2,000 letters between 1949 and 1955, and he immortalized her as Renata in *Across the River and into the Trees* (1950). Years later, stung by inferences in a Hemingway biography, Ivancich, now Countess Von Rex, 50, says that she "felt it was time to tell how it really was." How it was, she says, in the as yet untranslated *La Torre Bianca* (The White Tower), was chaste. Their love was consummated only in fiction, both in *Across the River* and, more figuratively, in *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), where Ivancich recognizes herself as the elusive fish, chased and hooked by the masterful old fisherman.

Ivancich, Hemingway's Renata

■

This was no White House punch-and-go reception, no pneumatic-chicken campaign dinner. To honor **Betty** and **Gerald Ford** on their 32nd anniversary, some friends in Palm Springs sprang for something palmier. There was a formal dinner for 320, dancing and additional entertainment from a few talented guests: **Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Phyllis Diller, Pearl Bailey** and **Tony Orlando** (who tied yet another ribbon round

Romantics Betty and Jerry

that old oaken tune). "This is an exceptional night, a tremendous evening in the lives of Jerry and Betty Ford," said the former President and incumbent romantic. "We are more in love today than on the day we were married."

■

Just 18 hours after winning the Miss World title, West Germany's **Gabriella Brum,** 18, abdicated her throne—and $50,000 in prize money and public appearance fees—and caught the first flight home. "I realized that I had no intention of being part of all that show biz," she explained. "My career as a costume designer is more important to me." Maybe so, but according to Pageant Organizer **Julia Morley,** Brum was forced to yield her crown by a possessive boyfriend, Hollywood Film Producer **Benno Bellenbaum,** 52. Adding spice to the drama were nude pictures of 5-ft. 11-in. Gaby, taken by Bellenbaum and somehow leaked to the London press. Morley says she may sue the producer for "enticing Gabriella to break her contract." Meanwhile, Brum's crown has been awarded to First Runner-Up **Kim Santos,** 19, of Guam, who vows: "I wouldn't pose for nude photos if I were offered a million dollars." *—By Claudia Wallis*

Beauty Queen-for-a-Day Brum

On the Record

Itzhak Perlman, violinist, explaining his decision to appear this week on TV's *Sesame Street:* "One of my goals in life was to make music with Oscar the Grouch."

Sybil Carter, wife of Billy, explaining how she has lost 40 lbs. since July: "That's what a Senate investigation will do to you. Anybody want to lose weight? Go to Libya."

Bill Rafferty, co-host of television's *Real People,* on how Californians stay in shape: "Jogging and helping recently divorced friends move."

Now It Can Be Told: Shedunit

Dallas' *fatal* femme *fires the shots heard round the world*

Of course shedunit. The coed vamp with a mean streak as deep as her cleavage. The peddler of her own educated flesh. The Mata Hari of Ewing Oil. The counterspy for that nefarious lawyer Alan Beam. The scheming sister of Mrs. J.R. Ewing. The seducer of that ultimate seducer, Mr. J.R. Ewing, and the self-proclaimed carrier of his child. What apter justice? The person who fired the shots heard round the world was the female J.R., Kristin Shepard.

The surprise is that *they* did it: the producers and writers of *Dallas*. They created the world's largest soap bubble and, in the eight months between the shooting of the expansively evil J.R. (Larry Hagman) and the revelation Friday night, somehow kept it from bursting. Nothing could cure the *Dallas*mania that infects 300 million viewers in 57 countries—not six months of reruns, not another seven weeks' delay in the fall premiere because of the actors' strike, not three penultimate episodes of red herrings, white knuckles and blue-blooded angst. The people in the know—about 40 executives of Lorimar, which produces *Dallas*, and CBS, which broadcasts it each week—performed like a choir of Deep Throats. They answered the media barrage for inside dope with strategic volleys of misinformation. They kept their delicious secret for the same reason J.R. lays waste to Texas' rich and beautiful: because it is so much fun.

But why did the huge TV audience agree to play along? Ken Kercheval (J.R.'s luckless adversary Cliff Barnes) may have the answer: "The audience wants to know but they love not knowing." In the past few weeks newspapers have spread the latest *Dallas* trivia across their front pages. Las Vegas bookies have offered daily odds on the culprit (in the final line, Kristin was the favorite). Pundits have made merry speculating on the identity of the gunperson: Columnist Art Buchwald fingered David Brinkley because the scheduling of his *NBC Magazine* opposite J.R. had driven Brinkley to the bottom of the ratings.

Producer Leonard Katzman admits he was concerned that the show's appeal would fade over the summer. "When you do a cliffhanger, people can stay with it or just say 'Forget it.' We worried terribly about the actors' strike—the fear of losing our momentum with so many reruns." Yet the summer reruns drew Texas-size audiences, in some cases even larger than the originals. Says Executive Producer Philip Capice: "This proved that the serials will be watched again and again, even if people know the end."

When the final push began in early November, with four episodes aired on four nights, the ratings exceeded Lorimar's wildest hopes and David Brinkley's darkest fears: up to 61% of the viewing audience. The following week *Dallas* was again the top-rated show. And the Great Revelation won the largest audience in the history of series television. In New York 65% of all sets turned on were turning on to *Dallas*, in Los Angeles 68% and Chicago a whopping 76%; Katzman predicts an 80 share nationwide. For him and Capice, this means vindication. For CBS, which pays Lorimar a reported $650,000 to air an episode and sold a commercial minute on last week's *Dallas* for $500,000, it meant a profit of $2,350,000.

As the new season neared, Lorimar announced that Mary Crosby, who plays Kristin, would appear only in the first five episodes. "My part was up," she gallantly deadpanned early last week. "They need new people." In fact, Kristin was always the ideal perpetrator. As Sue Ellen's sweet sister and J.R.'s conniving mistress, she was in the family but not of it; her purging from *Dallas* would set off enough shock waves to surprise the unwary viewer without destroying the basic family unit. Moreover, Kristin had both motives and nerve for the deed. She could—and did—drug Sue Ellen (Linda Gray) and steal her gun, proceed to the Ewing Oil Building, shoot that triple-timing cad in the gut, deposit the unconscious Sue Ellen at an airport parking lot, and later plant the gun in J.R.'s bedroom closet, thus implicating Sue Ellen. Confronted with her guilt, Kristin announced she was pregnant with J.R.'s child, and dared him to put her in jail, leaving her ex-lover in a quandary and the TV audience wondering what sort of offspring these vipers could produce. Said Crosby, as the *Dallas* cast and crew met for a Revelation Night party at Chasen's restaurant in Beverly Hills: "It's nice to leave the series with a bang."

Leonard Katzman promises more explosions in the unfolding season. J.R.'s all-American brother Bobby (Patrick Duffy) will take over the family business and "be less pure as he becomes more powerful. J.R. will meet a new lady, a professional lady—and not the oldest profession either." J.R.'s niece Lucy (Charlene Tilton) will marry an idealistic pre-med student (Leigh McCloskey) in a two-hour episode in January. Patriarch Jock (Jim Davis) will reveal that Ranch Foreman Ray Krebs (Steve Kanaly) is his illegitimate son. As for Kristin, she is on her way to the *Dallas* spinoff *Knots Landing*. And she may yet return to the Ewing spread with new and grander plans. Bobby is still infuriatingly faithful to his wife; and Sue Ellen might take one drink too many.

Is sororicide next? On *Dallas*, anything is possible. As Ken Kercheval says: "We've just scratched the surface of evil. Just wait." —*By Richard Corliss. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles*

Kristin offers Sue Ellen a disabling drink . . .

. . . smirks as she pulls the trigger, and . . .

. . . is accused by her sister as J.R. looks on

He winces as he hears the awful truth

She Was What She Was

Mae West: 1893-1980

Mae West did not invent sex. She just saw the humor in it, and probably no one before or since has had more fun on what she called the "linen battlefield." "I kid sex," she said. "I take it out into the open and laugh at it. I'm a healthy influence." And, as usual, she was right. Sex goddesses have come and gone and will remain so long as people go to the movies. But only Mae West was able to make a whole career out of the leer and the wink. Her voluptuous figure was as familiar as the Statue of Liberty's. When she died last week at the age of 87, from complications that developed after she suffered a stroke several months ago, America lost a long-enduring symbol of an age when s-e-x was something that could stir laughs as well as libidos.

Born and raised in Brooklyn, the daughter of a boxer turned livery stable owner, she first set foot on a stage when William McKinley was sitting in the White House and when women were ladies, or else not talked about in polite society. She played good-girl roles, like Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but soon found that it was just as easy to be bad, and ever so much more profitable at the box office. She was later known as the Baby Vamp. "I never set out to make men a career," she sighed. "It just happened that way."

But once it did, she knew exactly what she was doing. She first appeared on Broadway in 1911, doing ragtime songs in a long-forgotten revue called *A la Broadway and Hello, Paris*. Deciding that none of the male playwrights quite matched her style, she wrote a play for herself in 1926. It was, of course, titled *Sex*, and most nice people professed to be outraged. *SEX* WINS HIGH MARK FOR DEPRAVITY, DULLNESS, said a New York *Herald Tribune* headline. The New York City authorities considered the play's contents very carefully. After it had run nearly a year, and after 700 policemen and seven assistant district attornies had viewed it, the show was raided and Mae went to jail for eight days. Every actress should have so much free publicity; before long Mae had another hit in her play *Diamond Lil*, which ran nine months on Broadway.

Hollywood called in 1932, and Mae headed West, where she remained for the rest of her life. *She Done Him Wrong* (1933) was her first big picture, and audiences were enchanted by her earthy humor and the total lack of the hypocrisy that was convention in most other films of the time. As an established playwright, she was allowed to write her own dialogue, and thus began the long list of famous Westian one-liners. "Haven't you ever met a man who could make you happy?" Co-Star Cary Grant asks her. "Sure," she replies. "Lots of times." Before they go off together at the end of the picture, Grant says, "You bad girl." Mae replies, or promises: "You'll find out."

By 1936 she was the highest-paid performer in Hollywood, and all at once, everybody seemed to be doing imitations. "I became suddenly a star seen in the third person, even to myself," she said. "It didn't frighten me. I got fun out of being a legend and an institution." During World War II, her name was on every soldier's lips, and inflatable chest life preservers were known as Mae Wests.

SPRINGER—BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

The star in all her finery for *Klondike Annie* (1936)

"I never set out to make men a career. It just happened."

On-screen and off, West was probably the most original American aphorist since Benjamin Franklin. "Goodness, what lovely diamonds," says a hatcheck girl who admires her necklace in *Night after Night* (1932). "Goodness," retorts Mae, "had nothing to do with it, dearie." Other examples of West's wit and wisdom: "She's the kind of girl who climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong." "A man in the house is worth two in the street." "It is better to be looked over than overlooked." "There are no good girls gone wrong; there are bad girls found out." "Women are as old as they feel—and men are old when they lose their feelings." "A thrill a day keeps the chill away." And one of her most famous lines: "Any time you got nothing to do—and lots of time to do it—come on up."

In her private life Mae was, or pretended to be, as unrestrained as she was on-screen. She claimed a succession of lovers, and her 1959 autobiography, *Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It*, sometimes reads like the telephone book, listing man after man after man. But she was never tied to anyone, and though she married once in her late teens, she lived with her husband only a few months. Said she: "I'm not going to stop being Mae West for any man."

Her narcissism was as all-encompassing as a baby's, and she was her favorite topic of conversation. She would surround herself with admirers (usually musclemen, in her later years), and when the subject shifted to something else, like war or peace, she would hum softly until it returned to the one thing that interested her. The great Garbo came to meet her once. Mae was friendly and polite but not much interested in the sultry Swede; she spent the evening talking about herself and her career. In someone else, such overwhelming egocentricity might have seemed monstrous. In Mae it had its own charm. As she so often said, she was what she was.

Some time in the '30s, time seemed to stop for her. Outside her Hollywood apartment, life whirred by in a blur—war and armistices, good years and bad. Inside, everything remained the same: '30s-style white furniture, piano and rugs. She followed a rigid routine of exercise and health food, and never allowed any discordant thoughts to intrude from the world outside. "I never argue with her because she is always right," said Paul Novak, who had once been a muscleman in her act and, despite a difference of 30 years or so in their ages, remained as her companion.

Mae believed she had stopped aging fifty years ago, and in her old age, she sashayed onto the screen in *Myra Breckinridge* (1970) and *Sextette* (1978). Both were memorable disasters, and Mae could not comprehend that anyone would find it odd to see a woman her age being romanced by men half a century younger. "I look the way I did when I was 22," she told an interviewer not long before she died, "and my figure is exactly the same as it was in the '30s." In a way she was right, and most of the world, which knows her only from her early films, will always remember her as she remembered herself—glamorous, sexy and very, very funny.

—By Gerald Clarke

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THE SCIROCCO THAT WON JOHNNY RUTHERFORD.

Johnny Rutherford makes his living by driving over 200 miles an hour in a Chaparral that costs a quarter of a million dollars. He's won more races than you can shake a checkered flag at, including three firsts in the Indy 500.

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"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

In a new stand-up Popemobile, John Paul progresses through Mainz

The Reformation Revisited

Luther's Germany offers the Pope his most demanding tour yet

A monsignor looked at the cold downpour that greeted Pope John Paul II upon his arrival at the Cologne airport Nov. 15 and said lightheartedly, "Luther's revenge at last." The chill was more than meteorological. The land of Martin Luther offered John Paul the coolest reception he has had so far.

He won over his audiences, nonetheless, with sermons in fluent German and his personal warmth. He joshed a boy about skipping school to greet him, and prayed that kidnapers would release an eleven-year-old girl being held for ransom near Karlsruhe. The size of the crowds was modest only by John Paul's usual standards. More than half a million braved stiff breezes for a youth Mass at Munich's Oktoberfest grounds.

One reason for the initial chill was history. He was, after all, touring the homeland of the Protestant Reformation. The West German population is about equally divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and includes more than a third of the world's 70 million Lutherans. But a good deal of the edginess was due to some undiplomatic doings by German Catholics. Before the papal visit, the hierarchy passed out 40,000 copies of a booklet in which Historian Remigius Bäumer flailed away at the heresies of Martin Luther, referring to his "sadistic" writings, "excessive anger and polemicism" and deploring his marriage to an ex-nun, which was described as "a sacrilegious wedding, stained by fornication." Before the visit, too, the German bishops had intruded in the national elections with a heavyhanded pastoral letter that criticized not only liberalized laws on abortion and divorce but things like the ballooning national debt.

Liberal Catholics are also angry with John Paul's Vatican for declaring that Father Hans Küng no longer be considered a "Catholic theologian." This order forced Küng's official removal last April from the Catholic theology faculty at the University of Tübingen, where he still teaches as a free-floating professor. Küng was in the U.S. and Britain during John Paul's visit. The Pope never mentioned him by name, but in a meeting with theologians he defended the duty of church authorities to preserve divine truth. Elsewhere he ridiculed the idea of people shopping, "self-service," for their beliefs.

Küng, Nobel-prizewinning Novelist Heinrich Böll and 133 other prominent Europeans publicly petitioned Rome to ease up in its objections to married priests, birth control, divorce and mixed marriage (47% of German Catholics now marry outside their faith). Here and there on the tour picketers protested about abortion and birth control, or held such placards as *Frauen zum Altar* (women to the altar). At the Pope's last stop, Barbara Engl, speaking for Munich's Catholic youth league, attacked the church for constant "prohibitions" on "friendship, sexuality and partnership."

John Paul did not yield much on basic issues. But his conservative line on Catholic doctrine was balanced by disarming messages to West Germany's Jews and to Muslim immigrant workers ("You belong also to a grand line of pilgrims who from the time of Abraham have always sought to find the true God"). Most notable was his conciliatory approach to Protestants. This year is the 450th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession, an early and central creed of Lutheranism. Lutherans presented it as a statement of their doctrinal agreements and disagreements with Rome at an unsuccessful conference called by the Emperor Charles V, in the hope of reuniting Western Christendom.

With considerably more grace than Bäumer, John Paul cited the 450th anniversary and told a gathering of Lutheran leaders that Catholics must take their share of the blame for Luther's great schism: "We must do what unites. We owe that to God and the world." But when Lutheran Bishop Eduard Lohse pressed bluntly for joint Communion, John Paul said that full doctrinal agreement must come first.

The Pope's tour was a step forward, however. It followed a substantive breakthrough. Earlier this year Lutheran and Catholic negotiators stated that despite differences on many practices, the content of the Augsburg Confession "in large measure . . . can be regarded as an expression of the common faith." The principal doctrinal dispute that produced the Reformation was faith *vs.* good works in salvation. On that subject, the negotiators offered a remarkable joint statement: "It is solely by grace and by faith in Christ's saving work, and not because of any merit in us, that we are accepted by God and receive the Holy Spirit who . . . calls us to good works." That is just about what Luther was trying to say when he split the church asunder. *—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Lee Griggs/Munich and Wilton Wynn with the Pope*

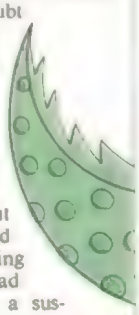
Recovery Forecast: Not Yet

So says the Fed chief, as money costs climb and another slump looms

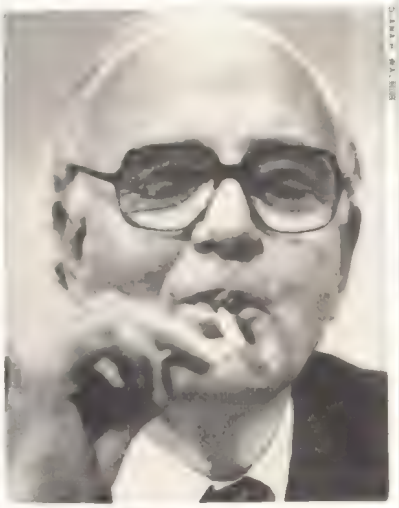
Most regrettably, the year is winding up as it began: interest rates are rising, the pace of price increases is accelerating, and a growing chorus of experts and officials is warning of a downturn dead ahead. The grim prospect is of an inflation-weakened economy struggling to recover from recession, only to be knocked flat all over again by tight money and high interest—a possibility that would make 1981 as big a policymaking headache for Ronald Reagan as 1980 has been for Jimmy Carter.

Once again, moreover, the man on the spot is Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker, whose 13-month-old effort to wrestle down inflation by gaining firm control of the money supply has helped roil up interest rates and keep the economy off balance. In recent months, Volcker has come under attack from the left and the right. While liberals accuse him of being too zealous in his struggle to hold the growth of money to below 6½% during 1980, conservatives have rapped Volcker for consistently failing to hit his target.

Testifying on Capitol Hill last week, Volcker said he wishes that the Federal Reserve had done better at anticipating the latest money supply surge, which was fueled by the Government's need to finance the large budget deficit and by a burst of business and consumer borrowing that began at about midsummer. But in both his congressional testimony and statements to reporters, Volcker left no doubt that the Fed intends to continue "consistently and unambiguously" to restrain money and credit. Not only did he strongly deny reports that he was planning to resign before his term expires in 1983, but he pointedly punctured hopes for a brightening economic outlook ahead. Said he: "We'll have a sustained recovery only when we have the inflation rate coming down."



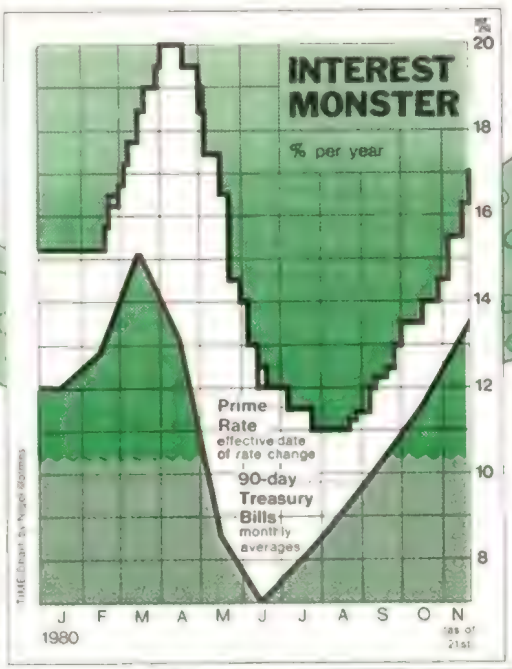
Upward pressure on prices remains powerful. Food costs are projected to leap by at least 12% in the year ahead, with rises of up to 18% in meat and poultry, and energy costs are about to start spurting upward again too. Though oil consumption in the industrial world is down 8% from last year's levels, and inventories are full, the ten-week-old Iran-Iraq war has cut out 9% of the non-Communist world's crude production, resulting in a tightening market that is rapidly forcing up prices. Quotes for the small amounts of crude that are regularly traded on the spot oil market have climbed as much as 30% since the outbreak of hostilities, to $39 and even $41 per bbl. Administration officials now fear this will spur militant members of OPEC to boost their own long-term prices correspondingly when representatives of the 13-nation cartel gather in Indonesia next month.

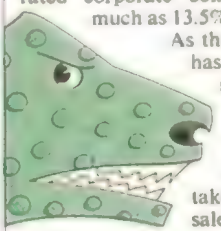


Chairman Paul Volcker

With inflation hovering at 18% in January, February and March, as measured by the Consumer Price Index, the Federal Reserve began pressing down hard on the money supply, interest rates rose and business activity plunged. In April the dimensions of the slump, which wound up cutting overall economic output by 9.6% at an annual rate in the second quarter, alarmed even the Federal Reserve, which reversed itself and began feeding money and credit back into the economy. In the process, the cost of loan money dropped, the slide into recession halted, and by late summer business was showing tentative signs of recovery.

With economic activity and inflation now picking up, the Fed has clamped down on the money supply again, and interest rates have leaped back nearly to their previous peaks, which in April reached 20% for the prime lending rate that banks charge their most credit-worthy corporate customers. That rate has once again bounded up and last week stood at 17% for such large financial center lenders as New York City's Chase Manhattan and Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. and Chicago's Continental Illinois. Bills, bonds and notes issued by the Treasury and various other federal financing agencies ranged as high as 14% in many cases, while top-rated corporate bonds yielded as much as 13.5%.





As the cost of credit has soared, businesses and individuals alike have begun to suffer. After a strong takeoff in new-car sales that buoyed U.S. automakers, business for the industry's 1981 model line has sagged to an annual sales rate of 6.6 million units, which itself would be 900,000 short of Detroit's 1981 target.

The housing industry is also being hit. With mortgage rates once again approaching 15% in many areas, buyers are simply being driven from the market. Though new construction rose slightly during October, to an annual rate of about 1.6

million housing units, most of the increase was accounted for by multifamily projects. Starts of single-family homes were down 4.4% from September's levels, and the issuance of new permits for future construction plunged a dramatic 14.8%.

Though borrowing by corporations has helped stimulate demand for money until now, bankers, businessmen and economists expect the looming business slowdown to allow rates to fall back slightly. Says Milton Hudson, a senior vice president for Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.: "These current rates are going to hurt economic activity as well as pinch the demand for credit. We are expecting no real growth at all during the first quarter of 1981, and it will be a close call as to whether or not the economy will actually decline."

One reason the economy is unlikely to fall by all that much in the months ahead is the prospect of a $30 billion income tax cut pledged by the new Administration. Indeed, with steadily rising Social Security taxes cutting more deeply into family paychecks, even as inflation keeps forcing taxpayers into higher income tax brackets, Reagan's cuts are intended not so much to ease the federal tax burden on the public as to raise productivity and savings by preventing increased taxes.

Yet the strategy also runs the risk of making inflation worse. Though Reagan and his advisers insist that the tax cuts will be offset by spending reductions, the President-elect has been equally emphatic on the need to boost defense outlays at the same time. In the process, the deficit for the 1981 fiscal year that began in October could all too easily wind up swelling to $55 billion or even $60 billion instead of the $50 billion that is now projected, or the $27 billion that Reagan is shooting for. Says Fiscal Expert Joseph Pechman of the liberal Brookings Institution in Washington: "The Reagan people are not in power yet, but they should understand that the budget has real effects on the economy."

Volcker says he can live with tax reductions, if coupled with spending cuts, but he also emphasizes that the Federal Reserve could not be counted on to pump money and credit into the economy to finance a widening federal deficit should recovery spur renewed inflationary momentum in the meantime. Said he during his congressional testimony: "I have spoken before about the potential for collision and conflict between restrained monetary growth and the financial needs of an expanding and inflating economy. Recent developments provide a taste of the potential problem." In short, unless Government under a Republican Administration proves better able to live within its means than has been the case with the Democrats, high interest and slow growth are likely to become permanent features of the American economy for years to come. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York*

Batting 1,000 Again—Briefly

Four-digit fever has swept Wall Street periodically since Dec. 31, 1976, when the Dow Jones average of 30 leading industrial stocks last cracked the 1,000-point level. But rarely had an assault on the magic barrier been more furious—or inconclusive—than the trading melee that last week nudged the Dow briefly, and by the barest fraction, into quadruple digits.

Having surged powerfully upward since the election, the Dow hung tantalizingly just below 1,000 throughout much of the week, then finally squirted to 1,000.17 in an avalanche of late buying at the close of business Thursday. On Friday, reports of a three-quarter-point rise in the prime rate helped push the market down 10.24 points to close at 989.93.

In fact, the real surprise was not the rise in the Dow, which has climbed by 53 points on the New York Stock Exchange since Nov. 3, but the unprecedented volume of trading. During the week, a record 306 million shares changed hands on the Big Board alone, helping to push annual volume past 10 billion for the first time in the exchange's history.

One reason for the waves of big-volume trading was that cash-rich institutional investors such as insurance companies, pension funds and mutual funds have lumbered back into the market after months of sitting on their wallets while awaiting the outcome of the presidential race. Says Kenneth Rolland, an executive vice president of New York's Chemical Bank: "People think a Reagan Administration will cut Government spending and institute tax reforms that will stimulate investment and savings. Investors believe that the climate will be very good for financial assets like stocks." Adds Investment Strategist David Bostian of Bostian Research Associates: "In March you could not convince people that the Dow would ever go above 800. Now you cannot tell them that it will drop below 950."

Action on the Big Board at midweek, when 1980 volume hit a record 10 billion shares

Just as has been the case all year, the hottest stocks were in the three areas that hold out the most promise for rapid growth and high profits in the energy-scarce, tension-riddled 1980s: oil, defense and high technology. With petroleum prices once again rising, Exxon shares leaped to an alltime high of $87.75, while Royal Dutch Petroleum, another big gainer, rose to a record $111.50 a share but lost a few points at week's end. Raytheon, a major defense contractor whose stock has nearly doubled in value during the year, closed the week at $110.75.

As difficult as it was for the market to breach 1,000, many investment analysts last week were cautioning that further rises could prove even more elusive. In January of 1973, the Dow rose to an alltime high of 1,051, shortly thereafter to tumble 500 points into Wall Street's worst bear market since the 1930s. Now, many of the investors who took a beating in the 1970s are selling out, instead of buying, as the market moves back up.

In fact, for investors to make up for the loss in buying power caused by inflation, stock prices would have to climb far higher than they have. Since 1965, when the Dow first approached the four-digit threshold, inflation has chopped the buying power of a dollar to little more than 40¢. For investors in the 30 stocks of the Dow industrials to be as well off today as 15 years ago, the averages would have to hover not at 1,000 but at 2,500—and not even Wall Street's most starry-eyed optimists see that kind of rise ahead any time soon.

Lending to Communist Nations

The $70 billion dilemma spotlighted by Poland's crisis

The paradox could hardly be more striking. Poland, a Soviet bloc country whose economy is based on Marxist-Leninist dogma, is appealing to the capitalist West for financial aid. Warsaw has asked Washington, to which it is already in hock for $1.2 billion in assorted credits, for another $3 billion in assistance. The Polish government clearly needs the cash: it must pay off foreign lenders and continue to finance the food imports required to keep the Poles from becoming more restive than they are

The State Department announced last week that the Carter Administration put off a decision on the aid indefinitely, leaving the matter for its successor. But Washington officials were already raising questions about the security of Western loans to East bloc nations, which now total about $70 billion. The matter is also increasingly being seen as a test of Moscow's willingness to bail out its overextended satellites. "It is not just a question of loans and credits and money," says a senior member of the Belgium banking community, "but a supreme matter of state in East-West relations."

Poland's problems go well beyond its immediate need, which is to make good on a balance of $7.5 billion in interest and capital due next year on $21 billion in foreign debts. Already Warsaw must spend 82% of its foreign sales revenue to service such debt. Most of it stems from bobbled efforts to build an industrial base after World War II. Two primary exports, steel and textiles, have been hurt by slack demand abroad. Polish agriculture contributes little either to foreign earnings or domestic stomachs. The workers' strikes, set off by hikes in meat prices, added to the economic breakdown

Western banks have been happy to lend to Eastern European countries, which they believe are good risks. Communist governments are presumed to be stable. Moreover, the debtors in socialist nations are not firms but governments, and their repayment record over the past 35 years is unblemished. That helps explain why Yugoslavia has been able to borrow more than $7.5 billion from Western banks and why Rumania owes $4.2 billion to private foreign lenders

In Western eyes, the Soviet Union has contributed to the creditworthiness of the East bloc economies because no one believes that Moscow would allow one of its allies to go bankrupt. True, North Korea defaulted on a Western loan in 1975, but bankers attributed Moscow's failure to bail out Pyongyang to Sino-Soviet rivalry The Kremlin has helped Poland in the past and could do so again, for example, and today it is flush with funds. Thanks to foreign sales of gold and oil, the Soviets have paid off $2.5 billion in private bank loans. Thus far, however, they have shown no inclination to bail out the Poles. A Polish default on foreign loans might give Moscow an excuse to tighten its hold on the economy or, at worst, grab direct power in Warsaw

"Countries don't go bankrupt," as Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston once said. But they can delay or, as in the case of Iran, freeze payment on foreign debts, even though such moves endanger the profitability and, eventually, the stability of financial institutions. With debts of all borrowing countries to foreign banks now totaling $600 billion, the Polish crisis has raised new fears about the ability of many hat-in-hand nations to repay their loans. Turkey, for example, would be virtually insolvent without West German assistance. Among the developing countries, Brazil has run up the largest foreign debt, about $57 billion, mostly to pay for OPEC oil. The crushing debt has hindered Brazil's attempts to expand its industrial base and has helped push its annual inflation rate above 100%. For political reasons, the government has refused to borrow from the International Monetary Fund, to the dismay of many bankers

All major banks now routinely assess the credit risks of countries. The *Institutional Investor*, a U.S. monthly for moneymen, regularly publishes a summary of the ratings cited by world bankers. As the most creditworthy nation, the U.S. is ranked first among the 98 countries listed in the latest survey, while Poland is rated 71st and Zaïre is at the bottom. The Soviet Union ranked 27th and Brazil 50th

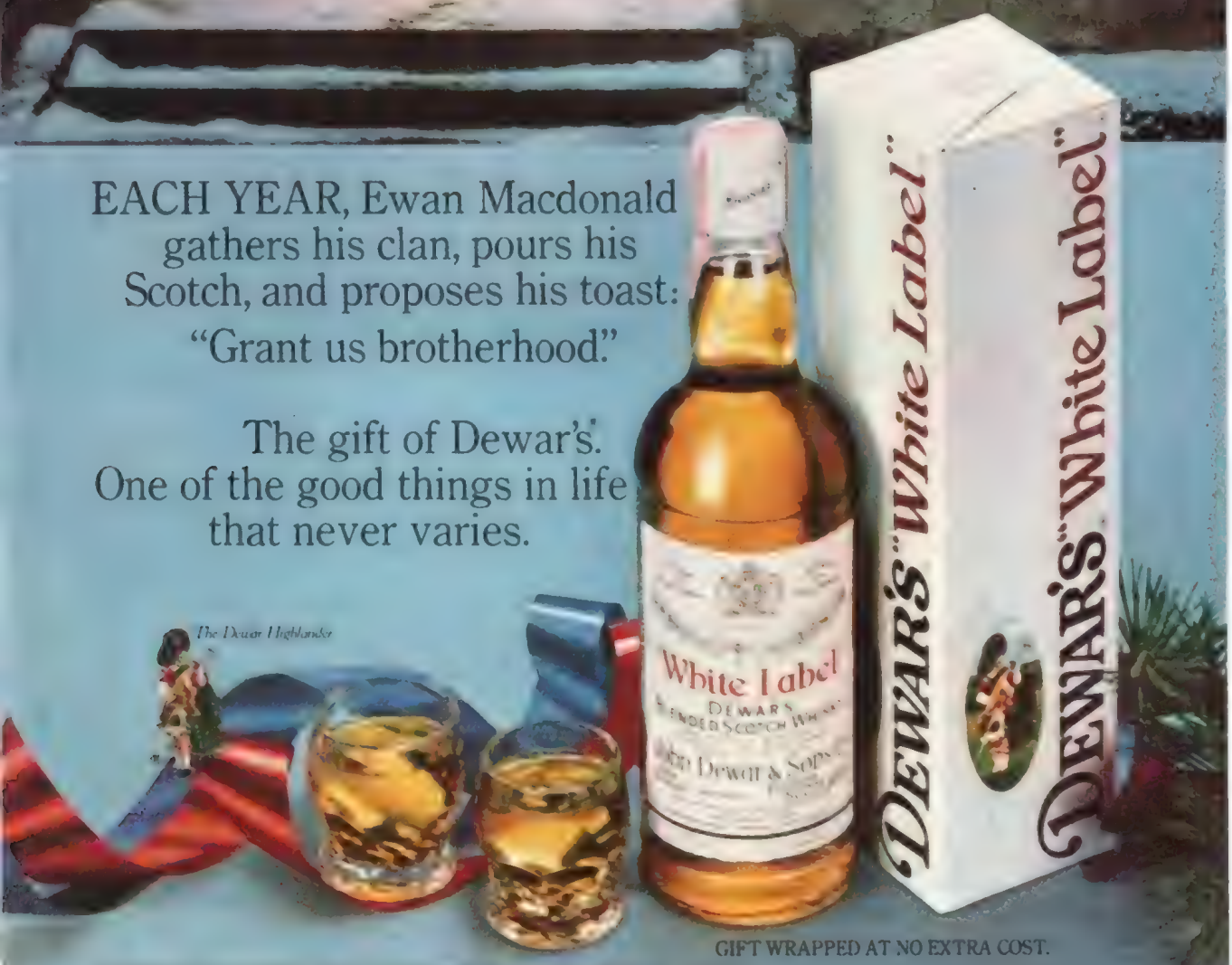
If Washington or private banks were to bail out Poland again, it could be taken as a vote of confidence in the Soviet Union: lenders would be saying that they expect the Polish economy to be nursed back to health by Moscow so that it will eventually be able to repay its loans. In the international financial community the prevailing sentiment is that the West cannot afford to turn down Poland's money request for fear of a more pronounced Soviet intervention in the country's internal affairs. Says Lawrence Brainard, a Bankers Trust vice president: "The real issue is what is the price of political stability in Eastern Europe." More broadly, the Polish problem seems certain to alert lenders to the dangers of much offshore lending, which in turn will make borrowing more difficult for impoverished nations around the world. ■

Amid food shortages and meat rationing, Poles queue up in front of a Warsaw butcher shop waiting for the store to open

"It is not just a question of loans and credits and money, but a supreme matter of state in East-West relations"

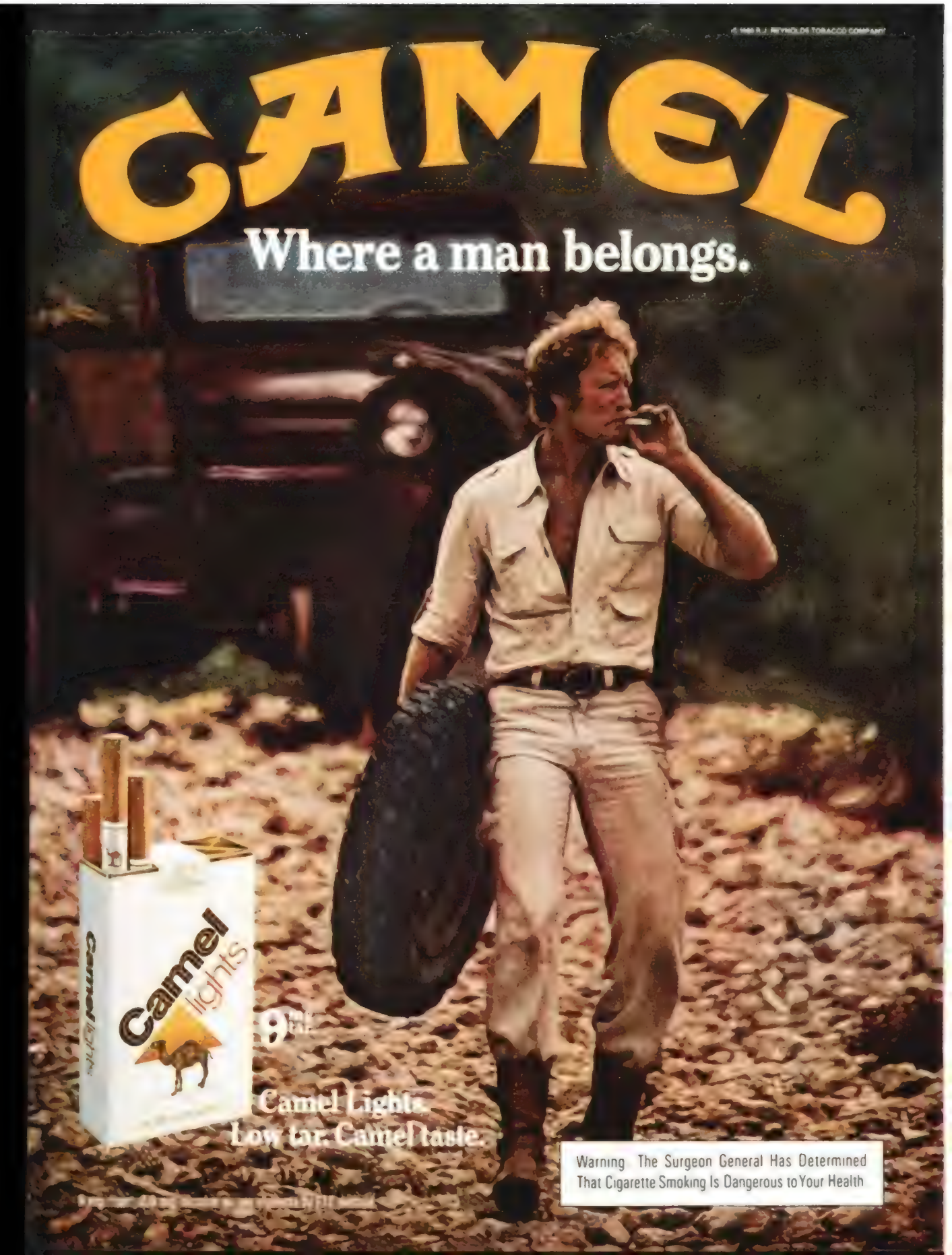
EACH YEAR, Ewan Macdonald gathers his clan, pours his Scotch, and proposes his toast: "Grant us brotherhood."

The gift of Dewar's.
One of the good things in life that never varies.



GIFT WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA COST.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY· 86 8 PROOF· © 1980 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

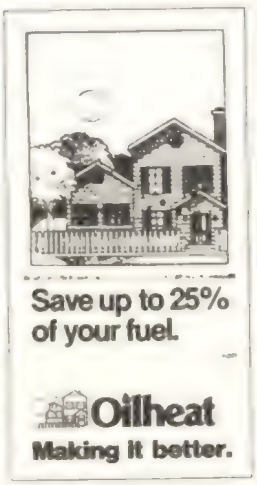

CAMEL
Where a man belongs.
Camel lights
Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The Heating War Erupts

In a bill-cutting battle, natural gas vs. *oil*

By now it is almost as much a fixture of fall as football: the annual renewal of the struggle between the natural gas and oil industries to fuel America's furnaces. In a multimillion-dollar ad campaign, the American Gas Association has been seeking to persuade the 16 million owners of homes heated with oil that its product is the nation's "best energy buy" and "the most efficient way to heat." Fuel oil suppliers, for their part, say their competitors' contentions that gas burns more efficiently and will remain substantially cheaper represent "false claims" and "hype." Said ads sponsored by dealers in New England: "The more you know about gas, the more comfortable you feel about oil heat."

The gas industry, which now supplies 25% of the nation's energy needs, holds a commanding share of the heating market. It is estimated that gas has 55% of that market, down 1% in the past five years, while oil's slice has slipped from 23% to 20%. Electricity heats 17% of the nation's homes, with the remainder warmed by solar power, wood and propane gas. Last year 365,000 homes were converted to gas, mostly in the patch of Northern states stretching from Maine to Michigan, where oil usage is heavy; this year almost 400,000 homes are expected to switch. As much as 95% of the changeovers are conversions from oil.



The gasmen eagerly point out that, nationally, oil is now about twice as costly as gas (though the price differential can vary widely from area to area). In Philadelphia, for example, 1 million British thermal units of heat produced by gas cost $4.56, *vs.* $7.27 when oil is burned. For an average home consuming 121 million B.T.U.s per year, the annual bill for gas heat will be $552, compared with $880 for oil. But in New York City, gas is only 17% cheaper than oil.

In deciding whether to switch from oil to gas, owners must place the potential saving against the cost of conversion, which can be substantial. The cheapest way to change over certain types of oil furnaces or boilers in good working condition is to pay $800 for the installation of a gas burner. But often conversion means spending $1,200 for a new gas furnace or $1,900 for a gas boiler. Moreover, customers whose houses are far from streetside mains have to pay to have a gas line installed.

The gas industry argues that those who convert to gas can recoup their costs in one to five years and reap substantial savings thereafter. But some experts contend that customers who reduce the flow of cold air into their homes with proper weather stripping and install new flame-retention oil burners, which cost about $400 and increase furnace efficiency by improving the air-fuel mixture, can save more money than by converting. They also point out that it may not pay to install a gas burner to replace a new or fairly new oil furnace that has many years of useful life ahead of it.

Further complicating the gas-oil choice is the fact that gas is gradually losing some of its cost advantage. Spurred by the gas shortages of the winter of 1976-77, Congress in 1978 launched a program to boost supplies by phasing out price controls on new gas over a seven-year period ending in 1985. Gas prices could rise even faster if the Reagan Administration backs a new Department of Energy study recommending a speedup in the decontrol timetable to encourage wider exploration for new supplies. Moreover, Algeria, a major natural gas exporter, has been agitating for months to boost its natural gas prices to match those of OPEC oil. Of course, the cost of heating oil, which has risen by 105% since 1977, also continues to climb: this season the average cost of a gallon of fuel oil, now $1, may rise by as much as 10%, in part because of the danger of shortages caused by the Iran-Iraq war.

Fuel oil marketers dispute the contention of gasmen that imports and new production techniques will ensure adequate gas supplies through the year 2000; among other things, they point out, this assumes the continued willingness of foreign producers to supply the U.S., where foreign gas accounts for about 6% of the total. In addition, they raise questions about nonexistent technologies that will be needed to tap hard-to-get-at reserves. They insist that even if the Middle East shuts off the supply of Persian Gulf crude, domestic production would produce sufficient home-heating oil.

One thing that no one involved in the great heating debate disputes is that plain old conservation remains a highly efficient way to cut fuel bills. In an independent study, the Consumer Energy Council of America concludes that effective conservation measures can often yield financial returns for owners of oil-heated homes that are twice as great as those realized by conversion to gas. ■

Price Parade

New York is cheap

As any corporate comptroller knows, it has long cost American companies a lot to station executives in the biggest European cities, like Paris, London and Rome. Now it appears that the living expenses that U.S. firms must foot are substantially higher than Yankee levels in all of the major business centers, including Lisbon, the cheapest European capital.

So reports Management Centre Europe, a Brussels-based consulting firm. Every six months, M.C.E. measures living costs in 16 European cities in comparison with New York, using as a yardstick the dollar value of a basket of 101 common items, among them food, clothing and bus and taxi rides. In its latest survey, M.C.E. found that all of its European cities were more expensive than the Big Apple, by total amounts that ranged from 16% for Lisbon to 67% for Stockholm, the costliest city. The Swedish capital has wrested that dubious distinction from Geneva, which is now No. 4 on the price parade, just behind Oslo and Brussels. The next six, in descending order of costliness: Copenhagen, The Hague, Paris, Vienna, Frankfurt and London.

One big gainer was London, which in six months moved from being 35% more expensive than New York to 53%, largely because a strengthening in the British pound has raised costs in terms of Yankee dollars. That has put the British capital in line with such middlingly expensive cities as Paris, Vienna and Frankfurt, which are all "only" about 55% costlier than New York.

On average, a New York–based sales director for a smallish (up to $40 million in revenues) U.S. firm is paid about $47,000 a year, but in Geneva his European counterpart would be paid $82,000, while his secretary would get $35,000. Besides crimping the living style of U.S. executives, Europe's high prices give their companies a serious handicap. Says M.C.E. Director Clement Livingstone: "The costs are deterring American business from investing and competing abroad." ■

Churkey Day?

Mini-gobblers from Britain

As trumpeters wearing the ceremonial uniform of the Household Cavalry sounded a fanfare, waiters bearing silver platters of food strode into the opulent Lancaster Room of London's regal Savoy Hotel, long a favorite dining place of princes and Prime Ministers. What the 250 guests had gathered for, however, was not an affair of state but of the palate: a British firm was introducing the Churkey, a brand of bird that combines the delicate flavor of a chicken and the meatiness of a turkey.

Churkey is the creation of Buxted Poultry, Britain's largest marketer of table fowl. The company decided that British consumers needed a new variety of bird that would be large enough to feed a family at Sunday dinner but not nearly so tough as a typical 5-lb. roaster. Buxted's researchers found a way to produce such a bigger, better bird: take a young, small turkey and make it taste like a chicken.

Buxted's Churkey is a gobbler killed just 52 days after hatching, when it reaches a weight of about 5 lbs. Then it is injected with and marinated in a special secret broth distilled from the flesh of older chickens of egg-laying age, and quick-frozen for shipment to stores. The result is a bird that has the size and flavor of a mature chicken but the tenderness of a much younger one. An added bonus: like all turkeys, Churkey has a higher meat-to-bone ratio than chickens.

Buxted has no expectation that Churkeys will ever replace a large percentage of the 380 million chickens that the British now consume annually. At $2 per lb., Churkey costs almost twice as much as chicken. But company executives insist that their product represents "a serious effort by serious people to produce a new bird for which there is a genuine need." Americans, who put away 4 billion chickens a year, may be able to test that claim soon: Buxted has applied for a U.S. Churkey patent. ■

A juiced-up fowl (left) as meaty as turkey (center) and as flavorsome as chicken (right)

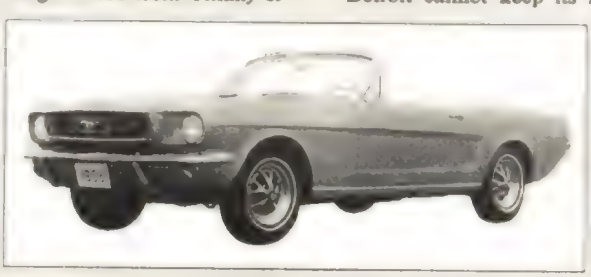
The new bird that, its promoters say, represents "a serious effort by serious people."

"American as All Hell"

One of the hottest cars in the U.S. these days is neither a Japanese import nor one of Detroit's new front-wheel drives. It is the Ford Mustang of the early breed: the slim, economical and sporty little models built between 1964 and 1968. Suddenly they are more sought after than any other classic. An early model in only fair shape sells for $6,000 to $8,000. Low-mileage convertibles in top condition have fetched as much as $18,000. In California, old Mustangs rank near the top on police lists of most-stolen cars.

Automen have no firm explanation for the renewed popularity of the cars, which has taken off at a gallop over the past 16 months. But one reason may be nostalgia. When the first Mustang was unveiled in April 1964 at the New York World's Fair, a Ford flack said that its name was chosen because it sounded "American as all hell." Lyndon Johnson had just pushed through tax cuts, the dark days of Viet Nam were still far over the horizon, and the post–World War II baby boom made people under 25 almost as numerous as their elders. Press pundits began calling them "the Mustang generation."

The car's innards were those of a utilitarian Ford Falcon, but its shell was sleek and jaunty enough to make it the only auto ever to win a design award from Tiffany & Co. Not even Lee Iacocca, the Mustang's chief progenitor and now chairman of Chrysler Corp., expected it to be the most popular new car of the decade. The first weekend the Mustang went on sale, 4 million people visited Ford showrooms. Over the next two years, the company built 1.28 million Mustangs. Young people snapped them up because they looked racy, yet cost as little as $2,368. Older folks bought them as second cars that had much more pizazz than the Volkswagen Beetle. Whooped a rejuvenated Texas bachelor of 44 in a letter to Ford: "Man, this pony is the greatest. A widow with 7,000 acres came 60 miles so I could take her riding in it. I thought the jig was up for me. Thank you, thank you, thank you."



Most prized are the 1964 to 1966 models, says Tex Smith, publisher of *Car Exchange* magazine. So durable were these "square Mustangs" that 300,000 to 400,000 of them, or about a third of the total built, may still be on the road. Says Automotive Writer Wallace A. Wyss: "Ford made the car better than it planned. Detroit expects the average auto buyer to trade in a car after three years, but there are plenty of people still driving their '65 Mustangs with 200,000 miles on the clock, almost unaware that it's 1980." Many owners trade Mustang parts and stories at regional swap meets.

A number of entrepreneurs specialize in returning old models to pristine condition. J. Orion Brunk, founder of Beverly Hills Mustang, Ltd., has an eight-week waiting list of buyers. A network of sleuths buy old Mustangs and parts for Brunk, and he has an agreement with Racing Car Designer Carroll Shelby to turn old 1966 models into souped-up Shelby Mustangs. Price of the new Shelbys: $40,000.

Detroit cannot keep its hands off a winner, though, and the classic Mustang died after 1968—of obesity. Ford gradually fattened the car, boosting its size, adding 584 lbs. to its weight by 1971. Sales slowed, prompting Iacocca to confess, "The original Mustang buyer is still there, still wanting a good little car. We walked away from the market."

GLEE CLUB SMIRNOFF STYLE.

"THE TRUTH IS, I'VE BEEN THINKING OF GIVING UP LAW FOR SHOW BUSINESS. SO I FIGURED I'D INVITE YOU ALL OVER FOR A PARTY, BREAK OUT THE SMIRNOFF, WARM YOU UP WITH A FEW DRINKS, AND GET YOUR HONEST OPINION. WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THIS ONE."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

SAVE $10
NOV. 18 THRU DEC. 6

Super Stretch Dacron at a super K mart price

DU PONT Dacron

$32.96

Dacron Super-Stretch Blazer

Stretch your dollar and look great with the handsome comfort and fit of Dacron super-stretch polyester at a K mart price.

Choose a blazer from the most traditional colors — navy, brown and heather grey. And, at K mart everyday low prices, add a matching vest plus matching or contrasting slacks, and put together an entire wardrobe. Slacks feature two-way stretch fabric and new comfort-action waistband and are also available in heather tan. All tailored in 100-percent Dacron polyester.

Quality at a K mart price. Nice.

kmart

The Saving Place℠

IF YOU THINK GOLD IS THE WORLD'S MOST PRECIOUS METAL

THINK AGAIN!

Until now, the finest watches were made of either 14K or 18K gold. Usually the more precious the metal, the higher the price.

But along with new watchmaking technology and the recent introduction of Rado DiaStar, smart jewelers soon realized that regardless of cost, no precious metals could match the lasting brilliance and performance of the patented Rado DiaStar.

Often called Switzerland's "Unbelievable Watch," each DiaStar case is made of tungsten carbide powder hardened at 1450° C, creating a magnificent rare metal that is harder than steel, almost as hard as a diamond. Every DiaStar watch is guaranteed scratchproof. Super water-resistant. Incredibly durable. Always looks as new as the very first time you put it on.

Rado DiaStar costs considerably less than gold. And that's something to think about, too.

Shown: Quartz calendar, guaranteed accurate to within 60 seconds a year. Water-tested to 175 feet. For him, Golden DiaStar, $995... Diamond White, $760. For her (without calendar), Golden DiaStar, $850... White, $710. Other Rado models in both automatic and quartz available from $200.

RADO
SUISSE

Available at these fine stores

SMART JEWELERS
5214 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago

JA-MAR JEWELERS
4915 Oakton St., Skokie

ARMIN LIPSIG JEWELERS
Oakbrook Shopping Center, Oak Brook
Orland Park Mall, Orland Park
[illegible] Hohman Ave., Hammond

ENGEL JEWELERS
200 N. Main St., Kokomo

EISENBACH'S JEWELERS
414 Main St., Lafayette

GILBERT-ROSKIN JEWELERS
312 S. Washington St., Marion

THE ALBATROSS
1834 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago

GUITIERREZ JEWELERS
3938 W. 26th St., Chicago

GUZMANS JEWELERS
3212 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago

INTERNATIONAL EXPORT HOUSE
2315 W. Devon Ave., Chicago

LUSTIG'S
1256 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

MARCUS JEWELERS
3726 Main St., East Chicago
79th and Broadway Liberty Square, Merrillville

RAY-LYNN JEWELERS
3464 S. Halsted St., Chicago

SUPREME JEWELERS
1452 E. 53rd St., Chicago

WEST JEWELERS
1232 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

THE NIKON FE

A CAMERA TO STIR YOUR EMOTIONS

The automatic Nikon FE is the creative camera par excellence – the embodiment of Nikon sophistication

Its precise meter system sets correct exposures with uncanny accuracy, automatically. Or, just turn a dial for complete manual control. Either way, the pictures are razor sharp... pure Nikon.

Offering combined capabilities found in no other automatic, it accepts Nikon's extraordinary lenses, accessories and a true 3.5 fps motor drive.

A modern 35mm classic, the Nikon FE is the finest compact automatic in its class. Priced to make it an irresistible value too! Why settle for anything less.

The Bum's Rush in Advertising

Some turn-on commercials appear to be turn-offs

Smiling coyly at the camera as she hunkers down on the floor and spreads her denim-clad legs wider than a 21-in. television screen, the teen-age temptress murmurs huskily, "You know what comes between me and my Calvins? Nothing." Then Photographer Richard Avedon's lens zooms in to linger on Actress-Model Brooke Shields' taut jeans.

That is how Calvin Klein jeans are being hawked in a TV commercial called *The Feminist*. It is one of a series of six Klein ads that, besides selling a lot of $50 pants, are bringing a message to the media: vulgarity in advertising is on the rise, and bottoms are big business. Responding to an avalanche of viewer complaints, NBC in New York City last week banned *The Feminist*, which is the most suggestive in the series. Earlier CBS and ABC affiliates in Los Angeles and New England rejected some of the other commercials as well. The stations have agreed to air a few of the less objectionable spots after 9 p.m., or in some cases after midnight.

Klein's former ad agency, Scali, McCabe, Sloves, resigned the jeans-maker's account a few months ago, when Calvin Klein insisted on directing the commercials himself. Even so, President Ed McCabe reports that his shop "has had more letters begging us to take the ads off the air than I've ever experienced in this business." Says Evelyn Dee, a staff member of Morality in Media, a New York antipornography group: "We have got tons of letters. A lot of people think Brooke Shields is being exploited."

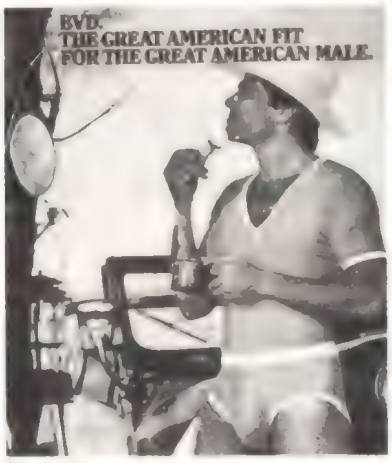
Klein professes amazement over the stir. Says the designer, who plans to shoot another series of Shields ads soon: "I never thought that people would be offended. I'm shocked that there has been such controversy." But it is no secret on Seventh Avenue that Marketing Whiz Warren Hirsh resigned as president of Puritan Fashions, which peddles the Klein jeans under license, after a battle with Klein about the propriety of the Shields ads. When Klein started advertising his Puritan jeans only this summer, Hirsh had already made Gloria Vanderbilt denims famous for another company under such slogans as OUR BOTTOMS ARE TOPS.

There is nothing new about using sex to sell goods. Years ago, ads were featuring well-endowed young women sprawled across the hoods of sportscars or urging Chesterfield smokers to "Blow some my way." What is new is the prurience of the pitch. Says Adman Wayne Stevens of J. Walter Thompson, one of the nation's largest ad agencies: "There's a tremendous market out there and a tremendous effort to be noticed, to be different. It seems that companies, rather than playing 'me too,' are trying 'look at me.' And sexuality is one of the ways they're going with the 'look at me.' "

Sex is being used to promote items as varied as cologne and traveler's checks. In one TV ad, East Coast Chicken Peddler Frank Perdue declares that "my breasts aren't moving as fast as my legs." Paco Rabanne is trying to boost sales of its men's fragrances with a TV spot that opens on a naked man lying on rumpled bedsheets. When he answers the phone, a woman's voice breathes seductively, "You snore." He responds coyly, "And you always steal the covers."

Citibank pushes its traveler's checks by showing a couple vacationing in Japan going native in a public bath: the wife cringes in embarrassment as a real native not only edges closer to make conversation but threatens to stand up to welcome the outlanders. The California Avocado Commission promotes the nutritional value of its green "love food" with the help of aging Sex Symbol Angie Dickinson, 49, who in December will sprawl across two pages of recipes in some 18 national magazines. The copy asks: "Would this body lie to you?" Ads for B.V.D.s, now made by Union Underwear Co. in Bowling Green, Ky., are heavy on beefcake: one has a cowboy happily shaving out on the range clad only in skivvies.

Brooke Shields in her Calvins



The B.V.D. man in his skivvies

Evidently, sex sells. Puritan Fashions reports that sales of Klein jeans have risen so far this year to $110 million, up from $65 million in 1979. The company predicts that its fancy denims will bring in $200 million next year. But some admen fear that too much suggestive promotion may boomerang on the products being sold.

Hirsh believes that sexy ads may distract consumers: they "don't hear how good the product is," he says. J. Walter Thompson's U.S. chairman Burt Manning has another concern. His worry: "Numbers of viewers are going to conclude that 'only a flaky segment of society would respond to that kind of advertising. I don't want to be like those people, so I'm not going to wear that kind of brand.' " The products will be noticed, he says, but the ads will be turning consumers off, not on. ■

A pitch for Paco Rabanne men's cologne combines a languid scene and lurid dialogue

Even chicken marketers now think of themselves as breast and leg men.

WOW!
Together At Last!

(in alphabetical order)

Clint
EASTWOOD!

Paul
NEWMAN!

Burt
REYNOLDS!

BARBARA WALTERS SPECIAL

abc *Brought to you by West Bend*

Tuesday, December 2, 10:00 PM/9:00 PM

Eastern Pacific Central Mountain

What If One Of These Children Were Yours?

If you lived in a Third World country, chances are one of these children really could be yours. And if you had to live surrounded by poverty and disease, there would be little you could do to change these desperate circumstances.

The children you see here are different from our children. Many of them go to sleep hungry. Or sick.

But you can help change this. You can reach out to a needy child just like the ones you see here. And when you do, you'll be giving that child hope for the future. And that's what Christian Children's Fund is all about.

By the time you read this message, we hope the children you see here will already have the help they need. But there are so many more.

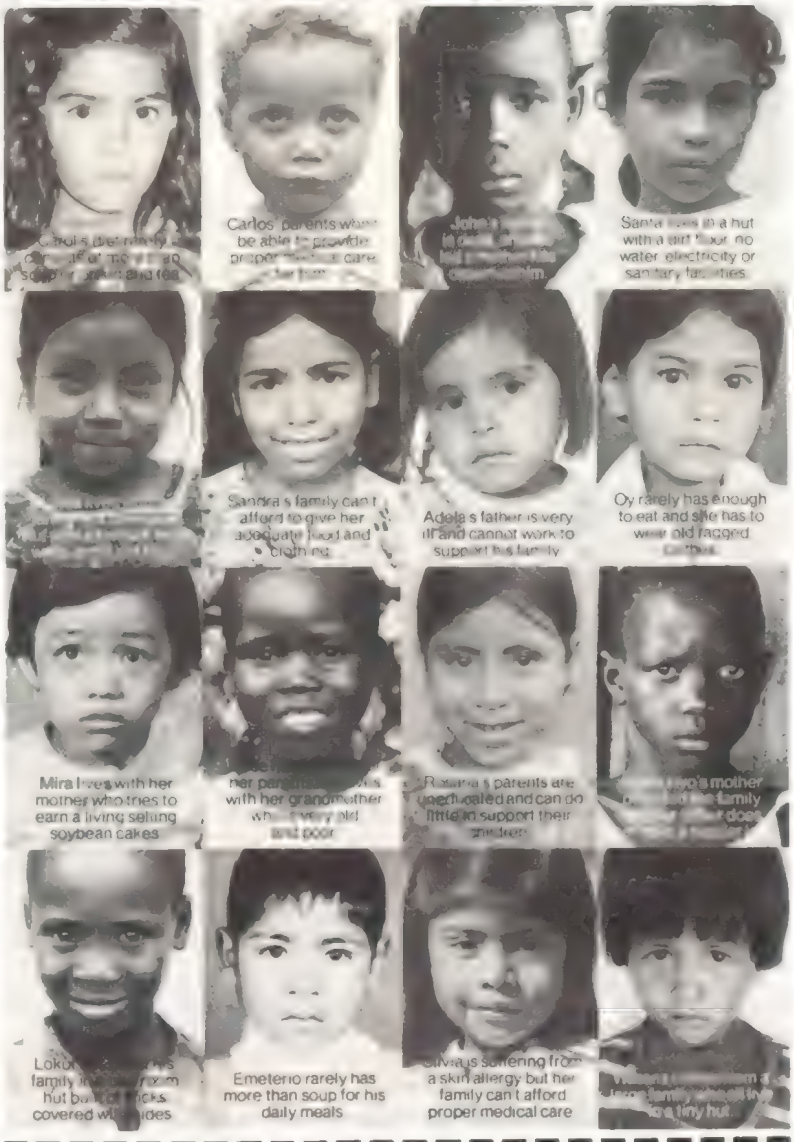
For just $15 a month you can become a sponsor. Your 50¢ a day will help to give a child nourishing meals, decent clothing, medical care, the chance to go to school, or whatever is needed most.

You don't have to send any money right away, but please mail in the coupon below. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background information.

We'll tell you about how the child will be helped and explain how you can write and receive letters in return. There's no language barrier because the field office in your sponsored child's country will translate all correspondence.

Please send in the coupon today. Find out more about Christian Children's Fund and the child who is waiting for your love.

If one of these children really were yours, wouldn't you want that child to have the chance for a healthier, happier life?



Dr Verent J. Mills NTIMD1
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261
I wish to sponsor a boy ☐ girl ☐ any child ☐ who needs my help. Please send my information package today.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

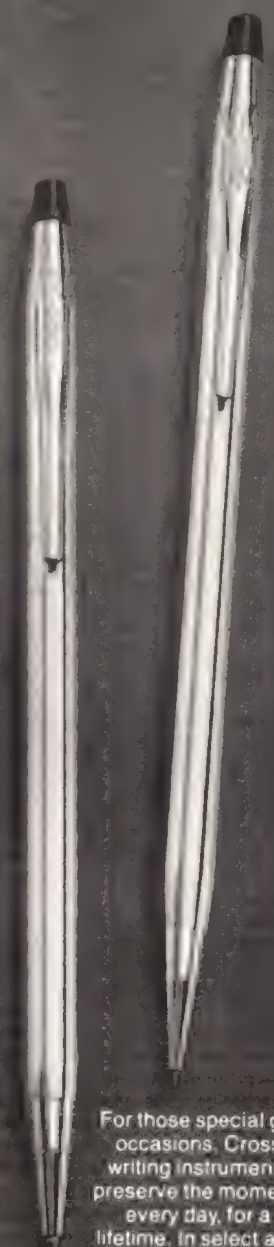
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc. Gifts are tax deductible. **In Calif.: Write Worldway Postal Center, P.O. Box 92800, Los Angeles, CA 90009.** Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St. Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Send Your Love Around The World.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

Something Special



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Theater

Caste Marks

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY
by Philip Barry

"The prettiest sight in this fine, pretty world is the privileged class enjoying its privileges" is a celebrated line from *The Philadelphia Story*. It has not been fluently translated to the stage at Lincoln Center, where the current revival reopens the Vivian Beaumont Theater. Elegancy is missing.

The set, designed by John Conklin, is a jungle of color, an obstacle course of clutter. The plethoric flowers do serve a purpose. Tracy Lord (Blythe Danner) is going to rewed one George Kittredge (Richard Council), an up-from-the-proles coal company manager. As everyone who has seen the matchless Katharine Hepburn–Cary Grant–James Stewart movie knows, the next 24 hours constitute a lifetime for Tracy. She takes a compromising midnight swim in the nude with Journalist Macaulay ("Mike") Connor (Edward Herrmann), sheds her fiancé, and is reconciled to her ex-alcoholic, ex-husband C.K. Dexter Haven (Frank Converse).

Danner and Herrmann in *Philadelphia Story*
Honing a comic line like a Sheffield blade.

Blythe Danner is an exquisitely accomplished actress, but she is not arrogant enough at the beginning to provide a contrast with her vulnerability at the end. As Tracy's precociously sophisticated preteen sister, Cynthia Nixon captures just the right air of artifice and gives the most assured performance of the evening.

The three men in Tracy's life fail to establish bold personality profiles. As Kittredge, Council provides more sullen bark than bite. Converse's Dexter Haven is more earnest than insouciant, and Herrmann must have studied Stewart at least as carefully as he did the script.

After 40 years, the play still provides a delightful evening because Barry could hone a comic line like a Sheffield blade. Director Ellis Rabb does full justice to that, but he scants the social subtext of what is, in some ways, a defense of snobbery. Without carrying Brechtian placards, the play says in a variety of ways, "Marry your own kind," "Wealth sanctifies," "Avoid lesser breeds (like maids and intrusive upstart journalists) who violate the elitist code of being 'yare.' " That is the saline substance beneath the sleek surface of *The Philadelphia Story*, and it is only fitfully evident in this production. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Violated Souls

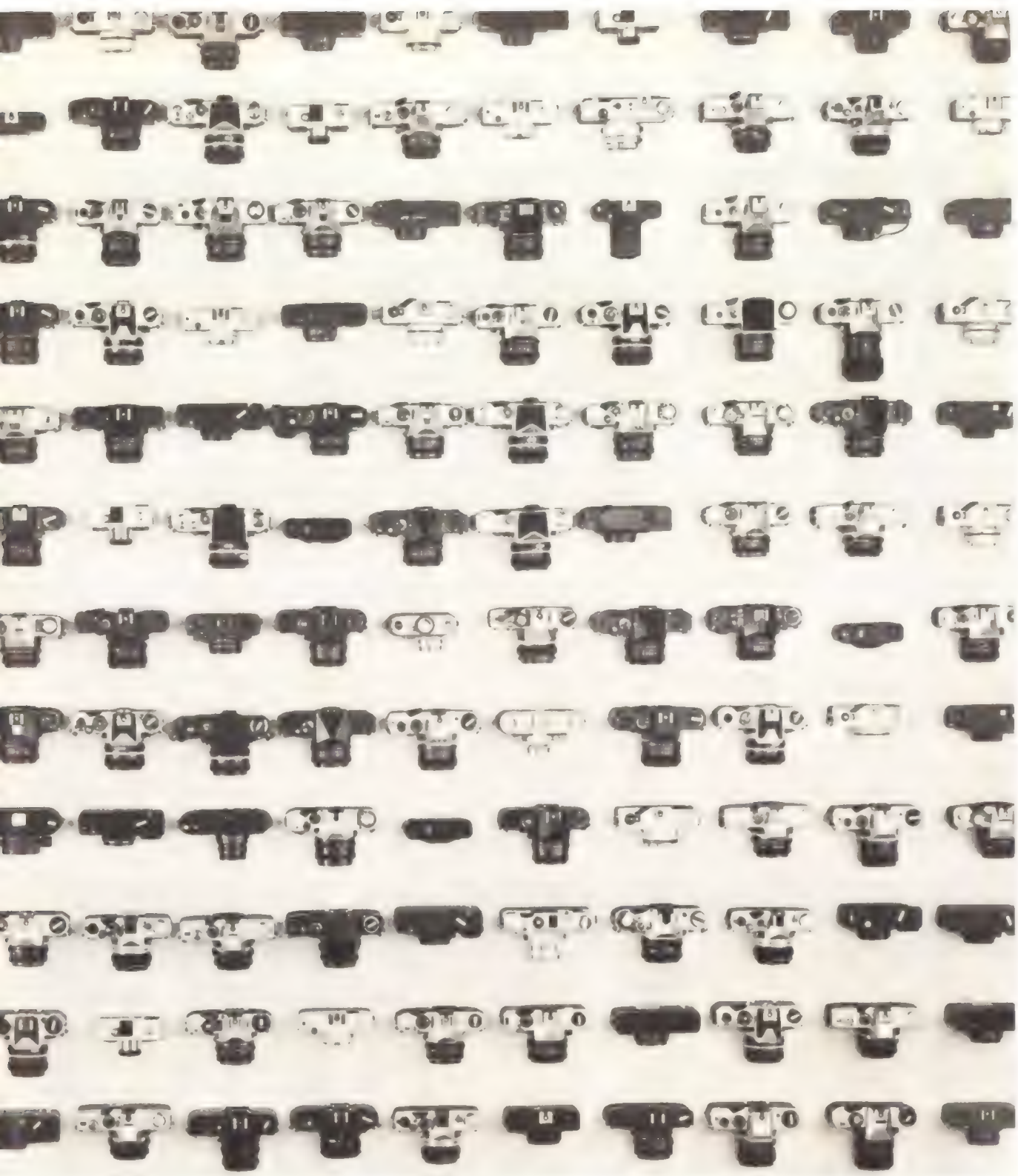
A LESSON FROM ALOES
by Athol Fugard

Athol Fugard has earned his credentials as the dramatic conscience of South Africa. For two decades he has audited the cruel costs of apartheid. Though he is white, Fugard does not confine himself to the barbarities visited by state policy upon the blacks and the mixed bloods who are labeled "coloreds." He indicts the impoverishment of spirit and the warping distortion of moral energy that engulf whites as well as blacks.

Fugard's latest drama concerns violated souls: three people who have been reduced to the bleak courage of despair. The aloe is a prickly outcast of a plant. Piet Bezuidenhout (Harris Yulin) sees in it the alchemy of survival. He is himself a spiny outcast, having been ostracized by his erstwhile comrades in the anti-apartheid movement as a suspected informer.

Piet's wife Gladys (Maria Tucci) lives in the fragile limbo of a mind that has broken its moorings. She regards the confiscation of her personal diaries in a police raid as a spiritual rape, and has precariously survived mental therapy. Piet and Gladys nostalgically anticipate the visit of Steve Daniels (James Earl Jones), one of the valiant veterans of the antiapartheid cause; as a healing family reunion. But it turns out to be a conflagration of doubt, rage, lost love, recrimination and remorse.

Despite a trio of transcendent performances and occasional moments of mercurial passion, *A Lesson from Aloes* is curiously stillborn. Fugard relies far too relentlessly on talk, the inspissated venom of the impotent. It is as if his characters were constantly grappling fate at the tonsils, rather than grabbing it by the throat. —*T.E.K.*



Of all the 35mm's in the world, only one has
the ease of automatic exposure the creativity of push-button manual,
the quickness of 1/2,000 second and a complete system
to turn snapshooting into true photography

PENTAX ME SUPER

Linking Memory and Reality

In New York, the eccentric, poetic boxes of Joseph Cornell

After the queues, the scalpers and the heaviest mortaring of publicity ever aimed at an exhibition of modern art, the Pablo Picasso show left New York's Museum of Modern Art Sept. 30; and what could MOMA do for an encore? Very sensibly, it has gone to the other end of the scale, returning to normal institutional life with a retrospective of an artist so unlike Picasso as to be his polar opposite: the American Joseph Cornell. Cornell died in 1972, at 69, but his association with the museum went back a long way (he was one of the few Americans included in MOMA's introductory show of Dada and surrealism in 1936) and he has now been commemorated with full honors. Organized with exemplary finesse by Kynaston McShine, elegantly installed in rooms whose white arches and tinted ceilings distantly echo the internal world of Cornell's boxes, and supported by a catalogue which now becomes the standard work on the artist, this is the most revealing Cornell exhibition ever held. Having had four months of the Big P's aggressions and Nietzschean sublimities, we may now relax—after a fashion, since Cornell was by no means a consoling eccentric—with the last artist who believed in fairies and owls' grottoes.

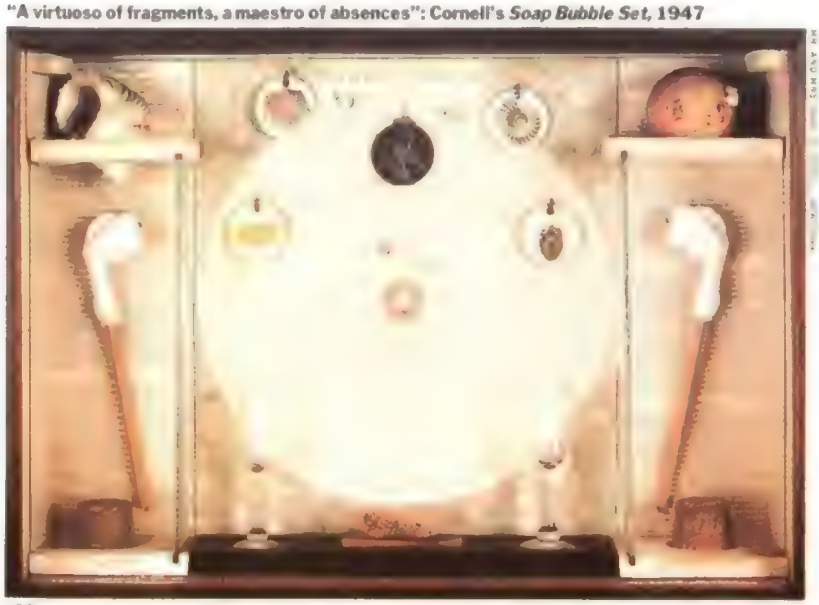
Joseph Cornell was not merely American; he was obsessively and essentially so, resembling Edgar Allan Poe in his fixation on a dream Europe that he could never bring himself to visit. He spent most of his working life in a frame house on Utopia Parkway in Queens, N.Y., which he shared with his mother and his brother Robert, who had been crippled in childhood by cerebral palsy. It was a distinct comedown from his earlier years, when his father (also Joseph), who died in 1917, supported his family in elegance by buying and designing textiles. From that domestic seclusion, the gray and long-beaked man would sally forth on small voyages of discovery: to Central Park in the snow, to Times Square (in the days before it became a rats' alley of pimps and porn), to the now disappearing bric-a-brac shops and bookstalls that used to line Fourth Avenue from the Bowery to Union Square. He spent these sojourns sorting through boxes of old embrowned photos, picking over trays of shells or handless watches, haunting the penny arcades, gazing mildly through shop windows at working girls whom he would never approach —a *flaneur*, not of self-display but of urban reverie.

If the French surrealist Louis Aragon could call himself, in the title of one of his books, *Paysan de Paris*, Joseph Cornell was certainly the Peasant of New York, incessantly tilling and raking its cultural deposits and suppressed memories. They presented themselves to him as a vast, intriguing jumble of components, waiting to be grafted onto one another, fitted together, married and mated. He once wrote about seeing a collection of compasses in the window of a shop: "I thought, everything can be used in a lifetime, can't it, and went on walking. I'd scarcely gone two blocks when I came on another shop window full of boxes ... Halfway home on the train that night, I thought of the compasses and boxes, it occurred to me to put the two together."

The result of such an encounter (one cannot be quite sure that it was the same one) was *Object (Roses des Vents)*, which Cornell began in 1942, tinkered with for years—as was his habit, there being few precise dates or prompt solutions in his work—and finished in 1953. Emblems of travel, dwarfed mementos, a little box of mummified waves and shrunken coasts, peninsulas, planets, things set in compartments with an air of rigorous sentiment, each of the 21 compass needles insouciantly pointing in a different direction: it is the log of no ordinary voyage. (Even the map on the inside of the lid depicts an excessively remote coastline, that of the Great Australian Bight.) The earth is presented not as our daily habitat but as one strange planet among others, which to Cornell it was

He had an extraordinarily allusive imagination: forever unpicking its objects, forever recombining them. As the poet-critic Carter Ratcliff remarks at the opening of his brilliant catalogue essay on Cornell as a puritan, he was "a virtuoso of fragments, a maestro of absences. Each of his objects ... is the emblem of a presence too elusive or too vast to be enclosed in a box." The extreme examples of this were, perhaps, Cornell's cosmogonies—the "Soap Bubble Sets," made in the '40s and early '50s. The metaphor on which they rely is simple, even banal: a likeness between soap bubbles—quavering, iridescent, ephemeral—and the im-

"A virtuoso of fragments, a maestro of absences": Cornell's *Soap Bubble Set*, 1947



***"Dovecote" American Gothic*, circa 1954-56**

Suggested violence in *Habitat Group for a Shooting Gallery*, 1943

Tilling cultural deposits: *Object (Roses des Vents)*, 1942-53

mutable orbits of the solar system, all things linked together by their ideal roundness. You cannot keep a soap bubble in a box, or fit the planets into one; but starting with two of the Dutch clay bubble pipes he acquired at the New York World's Fair in 1939, Cornell was able to construct an entire tone poem about effigies and similarities: an 18th century French planetary map, two wineglasses (distantly recalling Dante's crystal heaven), a cork ball, a fossil ammonite unwinding its eternal spiral, and so on.

There are many aspects of Cornell's imagery which seem fey, precious or backward-looking: the Christmas frosting, bats and moss and dingly dells. There is a treacherous line between sentiment and sentimentality, particularly in his evocations of his own childhood. Yet time and again, even his most gothic fantasies and his most fussily reverential evocations of dead ballerinas are plucked back from the edge by Cornell's rigor as a formal artist. The essence of the box is to contain, and within a rectangular grid, at that. Cornell enhanced this with a spare, strict sense of proportion in his divisions and compartments; not without reason did he call himself a "constructivist." What one sees in the boxes is not just memory, but the exact disposition of memory, an entrancingly just division of one's gaze between thought and material.

Cornell had many modes, and they ran from the white abstract grids of his "Dovecotes," filled with one repeated geometrical motif—a ball, a wooden cube—to his lush romantic tree grottoes filled with exotic birds. But to see him as a reclusive American eccentric, a man working solely out of private fantasy, is to miss one major point of his art: its continual dialogue with the work of other artists, not only the Renaissance and mannerist painters whose images he selectively filched (as in his *Medici Prince* and *Medici Princess* boxes), but also those of the 20th century.

There are debts to Max Ernst in the early collages of the '30s, and more subtle references—as in a dialogue between equals—to Marcel Duchamp in the boxes; sometimes Cornell would crack the glass panes that protected his images, in homage to the cracks in Duchamp's *Large Glass*. But the effect was much more violent, since—in a piece like *Habitat Group for a Shooting Gallery*, 1943—it suggested the rupture of a sanctuary, an attack upon Eden. The glass pane of Cornell's boxes, the "fourth wall" of his miniature theater, is also the diaphragm between two absolutely opposite worlds. Outside, chaos, accident and libido; inside, order, sublimation, memory and peace.

Cornell's modernity as an artist expressed itself in other ways too, especially in his use of secondary, filtered material from print, reproduction and photography. A good deal of the future of Pop art nestles quietly in those boxes, and even Andy Warhol's use of the same image repeated over and over was prefigured, ten years ahead, by Cornell. In his rustling, fiddling way, he was a far more inventive artist than is commonly thought.

But in the end it is, and must be, Cornell the poet who engages and holds one's attention. Nowhere in surrealism is there a world quite parallel to his. Cornell had no interest in the revolutionary desires of surrealism, in its Sadean heritage or its dandified will to overthrow the bourgeois state. There is no sexual content in his boxes; he wanted his art to return its viewers to childhood, but a pre-Freudian childhood, an infancy without rage or desire. Yet what artist of his generation could inject more evocative intensity into his work, or fix it with such deft, concise images?

There was nothing silly or pulpy about Cornell's pursuit of innocence. As Ratcliff argues in his catalogue essay, it had much more to do with the need for redemption than with any fancies about the artist-as-Alice-in-Wonderland. That need could never, by its nature, be satisfied: no guilt, no culture. Cornell was a wholly urban artist, cultivated to his fingertips, and the peace he sought was not pastoral. It was a sense of cultural tranquillity, where all images are equally artificial and equally lucid, permeable to the slightest breath of poetic association, linking memory and reality in a seamless web. He wanted, in short, to get to heaven in a box.

—By Robert Hughes

Herschel Walker (34), the Georgia Bulldogs' freshman tailback carrying the ball against Auburn; Quarterback Buck Belue passing

Sport

How 'Bout Them Dawgs?

A freshman flash helps put Georgia back on top

With one game left to play in the 1979 season, the University of Georgia and the University of Alabama faced the prospect of a tie for the Southeastern Conference championship. The title carries an invitation to the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans. But under Sugar Bowl rules, in the event of an S.E.C. tie, the team that had been to New Orleans most recently would be ineligible. Thus Alabama, ranked No. 1 in the nation and Sugar Bowl hosts two straight years, would stay home on New Year's Day unless it could win its final game against Auburn.

Normally, such a situation would lead to rejoicing in Georgia. But for all their success in the S.E.C., the Bulldogs had been cuffed around by nonconference opponents. "This time last year," Georgia Coach Vince Dooley recalls with a rueful smile, "we had a shot at going to the Sugar Bowl with a record of six wins and five losses. It was embarrassing. Alabama won its last game, though, and spared us. This year, things are a little bit different."

Indeed they are. With a single game remaining, Georgia is the only unbeaten and untied major college team in the country. Undisputed S.E.C. champions, the team has in hand an invitation to play No. 2–ranked Notre Dame. For good measure, Georgia has replaced Alabama as the top-ranked team in both the Associated Press sportswriters' poll and the United Press International coaches' poll, the first time since World War II that the Bulldogs have led the national rankings. Jubilant Georgians are unfurling bumper stickers that marvel: HOW 'BOUT THEM DAWGS.

The Bulldogs' remarkable seesaw began with preseason events both ridiculous and sublime. Dooley nearly lost six players because of disciplinary infractions. But he gained one player who has, almost singlehanded, put the Georgians on top once again: Herschel Walker, one of the flashiest running backs in the history of college football. The best news is that Walker is only a freshman.

A quiet young man from Wrightsville, Ga. (pop. 2,106), Walker was the most sought-after schoolboy player in the country last year. The 6-ft. 2-in., 220-lb. running back rushed for 6,137 yds. in high school and set national records by scoring 85 touchdowns, 45 of them during his senior year. He was also state champion in the shotput (54 ft.) and the 100-yd. dash (9.5 sec.). Son of a chalk-mine foreman, Walker graduated with honors

So intense was the recruiting war for Walker that the mere sight of an out-of-state coach in Wrightsville could set off a small panic. When a man named John Robinson checked into a hotel in nearby Macon, local newspapers announced with alarm that the University of Southern California's coach had come to cart Walker away. John Robinson turned out to be a salesman from Huntsville, Ala.

During the spring before Walker's arrival on campus, five players were disciplined when a traditional team party turned rowdy, and a sixth, star Split End Lindsay Scott, lost his grant-in-aid after a shoving match with an academic adviser. The seniors served their penance by doing maintenance work at the school during the summer, and Scott, a junior, decided to pay his own way to play this fall. Sobered by their close call with oblivion, the seniors gathered two dozen players around them and, in the heat of a summer-long drought, ran laps and worked out with weights to enter the season in peak condition. Says Right Tackle Nat Hudson: "We decided we didn't want to end our careers with a season like last year. The coaches told us we had to go out and provide the leadership for a group of green guys. Before the

Walker taking a breather on the bench in Auburn game

summer was over, we were ready."

The upperclassmen were ready to help Walker, of course, but there were doubts about whether he was ready to help them. Walker had played in the smallest high school division in the state, and the transition to major college play has proved difficult for most players. Says Right Guard Tim Morrison: "I thought it would be a big change for him, going from knocking over 130-lb. high school linebackers to running into 270-lb. defensive ends in college. But for Herschel, there wasn't any difference. He's just a bull."

Walker was listed as a third-string tailback in the first game against Tennessee. However, he was put into the game in the second quarter and scored his first touchdown, sparking a Georgia rally from a 15-2 deficit. That run was a portent of things to come: seemingly trapped behind the line, he darted between two tacklers, then knocked a third onto his back, and went into the end zone standing up. He has been the Bulldogs' starting tailback ever since. Says Hudson: "Herschel is what an offensive lineman works for, why you run those laps, push those blocking sleds up and down the field, sweat and grunt in the trenches—to see somebody run all the way." Walker sees things differently: "I have a lot of help. There's a great line opening the holes, and all the upperclassmen running backs on the team have helped me with hints on how to use those holes, showed me techniques in waiting for blockers. I'm good because the team is so good."

There is truth in that. Georgia, home of traditionally stingy defenses, now has an offense to match. It is led by junior Quarterback Buck Belue, an all-round athlete who was drafted by baseball's Chicago White Sox. The Bulldogs have lost just one of the 16 games he has started.

Walker is the key to Georgia's attack. Going into the regular-season finale against Georgia Tech this Saturday, he has rushed for 1,411 yds., a new school record and only 175 yds. short of the N.C.A.A. mark for first-year players set by Tony Dorsett at Pittsburgh in 1973. Says Gil Brandt, director of player personnel for the Dallas Cowboys: "Walker and Earl Campbell are the only two players I've ever seen who could have gone straight from high school to the pros."

Walker is in no hurry to get there. A criminology major who wants to become an FBI man, he is determined to stay for his degree. So far, he has not missed a class or been late with an assignment. "Publicity and press clippings won't get me a job. If I'm going to make anything of my life, I'm going to have to work. Besides, I love going to class and I really like to study." Sometimes Walker sounds too good to believe. Says Coach Dooley: "I think he came from another planet. The kid is as close to perfect as I've ever seen." Perhaps even close enough to make Georgia, by season's end, the nation's undisputed top dawgs. —*By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Peter Ainslie/Athens, Ga.*

Cinema

How to Play Hollywood Hara-Kiri

A film maker bites the bullet on his $36 million fiasco

It was not supposed to be a disaster movie. It was supposed to be a western. But when the New York critics saw Michael Cimino's $36 million *Heaven's Gate* at its first screening last Tuesday, they deemed it "an unqualified disaster." Executives at United Artists, who had bankrolled Cimino's eulogy to the Old West but never, until that moment, seen it in its final form, were scurrying to anxious meetings, acting out the rearranging-of-the-deck-chairs scene from *The Titanic*. Cimino must have wished he were in *Airport*—any airport. After all, his previous film, *The Deer Hunter*, won the Academy Award for Best Picture. This time out, he could only bite the bullet and petition his patrons "to temporarily withdraw *[Heaven's Gate]* from distribution to allow me to present to the public a finished film with the same care and thoughtfulness with which we began it." Within 24 hours, from his arrival in New York with the unseen film to his decision to withdraw and recut it, Cimino had gone from *Heaven* to Hell. And from nearly every movie mavin came the cackle of contumely: the arrogant director had committed career hara-kiri.

Even before Cimino's spectacular immolation, the evidence on the screen portended commercial disaster. *Heaven's Gate* is a serious western, a genre that has not spawned a popular hit in more than a decade. The film's stars—Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken and French Actress Isabelle Huppert—have never provoked stampedes to the box office, and they light no sparks here. The film moves at a glacial pace toward degradation and death: when the cavalry

Michael Cimino on the set of *Heaven's Gate*

The evidence on the screen spelled disaster.

rides to the rescue, it saves the bad guys. The movie's narrative is as incoherent, its plot points as contradictory, its characters as inarticulate (and, through the wonders of Dolby Stereo, often as unintelligible) as those of *The Deer Hunter*, but without the Viet Nam film's claim of political significance. With its repetitions and ellipses, *Heaven's Gate* resembles random sequences from some lost eight-hour masterwork. As of this week, though, it is something sadder: a four-hour fiasco.

And yet there is grandeur in this *folie*. Cimino's voluptuous romantic imagination and the dusky imagery of Cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond produced breathtaking panoramas of majestic landscape and milling hordes. A hundred happy couples waltz in circles within circles in Harvard Yard; 20 years later and 2,500 miles west, another hundred couples roller-skate to fiddle music in a cow-town grange hall. In Cimino's Wyoming, it is never high noon; everything happens in misty morning or dusty dusk, so the oblique, ruminative sunlight can memorialize every moment. Some viewers with educated eyes found scenes of beauty in *Heaven's Gate*. Others wished they'd brought their Murine.

Perhaps lilies are more in order. "His life is on the line," said one U.A. executive of Cimino. "This is a tough town." Things may be tough for the U.A. brass too. The company has not had a single solid hit this year to erase the red ink from such bombs as *Carny*, *Roadie* and *Those Lips, Those Eyes*. Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*, which cost $20 million, is a major box office disappointment. The studio's Christmas films were to have been Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* (which opened two weeks ago to strong critical and popular response) and *Heaven's Gate*. Cimino and Steven Bach, U.A.'s production chief, will meet soon in an attempt to salvage the film. The challenge is to reduce the length of the film by at least an hour while clarifying the story line and giving the audience some characters or situations to care about. U.A. is expected to invest another $10 million for the reclamation project. The South Bronx should be so lucky.

In his statement, Cimino admitted that "the missing step of public previews clouded my perception of the film" and had made him "unable to benefit and learn from audience reaction." Now he has learned, but the lesson was prohibitive. Including advertising and interest costs, U.A. spent close to $50 million for the industry's most disastrous sneak preview. —*By Richard Corliss*

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. Angie Dickinson, 49, star of TV (*Police Woman*) and movies (*Dressed to Kill*); and Burt Bacharach, 51, composer (*Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head, What the World Needs Now*); after 15 years of marriage and four years of separation, one child, a daughter, Nikki, 14, whose custody Dickinson is requesting; in Los Angeles.

DIED. John Fischetti, 64, Pulitzer-prizewinning political cartoonist for the Chicago *Sun-Times* whose acerbic drawings championed the downtrodden citizen while satirizing the mighty; of heart disease; in Chicago. The son of a barber in Brooklyn's Little Italy, Fischetti derived the title of his 1973 autobiography, *Zinga, Zinga, Za!*, from a cousin, who used the phrase to answer virtually all questions. "For me," wrote Fischetti, "the point of a political cartoonist is to take some of the zing out of the zinga, zinga, zas."

DIED. Boris Aronson, 81, Russian-born stage designer whose stylish, inventive sets for such Broadway shows as *Cabaret* and *Zorba* won him six Tony Awards; in Nyack, N.Y. An art student in Moscow and Paris before coming to New York in 1923, Aronson designed more than 100 theater, opera and ballet productions in 50 years, including a distinguished series of collaborations with Composer-Lyricist Stephen Sondheim (*Follies, A Little Night Music, Pacific Overtures*).

DIED. Mae West, 87, legendary sex queen of stage and screen; in Hollywood (*see* SHOW BUSINESS).

DIED. John W. McCormack, 88, "the fighting Irishman of South Boston" who rose to become Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives and was first in line to the presidency after John F. Kennedy's death; in Dedham, Mass. His 42-year congressional career was capped by passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

DEATH REVEALED. Willie Sutton, 79, master of meticulously planned bank robberies, whose ingenious disguises earned him the sobriquet "the Actor"; of a stroke; on Nov. 2; in Spring Hill, Fla. Sutton, who stole an estimated $2 million during a period of 35 years and broke out of three prisons before completing his final sentence in 1969, once said: "I was more alive when I was inside a bank, robbing it, than at any other time in my life."

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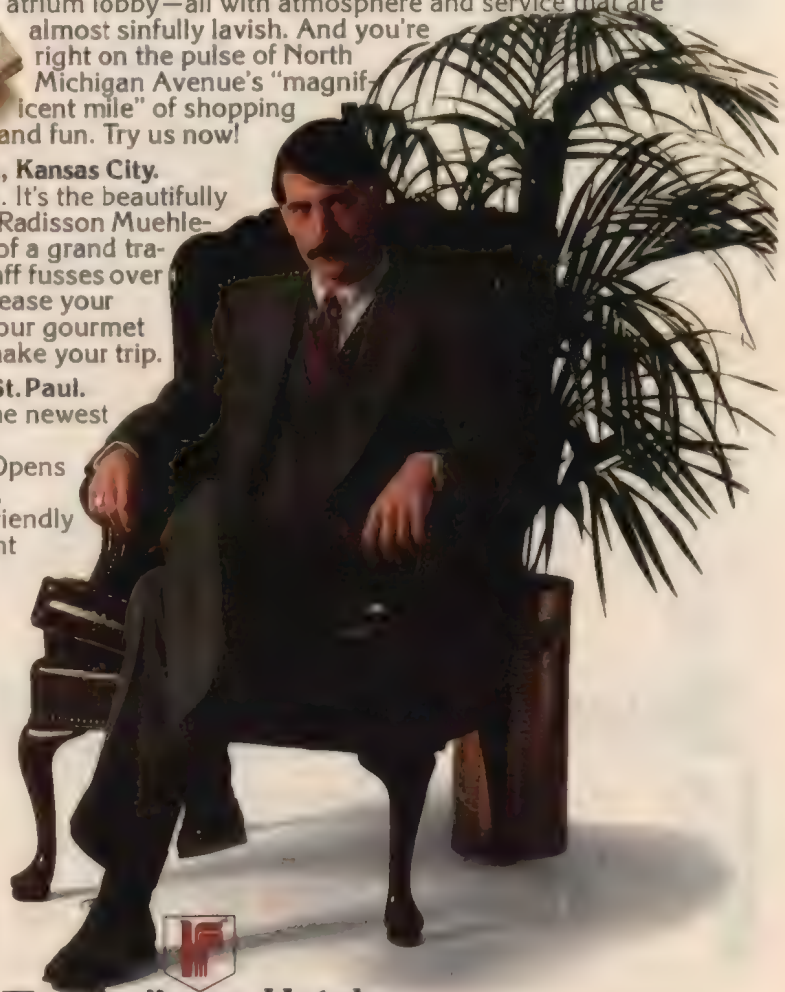

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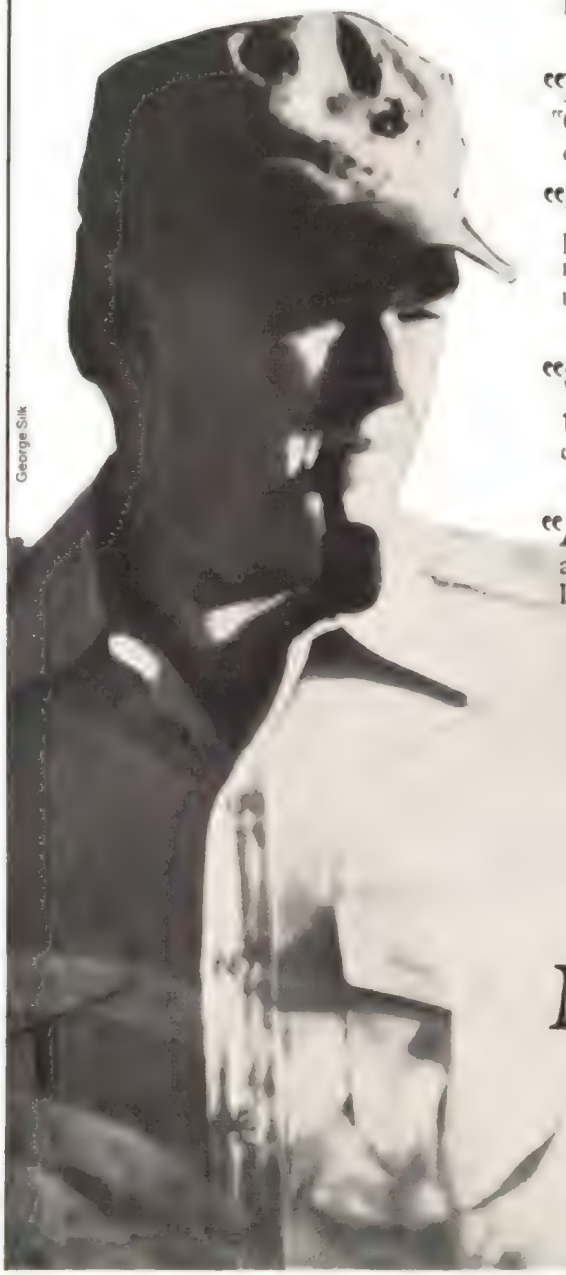

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BACARDI Driver
Mmmmerry! Splash a jigger of Bacardi light over ice in a tall glass. Top with OJ. Squeeze in a lime or lemon wedge. Stir.

BACARDI Martini
Ring out the old! Stir 5 or 6 parts Bacardi light rum with one part dry vermouth and ice. Strain and serve straight up or on the rocks with a twist or an olive.

BACARDI Daiquiri
Classic greeting. Shake or blend juice of half a lime or lemon and ½ tsp. sugar (or use prepared mix), with 1½ oz Bacardi light and crushed ice. Strain and serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

with Bacardi rum.

BACARDI Piña Colada
Cheery! Shake or blend 1 oz. cream of coconut and 2 oz. pineapple juice (or use prepared mix), with 1½ oz. Bacardi dark and crushed ice. Serve tall with ice and pineapple

BACARDI and Coke
Tis a reason to be jolly. Splash a jigger of Bacardi dark over ice in a tall glass. Pour on the Coca-Cola. Stir.

BACARDI Eggnog
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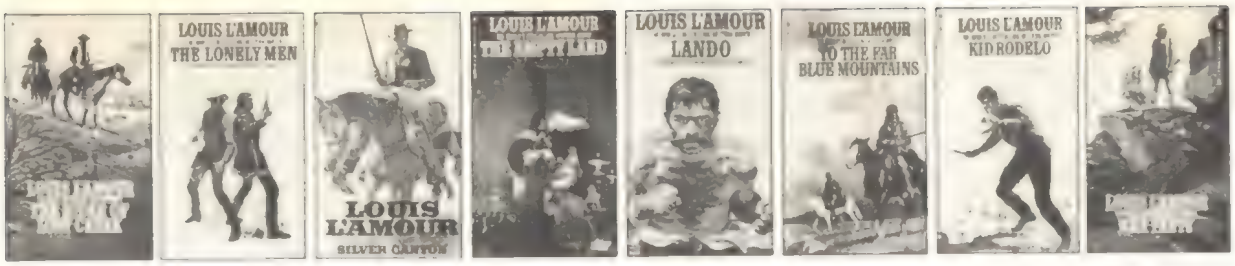


Books

The Homer of the Oater

LONELY ON THE MOUNTAIN *by Louis L'Amour. Bantam; $2.25; paperbound*

Dwight Eisenhower passed on his dog-eared copies to Secret Service men; former Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman is an avid fan; so is Ronald Reagan's campaign press secretary, Lyn Nofziger. Tom Landry packs a volume with his Dallas Cowboys playbook for road trips; Country Star Willie Nelson has a coveted signed edition. Straight through the heartland of America, truck drivers pass up the centerfold magazines at diesel stops to buy a copy of his latest paperback; thousands of folks from Santa Fe, N. Mex., to Savannah, Ga., line up for his autograph on his frequent tours.

Louis Dearborn L'Amour may be the most famous obscure author in America. He hardly ever makes the bestseller lists, nor is he yet a darling of the literati, like Mystery Writer John D. MacDonald. But today over 100 million copies of his frontier and western novels are in print. Moreover, he and his publishers have done it without full-page ads or talk-show hype. The latest of his 77 volumes, *Lonely on the Mountain*, is the 16th episode of the long and winding Sackett saga, tracing the fortunes of a frontier family from the 17th century up to the 1890s.

L'Amour has also written a dozen volumes about the Chantrys and the Talons, two other hard-riding families linked to the Sacketts by marriage. The latest L'Amour western omelet is highly seasoned and full of natural ingredients: the proud, individualistic Sackett brothers, Tell, Orrin and Tyrel, drive a herd from Colorado to Canada, answering an urgent call for help from Cousin Logan. On the winding trail they deal with Indians (mostly good), women (aggressively virtuous), rustlers (as mean as copperheads), plus a menagerie of grizzlies, wolves, giant mosquitoes and the customary herd of bison. In addition, there are two elaborate fistfights and a six-shot denouement.

CARL IWASAKI

Louis L'Amour checks the horizon in Durango, Colo.

Creating a cactus morality play that readers want to see.

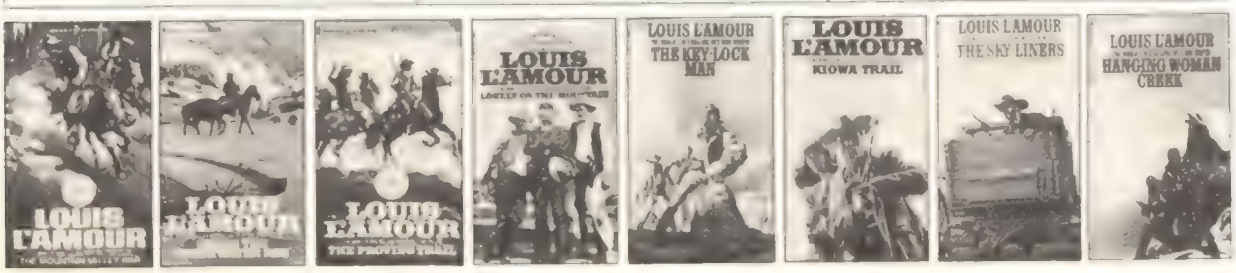
Narrator Tell Sackett is illiterate and speaks with a clanking formality that sounds like John Wayne's movie lines ("It is a hard land, ma'am, and we'll have no truck with those who come with idle hands"). The Duke, in fact, played the title role in *Hondo*, from the novel of the same name, one of more than 30 L'Amour books bought for the screen.

L'Amour heroes like Tell don't chew, swear, swill redeye or hang around dance halls, and they don't go with girls who do. Horseplay and gunplay are surprisingly infrequent. The Sacketts are courtly coffee drinkers who never draw first and fight only when their bedrock belief in the perfectability of mankind has been violated. They hardly rate a PG.

However, they have little time to be anything but virtuous. Up in the mountains or over on the butte, the cowpokes constantly deal with hunger, flood, stampedes and illness. Their trials are immediate and personal, and in overcoming them they create a kind of cactus morality play that readers want to see repeated.

That desire has made L'Amour a millionaire. Like one of his protagonists, the novelist lives virtuously, if not primitively, with his wife of 24 years and their two teenage children. Their Spanish-style mansion in Los Angeles, just off Sunset Boulevard, contains a reference library of some 8,000 volumes within its walls. L'Amour is secretive about his age; published estimates put him in his early 70s, but he has the look and vigor of a man much younger, turning out three novels a year with metronomic regularity. He shuns the Hollywood party circuit.

A native North Dakotan, the rugged, soft-spoken L'Amour feels that his popularity comes from the same wellsprings that brought Ronald Reagan to prominence: "They say the cowboy is a dead, ro-



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mantic figure. But there's a little cowboy in all of us, a little frontier. People don't want to go back to those days, but they want to go halfway back. Their problems are too big now, they can't solve them, people want action, positive values. If you think about it, that was what they were saying on Nov. 4. Those are the people I write for."

L'Amour long ago deciphered the ways of Establishment critics. Philosophy has taken the place of bitterness. As he reckons it, "If a man is in bed with another man's wife, that's literature. If the subject is the opening up of half of our country, that's not. It's absurd. Those guys seem to write just to excite each other up there on Martha's Vineyard."

Other western writers have been known to seek higher literary sources; Max Brand once locked himself in an El Paso hotel room and read Sophocles rather than researching the locale. Not L'Amour. He has little use for the mainstream of English lit. Or American. "Hemingway? I don't like his novels much, except that one about Spain." Instead, the author pores over maps, diaries and histories. In addition, he regularly does field work in Durango, Colo., so that he can be close to the land he writes about. If L'Amour is not praised as a prose stylist, he is applauded for lore that is accurate down to the last lariat. "An editor once omitted one of my footnotes," he recalls. "It explained that a certain type of gun—a scraper—was only made in a test model. I got thousands of letters from frontier buffs and gun people." L'Amour's factual asides have been treated with greater respect ever since.

Yet it is not simple fidelity to detail that has made L'Amour's novels exceptional bestsellers. His popularity keeps growing because, in an epoch of prose experiments and self-conscious narrative, he has never forgotten to spin his yarn. "My books are meant to be read aloud," he says. "I'm a troubadour, a village taleteller. I'm the guy at the end of the bar or in the shadows of the campfire." In the past decade, he has become a kind of Woody Guthrie of fiction, a conservative populist who believes the myths he creates. And his audience rides with him, attracted to simple writing about simple times.

It would do a disservice to make extravagant claims for this Western man; he is hardly a Whitman, voicing our collective unconscious. But L'Amour does create a relief map of current American desires in the heartland. New readers of the Sackett novels can discover the beliefs of the silent, moral or just plain nostalgic majority—and have a rip-roaring time in the process.

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Sacred Values

THE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, VOL. VI: 1936-1941
Edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 556 pages; $19.95

"The art of letter writing," Virginia Woolf wrote in 1930, "has now reached a stage, thanks to the penny post and telephone, where it is not dead—that is the last word to apply to it—but so much alive as to be quite unprintable. The best letters of our time are precisely those that can never be published."

How wrong she was, especially in her

Virginia Woolf

Why is it so pleasant to damn one's friends?

own case. Granted, she had a point about the stylistic changes since Horace Walpole or, later, those Victorian worthies enshrined in three-decker "Lives and Letters." Vanished are the leisurely epistles addressed to a quasi-public circle of acquaintances (and, between the lines, to posterity); the 20th century goes elsewhere for its literary entertainment and journalism. In all of Woolf's 3,710 collected letters—here rounded off in the last of six stout volumes that have been coming out since 1975—she scarcely ever troubles to paint a scene or describe great events, even wars are kept to the background: "I write with the usual air raid going on; distant droning; a bomb now and then."

Modern letters are hasty and utilitarian, usually meant for one pair of eyes only. But by that token the best of them, like Woolf's, are also vibrant with immediacy, intimacy and often indiscretion ("Why," she asks, "is it so pleasant to damn one's friends?"). With her aristo-

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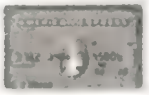

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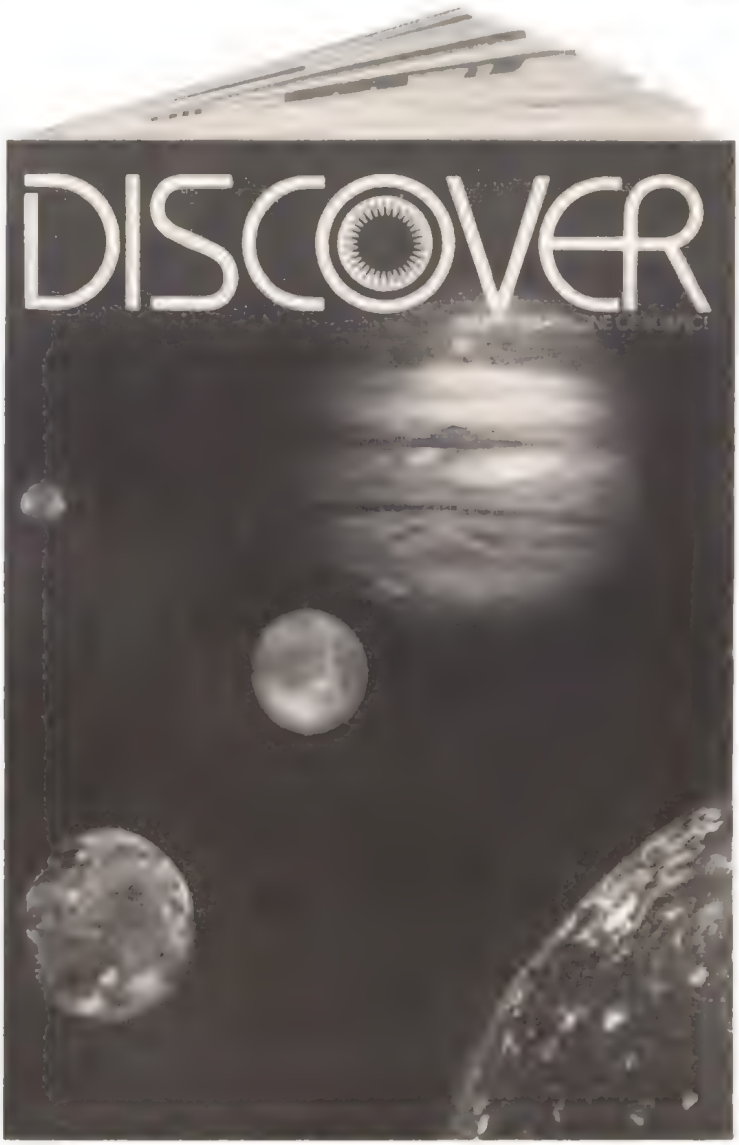

Books

cratic sense of decorum she may have felt that their very privacy was what made them unpublishable. If so, she failed to reckon on this age's voracious, ransacking appetite for all that is private in a writer's life. As significant as her novels may be in the canon of modernist fiction, what really makes her writing live today—and what largely accounts for the current Virginia Woolf boom in publishing—is the vividness of personality in her nonfiction. When her letters and memoirs are added to the complete diaries (three volumes published, with two to go), we may, as Editor Nigel Nicolson says, "be able to know Virginia Woolf better than we can know almost any other person of this century."

Her deeper, more solemn reflections on art and life she saved for her diary. In her letters she is determinedly light, at times kittenish; but she gives full play to her quick eye, sharp tongue and mocking sense of social comedy. An unfavorite cousin's face reminds her of a "mandrill's behind." T.S. Eliot's poem *Ash Wednesday* she greets as "Tom's hard-boiled egg." She describes avoiding an encounter with Ethel Smyth, the doughty, pipe-smoking feminist and composer who became infatuated with her: "I could not face her, though she was passing our door. Her letters sound as if she was in a furious droning mood, like a gale, all on one note."

Woolf scribbled as fluently as she talked, and almost as fast. Letter writing for her was a compulsion, a sport and an antidote to solitude, but it was also a matter of principle. It was a way of cherishing friendships, with all the sacred personal values that friendships implied in Bloomsbury. "Life would split asunder without letters," she maintained in *Jacob's Room*. Her massive correspondence shows her weaving a variegated web to hold it together. She pours out affection and admiration to her sister, Vanessa Bell, whom she wonderfully characterizes as a mixture of pagan goddess and Moll Flanders. She is ardent and extravagant to Vita Sackville-West, with whom she has a love affair and later slips into a "warm slipper" relationship. She is fondly exasperated and patient with Ethel Smyth, considerate to friends (like the dying Janet Case) who are in need, practical and encouraging to younger writers like Stephen Spender and Elizabeth Bowen.

If any element is conspicuously missing, it is a strong masculine presence for her sensibility to play off against. The most important man in her life is rarely addressed because he is so constantly with her: her husband, Leonard Woolf. Yet there are glimpses of her devotion to and dependence on him, as when she mentions the "immortal rhythm" of their quiet times together in Sussex. This final volume closes with the simple, moving note she left him when, at 59, fearing the loss of her artistic gift and sensing the onset of another bout of madness, she decided to drown herself: "Dearest, I want to tell

Books

you that you have given me complete happiness. No one could have done more than you have done . . . But I know that I shall never get over this: and I am wasting your life."

Her last injunction to Leonard was to burn all her papers. He ignored it, as did most of her correspondents. The posterity of which she was so heedless can only be grateful, since this was what enabled Nicolson and Co-Editor Joanne Trautmann to assemble such a monumental collection. Even Horace Walpole, however perplexed he might have been by its modernity, would have made a deep 18th century bow to its greatness. *—By Christopher Porterfield*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Philip Roth Reader, *Philip Roth* • Crackers, *Roy Blount Jr.* Italian Folktales, *selected and retold by Italo Calvino* • Loon Lake, *E.L. Doctorow* • Stanley Elkin's Greatest Hits, *Stanley Elkin* • The Middle Ground, *Margaret Drabble* • The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty, *Eudora Welty*

NONFICTION: American Dreams, *Studs Terkel* • Merton: A Biography, *Monica Furlong* • Naming Names, *Victor Navasky* • The Girl I Left Behind, *Jane O'Reilly* • The Letters of Evelyn Waugh, *edited by Mark Amory* • Walt Whitman, *Justin Kaplan* • Vladimir Nabokov: Lectures on Literature, *edited by Fredson Bowers*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Covenant, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Side Effects, *Allen (3)*
3. Firestarter, *King (2)*
4. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (4)*
5. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (6)*
6. Unfinished Tales, *Tolkien (7)*
7. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (5)*
8. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre*
9. The Hidden Target, *MacInnes (9)*
10. The Second Lady, *Wallace*

NONFICTION

1. Cosmos, *Sagan (1)*
2. Crisis Investing, *Casey (2)*
3. The Coming Currency Collapse, *Smith (4)*
4. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (3)*
5. Growing Up Free, *Pogrebin*
6. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey*
7. Nothing Down, *Allen (7)*
8. Money Dynamics for the 1980s, *VanCaspel*
9. Ingrid Bergman: My Story, *Bergman & Burgess*
10. Goodbye, Darkness, *Manchester*

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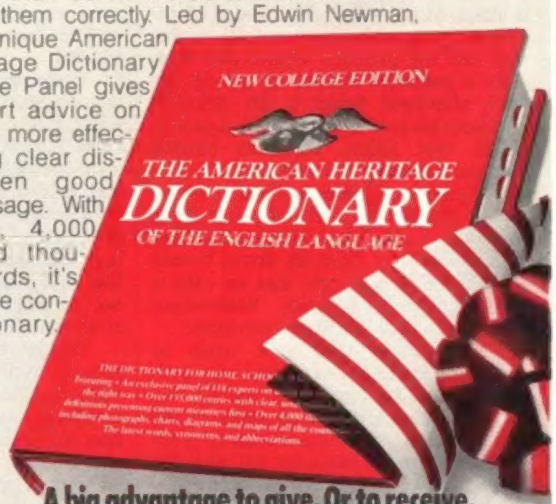

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U.S. dentists find the cavities are in the chair, not the teeth

Dr. William Schmidt, 35, of San Jose, Calif., is a successful dentist. If that description conjures up nervous waits in a bland, Muzak-filled office and a white-coated figure poking fingers, drills or needles into the patient's mouth, with possibly a palliative lollipop or pat on the back afterward, forget it. Dr. Schmidt practices his profession in a red cape and bright blue tights. He calls himself "Plaque Invader." The cape outfit is only one of twelve costumes he dons to amuse young patients. At Christmas he may be dressed as Santa Claus, and around July 4 as Uncle Sam. Schmidt drives to and from work in a vehicle that he calls a "Plaquemobile," a white Volkswagen topped by a king-size Styrofoam molar.

Adults have their own treats at Schmidt's office: chances to win record albums, dinner at a local restaurant or a turkey. He offers a choice of wines in the waiting room. Patients can even try a relaxing soak in the office hot tub. Says Dr. Schmidt: "We've kept our name circulating in the community because of what we are doing. The more the name is mentioned in the community, the more likely we are to pick up a patient."

Picking up patients is a serious business for the nation's 130,226 tooth doctors. Lately they have been seeing more cavities in their chairs than in their patients' mouths. They face what for them is an alarming trend: the prospect of fewer patients and better teeth. In the late 1960s, a survey by the American Dental Association found that 14% of dentists "would like more patients." Ten years later, 21% of dentists had come to the same conclusion. Still the average annual net income of U.S. dentists is around $42,000.

In the past decade the number of dentists climbed 31%, while the country's population rose by less than 10%. Especially hard-hit demographically are the orthodontists. The prime candidates for high-priced teeth straightening are children between 7 and 19. The number of youngsters in this age bracket fell by 4 million. Dentists are quick to point out that fees have barely kept pace with inflation, but the stalled economy has kept people away from the chair.

Dentists are also victims of their own success. With improved equipment like high-speed drills, tooth capping and other repairs can be accomplished in a fraction of the time once needed. Preventive oral hygiene has also paid off in healthier teeth. The three-decades-old program of adding fluoride to drinking water has had dramatic impact on cavities—and so have fluoride toothpastes. An A.D.A. survey shows that a child who drinks fluoridated water from birth to age 14 develops 60% fewer cavities than a youngster who drinks unfluoridated water.

The outlook for dentists is not totally bleak. More and more companies are offering dental insurance as part of employee benefit programs. Seventy-five million people are now covered by insurance, more than twice as many as in 1975. Enrollment in the nation's 60 dental schools has peaked so that competition for patients may eventually ease off.

But dentists are tantalized by the fact that half the people in the U.S. still do not see a dentist regularly, if they go at all. To tap that great undrilled and uncapped market, the A.D.A. has run $2 million worth of print ads in national magazines and TV commercials in Buffalo, Cincinnati and Kansas City, featuring toothy models and the lines: "Dazzle. When your teeth have it, you have it. So go get some at your dentist's." The California Dental Association has supplemented "dazzle" with "doodle." Print, TV and billboards show a smiling woman or man whose front tooth has been blackened by a marking pencil. The warning: "Don't doodle around with your teeth." So far, the experimental ad campaigns have had only mixed results.

Like California's Dr. Schmidt, dentists around the country are consciously drilling for new business in unconventional ways. Dr. Allan Gutstein of Universal Dental Centers has installed dental chairs in several department stores in shopping malls on Long Island, N.Y. He and his colleagues drill, extract and cap in leased space, right alongside the ladies' lingerie and sporting-goods sections. In Worcester, Mass., a soon-to-open shopping center dental office will provide parents with beepers so that they can browse and buy until they are signaled back to the office when junior is ready.

When it comes to bizarre ways of coming to grips with a shortage of profitably infected molars, nothing can top California. In addition to Dr. Schmidt, there is Dr. Terry Pratt of Alameda, who has taken an old bungalow and created a homey office complete with stained glass, eucalyptus-wood paneling, brass fixtures and white lace window curtains. Dr. Ronald Konopaski of San Francisco says that he has "tried to create an image similar to a beauty salon." The doctor's dental salon offers clients a rainbow-colored printed menu of services with fees. They can order to taste—anything from a brush and floss ($5) to an examination with X rays and consultation ($55). In Oakland, Dr. Ernie Lavorini will gladly tattoo a butterfly or a flower on caps being fitted (there is an extra charge for the artwork). So far Dr. Craig Rosenberg of Huntington Beach, Calif., has been more timid. "I'm still not used to a lot of it. Dressing up in costumes, wearing funny hats, is too much for me right now. Maybe it won't be some day. I could do dentistry in a funny hat as well as I can in a smock if it makes someone happy." And brings him in the office door. ***—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Los Angeles***

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Oakland's tattoo specialist Lavorini

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San Jose's Schmidt as Plaque Invader

Turkeys, tippling and office hot tubs.

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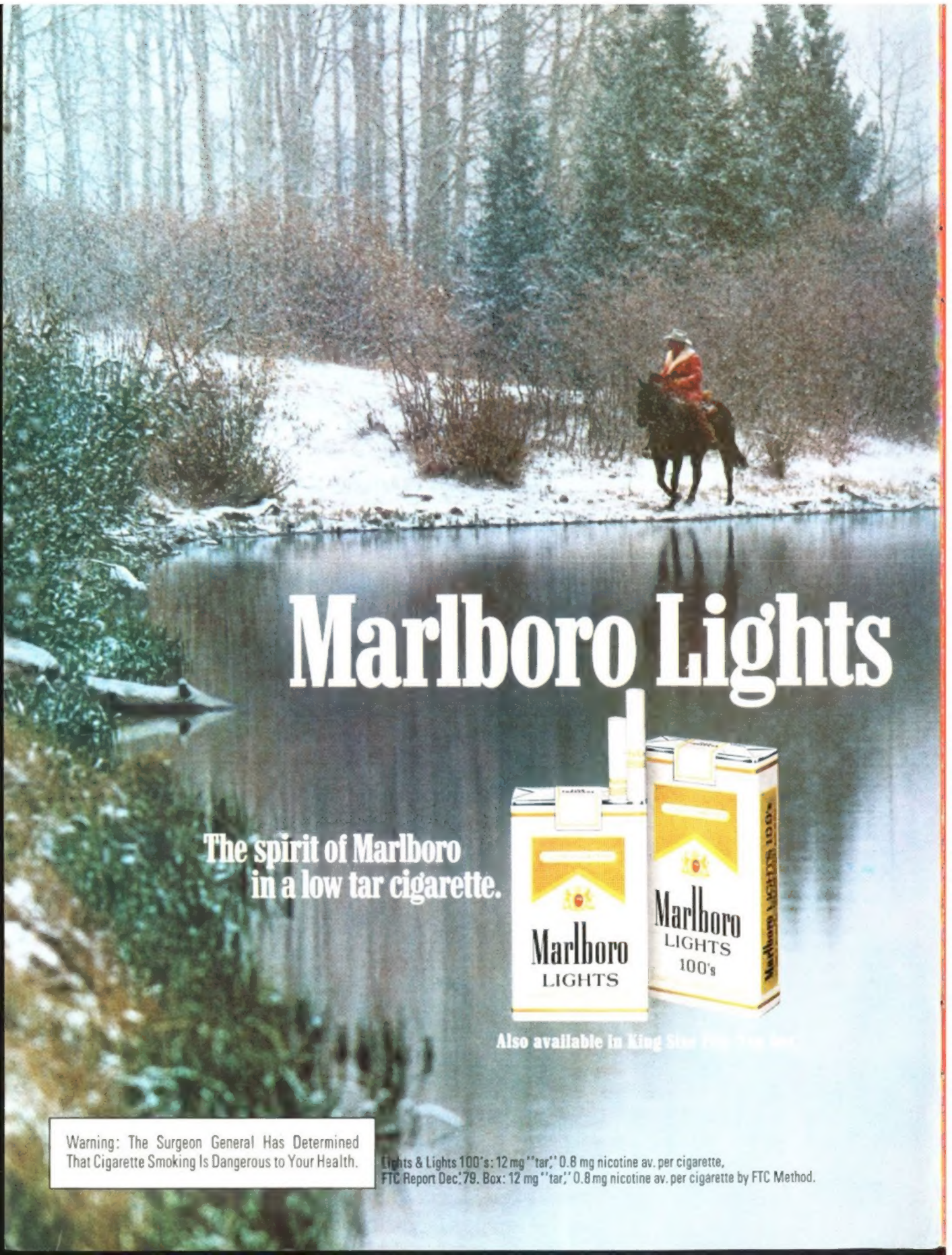
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